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ENTERTAINING MORALIST.

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and ALLEGORIES,

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The moſt eminent ENGLISH AUTHORS.

The whole comprehending the moſt ſtriking

PICTURES OF VIRTUE AND VICE.

ALPHABETICALLY DIGESTED.

To which is prefixed,

An Eſſay on READING and DECLAMATION.

By Mr GENTLEMAN.

YORK:

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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

PREFACE.

THE Publiſhers of this Collection are ſenſible, that there is not at preſent, a ſcarcity of others deſigned for youth to read in ſchools or private families; and that it is unreaſonable to expect any one ſhould purchaſe theirs, who thinks another better calculated to anſwer the purpoſes which ſhould be kept in view. They therefore think it neceſſary to point out ſuch alterations as have been made in this collection, from others of a ſimilar nature; and, at the ſame time, take the liberty of obſerving, that, had they not entertained hopes of ſome improvements, no one would have had the trouble of ſeeing and conſidering this in its preſent form.

The firſt improvement they preſume to point out to the purchaſer, it is hoped, will appear a conſiderable one, being an original eſſay on Reading *and* Declamation, *by a gentleman long practiſed in the art of ſpeaking; and which, on its ſeparate publication, was ſo well approved of by the public, that a large impreſſion was ſold in the courſe of a very few months.*

The alphabetical arrangement of the ſeveral hiſtorical and miſcellaneous pieces, it was thought would be conſidered as another improvement; particularly as, by this method, the maſter can, with eaſe, turn his pupil to an example or ſentiment that he ſhall at any time think it neceſſary for him to peruſe.

By this means alſo, the youth may be inſtructed to make uſe of this as a common place book, where he will have ſome head or other under which to range whatever he ſhall think worthy of note, in the courſe of his reading at ſchool, or in the cloſet.

BRITISH
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MUSEUM

AN

AN

ESSAY

ON

READING AND DECLAMATION,

BY WAY OF

INTRODUCTION.

READING and DECLAMATION conſiſt of *emphaſis*, *climax*, *modulation*, *pauſes*, *breaks*, *tranſitions*, *cadences*, and *geſture*.

EMPHASIS may be divided into two branches, *explanatory* and *expreſſive*; by the firſt is meant that ſtreſs of utterance, which preſents more clearly to conception the meaning of what we deliver; as, for example: —"A *popular* man is, in *truth*, no better than a *proſtitute* to *common fame*, and to the *people*; he lies down to *every* one he meets, for the *hire* of *praiſe*, and his *humility* is only a *diſguiſed ambition*."——By marking the preceding paſſage *ſo*, the meaning ſtrikes immediately with full force; whereas, if the ſtreſs were laid upon other words, or if the whole was uttered with *monotony*, (a ſameneſs of tone) the ſenſe would be confuſed, and to a hearer, whoſe apprehenſion was not very quick, perhaps quite unintelligible—In caſes where the ſenſe is doubtful, proper *emphaſis* is indiſ-

 penſably

penſably neceſſary; for inſtance:—Did the Engliſhman deſerve to die?—If I lay the ſtreſs upon *did*, then it marks a queſtion ariſing from ſurpriſe; if *Engliſhman* is diſtinguiſhed, then it implies that *others* were concerned, and that I would know *his* caſe *particularly*.—If *die* is marked, then it appears that I *admit guilt*, but want to know if his crime was of ſuch a nature as to deſerve *capital* puniſhment.

Expreſſive emphaſis, is that which is uſed to render a paſſage, whoſe meaning is obvious, more forcible, as may appear by properly marking the following paſſage from Shakeſpeare *.

In *this*, ye GODS, you make the *weak moſt ſtrong*;
In *this*, ye GODS, you *tyrants* do *defeat*;
Nor *ſtony tow'rs*, nor *walls* of *beaten braſs*,
Nor *airleſs dungeon*, nor *ſtrong links* of *iron*,
Can be *retentive* to the *ſtrength* of *ſpirit*;
But *life*, being *weary* of theſe worldly bars,
Never lacks *power* to *diſmiſs* itſelf.

He bids the SPIRY *firs ariſe*,
The cedar, *vig'rous*, *pierce* the *ſkies*,
From Lebanon's *chill* brow:
Fearleſs, amid *conflicting ſtorms*,
The *tow'ring* ſtork his cradle forms,
High on the *ſounding* bough.

By laying the *emphaſis* on *ſpiry*, in the firſt line, the peculiar form of the trees mentioned is explained; whereas, had the ſtreſs been laid upon *firs*, it would leave us at liberty to think *oaks*, *elms*, *&c.* ſpiry too.—The word *ariſe* is marked, as being the purport of a command; and though, in general, the voice falls at the end of a line, yet in this caſe the meaning requires it ſhould be raiſed, but not too high, nor abruptly.

In the ſecond line, *vig'rous* is marked as a property of the cedar; indeed all *epithets*, whether they precede

* The words printed in *Italic*, are thoſe on which the *emphaſis* is laid; but words in CAPITALS, require a more forcible *emphaſis* than thoſe in *Italic*.

or

or follow, require *emphaſis*.—*Pierce* is noted as painting the quickneſs and boldneſs of vegetation, while the imagination is raiſed to a more than ordinary heighth by particulariſing *ſkies*.

In the third line, *chill* is marked as a characteriſtic quality of the climate of Lebanon.

Fearleſs, in the fourth line, is pointed out as an extraordinary attribute of a bird, and *conflicting ſtorms* are emphatical, as a proof of that attribute, enlarging the idea much more than the ſimple word *fearleſs*, unaſſiſted, would have done.

In the fifth line, *tow'ring* is diſtinguiſhed as an *epithet*; and *cradle*, which happily deſcribes the *ſtork*'s neſt in that rocking ſituation, is diſtinguiſhed as the motive of the bird's reſolution.

In the laſt line, *high* is marked as a material point of the imagery, and *ſounding* not only as an *epithet*, but alſo as referring to its turbulent ſituation among whiſtling or roaring gales.

I have choſen this *ſtanza* of the 104th Pſalm, as pictureſque poetry reſts more upon *emphaſis* than any other ſpecies of writing; and I have been ſo minute in the explanation of it, not only that my meaning might be underſtood as to this branch of expreſſion, but likewiſe to ſhow that *emphaſis* ſhould be founded on reaſon, not laid merely for a jingle or variation of ſound.—Having thus marked and explained one *ſtanza*, I ſhall propoſe two more for the exerciſe of the ſtudent.

He, as a curtain, ſtretch'd on high
The vaſt Cerulean canopy,
And gave with fires to glow:
'Twas he, tremendous Potentate!
Built on the waves his hall of ſtate,
Wide as the waters flow.

He walks upon the wings of wind,
And leaves the rapid ſtorms behind;
Their monarch's awful will
Seraphs await in dread ſuſpence,
And, ſwifter than the lightning's glance,
His mighty word fulfill.

After

After all that can be ſaid, the degrees of *emphaſis* ar ſo many and ſo variable, that no *preciſe* rules can b laid down for their application.—In *Reading* and *De clamation*, as in *muſic*, there muſt be taſte to giv beauty; without it mere rectitude will be moſt unaf fectingly inſipid. This quality, though improveable muſt certainly be firſt derived from nature.—A *read er*, before he can reach bare propriety, muſt tho roughly underſtand what he reads; for which reaſon the cuſtom of putting children to read the Bible, i which there are many difficult words and abſtruſe paſ ſages, is by no means to be commended; nay, if w conſider it in another light, it is highly blameable; for by being made the ſubject of puzzle and imbarraſſment by being toſs'd about in a careleſs ſlovenly manner that love and reſpect which the *ſacred writings* juſtl claim, is too frequently ſet aſide in youth. We ar told, that, among the Turks, if a piece of written pa per appears on the ground, it is taken up and care fully preſerved, leſt the word ALLAH, or GOD, b inſcribed on it.—Mark the contraſtic veneration of Chri ſtians! who not only profane with their mouths tha moſt awful name, upon the moſt trivial occaſions, bu alſo frequently uſe, as waſte paper, whole ſheets, i which not only his ſacred name is frequently mention ed, but every letter is a part of his *divine word*.

Another reaſon againſt making the Bible an earl book among learners, is the frequency of periods, an peculiarity of ſtyle, in which it differs widely fro moſt other books. It is not rare to find many perſon who, by laborioufly conning over the chapters, ca ſtumble their way pretty tolerably through any part o it; yet, put them to any other book, you ſhall find the lamentably hamper'd, and frequently at an abſolut ſtand.

But to return more particularly to my ſubject.—A no abſolute rules can be laid down for *emphaſis* in gene ral, we muſt be content with remarks upon particula caſes; ſuch as, that oppoſition, or *antitheſis*, require *emphaſis* upon each of the oppoſed words; and tha moſt monoſyllables beginning a queſtion muſt be ſtrong

y marked; as, *Why* did he ſo? *What* can he mean? *How* did ſhe look? In compound words that are oppoſed to others, the *emphaſis*, or rather *accent*, properly falls on the diſtinguiſhing ſyllables; for inſtance: The *virtuous* are *modeſt*—the *vicious im-modeſt*—the *righteous* are *bleſſed*—the *un-righteous* are *miſerable*—Here I have oppoſed ſimple to ſimple, and compound to compound; were the words im-modeſt and un-righteous to be pronounced without oppoſition, the accent would fall upon the *ſecond* ſyllable inſtead of the *firſt*.

In *explanatory emphaſis*, the very ſame words are differently marked according to the writer's deſign; as, What did my maſter ſay? If I lay the ſtreſs upon *what*, it is a general interrogation; if I place it upon *my*, it implies, that other maſters were concerned; if *maſter* is diſtinguiſhed, it notes, that there were other perſons; and, if the *emphaſis* lies boldeſt upon *ſay*, it ſhows I want to know his particular words.

Both the cauſe and the effect in any ſentence require *emphaſis*.—Example: To *live* WELL, is to *die* HAPPY—only to be GOOD, is to be GREAT.

CLIMAX is that progreſſive force and exaltation of expreſſion, which more powerfully impreſſes the ſubject on the mind; and is not only of indiſpenſible uſe, but alſo highly ornamental. In the execution of this, there is much nicety; as the riſe, in moſt caſes, ſhould be gradual, always tuneable; and, upon many occaſions, very forcible.—To illuſtrate the matter, I ſhall offer ſeveral examples of different degrees of *climax*.——— Firſt, from Shakeſpeare's Brutus, which ſhould riſe with a full, ſmooth, philoſophic weight and dignity.

———————if theſe,
As I am ſure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to ſteel with valour
The melting ſp'rits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any ſpur but our own cauſe
To prick us to redreſs? What other bond,
Than ſecret Romans who have ſpoke the word
And will not falter? Or what other oath,

Than

Than honeſty to honeſty engag'd,
That this ſhall be, or we will fall for it?

The *climax* of *reaſoning*, in theſe lines, is too ob vious to be inſiſted on; therefore I ſhall only obſerve that the glow of expreſſion, as I may call it, ſhou warm with the argument; and then proceed to giv another example from Addiſon, which calls for digni ty, ſoftened and impaſſioned by the moſt pathetic fee ing of manly grief; a feeling which very few have i magination to conceive happily, and as few powers t expreſs properly.

——'Tis Rome demands our tears;
The miſtreſs of the world, the ſeat of empire!
The nurſe of heroes! the delight of gods!
That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,
And ſet the nations free——Rome is no more.
Oh liberty! Oh virtue! Oh my country!
* * * * * *
* * * * * *
Whate'er the Roman virtue had ſubdued,
The ſun's whole courſe, the day and year, are Cæ ſar's:
For him the ſelf-devoted Decii died;
The Fabii fell, and the great Scipios conquered;
Even Pompey fought for Cæſar: Oh, my friends,
How is the work of fate, the toil of ages,
The Roman empire, fallen!——Oh curſt ambition!
Fallen into Cæſar's hands!—Our great forefathers
Had left him nought to conquer but his country.

The following paſſage from Otway ſhould gradually warm into rapture.

Can there in woman be ſuch glorious faith!
Sure all ill ſtories of thy ſex are falſe!
Oh woman! lovely woman! nature made thee
To temper man: We had been brutes without you:
Angels are painted fair to look like you:
There's in you all that we believe of Heaven,
Amaſing brightneſs, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlaſting love.

An

inſtance of climax, *in* vindictive rage, *we have in the following lines of Young.*

Yet ere I fall, be it one part of vengeance,
To make ev'n thee confeſs that I am juſt:
Thou ſeeſt a Prince whoſe father thou haſt ſlain,
Whoſe native country thou haſt laid in blood,
Whoſe ſacred perſon—Oh, thou haſt profan'd!
Whoſe reign extinguiſh'd. What was left to me,
So highly born? No kingdom, but revenge;
No treaſure, but thy tortures and thy groans.

climax *of* jealous rage, *Shakeſpeare gives us in the following lines.*

I had been happy, if the general camp,
(Pioneers and all) had taſted her ſweet body,
So I had nothing known.—Oh now, for ever
Farewell the tranquil mind! Farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troops, and the big war
That make ambition virtue! Oh farewell!
Farewell the neighing ſteed, and the ſhrill trump;
The ſpirit-ſtirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner; and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumſtance of glorious war!
And, Oh, ye mortal engines, whoſe rude throats
Th' immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation gone.

limax *of more rapidity, proceeding from a ſudden burſt of grief, Shakeſpeare gives as follows.*

Come ſhew me what thou'lt do;
Woo't weep? Woo't faſt? Woo't fight? Woo't tear thyſelf?
Woo't drink up Eiſel, eat a crocodile?
I'll do't.—Doſt thou come hither but to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and ſo will I;
And if thou prat'ſt of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
Singeing its pate againſt the burning zone,
Make Oſſa like a wart.

Any

Any perſon who can do juſtice to theſe, or ſin
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The art of harmonious expreſſion is diſtinguiſhed
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of utterance, and the proper uſe of thoſe organs;
then remains properly to appropriate each of the
viſions.

To all plaintive amorous paſſages, humble inſin
tion, flattery, and frequently to exclamations of
and diſtraction, the *counter tenor* is moſt properly
plied, as will appear from the following paſſages,
from Otway, in the *plaintive ſtrain.*

Oh, Belvidera! doubly I'm a beggar;
Undone by fortune, and in debt to thee;
Want, worldly want, that hungry meagre fiend,
Is at my heels, and chaces me in view.
Canſt thou bear cold and hunger? Can theſe limb
Fram'd for the tender offices of love,
Endure the bitter gripes of ſmarting poverty?
When baniſh'd by our miſeries abroad,
(As ſuddenly we ſhall be) to ſeek out
In ſome far climate, where our names are ſtrange
For charitable ſuccour;—wilt thou then,
When in a bed of ſtraw we ſhrink together,
And the bleak winds ſhall whiſtle round our head
Wilt thou then talk thus to me? Wilt thou then
Huſh my cares thus, and ſhelter me with love?

Inſta

Inſtance of the amorous ſtyle, *from Lee.*

—No more of this, no more; for I diſdain
All pomp when thou art by. Far be the noiſe
Of kings and courts from us, whoſe gentle ſouls
Our kinder ſtars have ſteer'd another way.
Free as the foreſt-birds, we'll pair together,
Without rememb'ring who our fathers were;
Fly to the arbours, grots, and flow'ry meads,
And in ſoft murmurs interchange our ſouls;
Together drink the chryſtal of the ſtream,
Or taſte the yellow fruit which autumn yields;
And, when the golden ev'ning calls us home,
Wing to our downy neſt, and ſleep till morn.

mility *and* inſinuation *are thus happily ſet forth by Shakeſpeare.*

Thus, Brutus, did my maſter bid me kneel;
Thus did Marc Antony bid be fall down,
And, being proſtrate, thus he bid me ſay:
Brutus is noble, valiant, wiſe, and honeſt;
Cæſar was mighty, royal, bold, and loving:
Say I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say I fear'd Cæſar, honour'd him and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchſafe that Antony
May ſafely come to him, and be reſolv'd
How Cæſar hath deſerv'd to lie in death,
Marc Antony ſhall not love Cæſar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod ſtate,
With all true faith.

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It hurts not me, my Lord, but as I love you;
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There all the difference lies between us two.
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There all the difference lies between us two.
In me, my Lord, you hear another ſelf,
And, give me leave to add, a better too;

Clear'd from thoſe errors, which, tho' born of virt
Are ſuch as may hereafter give you pain——

Inſtances of exclamation *in* joy *and* rage, *are thus forth by Shakeſpeare.*

——Oh my ſoul's joy!
If after every tempeſt come ſuch calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death
And let the lab'ring bark climb hills of ſeas
Olympus high, and duck again as low
As hell's from heav'n.
——whip me, ye devils,
From the poſſeſſion of this heav'nly ſight;
Blow me about in winds, roaſt me in ſulphur,
Waſh me in ſteep-down gulphs of liquid fire——

The preceding examples may ſuffice for the *up tones* of voice; which, however, ſhould never be ſ fered to run into feigned ſqueaking, or unnatural ſo neſs.

The *middle notes*, or *tenor* of expreſſion, ſuit common narrations, diſſertations, and thoſe parts declamation which do not touch upon the paſſions. preſume it would be deemed ſuperfluous to give va ous examples of what every book, which preſents ſelf for peruſal, calls for in general; therefore I ſ only tranſcribe one ſhort paſſage from Milton for *medium notes*.

——Know that in the ſoul
Are many leſſer faculties, that ſerve
Reaſon as chief: Among theſe fancy next
Her office holds: Of all external things
Which the five watchful ſenſes repreſent,
She forms imagination's airy ſhapes,
Which reaſon joining or diſjoining, frames
All what we affirm, or what deny, and call
Our knowledge or opinion; then retires
Into her private cell, where nature reſts.
Oft in her abſence mimic fancy wakes
To imitate her; but miſjoining ſhapes

Wild work produces oft, and moſt in dreams,
Ill matching words and deeds, long paſt or late.

That degree of expreſſion I term *baſe*, is particu-
y well applied to gloomy meditation, paſſages of
rror, the invocation of fiends, cynical roughneſs,
l vindictive rage.——Inſtance of *gloomy reflection*,
m Young.

Whether firſt nature, or long want of peace,
Has wrought my mind to this, I cannot tell;
But horrors now are not diſpleaſing to me:
I like this rocking of the battlements:
Rage on ye winds, burſt clouds, and waters roar!
Ye bear a juſt reſemblance of my fortune,
And ſuit the gloomy habit of my ſoul.

In example of horror *we have in theſe lines of Rowe.*

——————An univerſal horror
Struck thro' my eyes, and chill'd my very heart;
The chearful day was every where ſhut out
With care, and left a more than midnight darkneſs,
Such as might ev'n be felt: A few dim lamps,
That feebly lifted up their ſickly heads,
Look'd faintly through the ſhade, and made it ſeem
More diſmal by ſuch light; while thoſe who waited
In ſolemn ſorrow, mix'd with wild amazement,
Obſerv'd a dreadful ſilence.

Invocation of jealouſy, *from Mallet.*

——————Thou jealouſy!
Almighty tyrant of the human mind,
Who canſt at will unſettle the calm brain,
O'erturn the ſcaled heart, and ſhake the man
Thro' all his frame, with tempeſt and diſtraction,
Riſe to my preſent aid: Call up thy powers,
Thy furious fears, thy blaſt of dreadful paſſion;
Thy whips, ſnakes, mortal ſtings, thy hoſt of horrors:
Rouſe thy whole war againſt him, and complete
My purpos'd vengeance.

Invocation of fiends, *from Young.*

Ye pow'rs of darkneſs who rejoice in ill,
All ſworn by Styx, with peſtilential blaſts
To wither every virtue in the bud;
To keep the door of dark conſpiracy,
And ſnuff the grateful fumes of human blood;
From ſulphur blue, or your red beds of fire,
On your black ebon thrones auſpicious riſe;
And burſting thro' the barriers of this world,
Stand in dead contraſt to the golden ſun;
Fright day-light hence with your infernal ſmiles,
And howl aloud your formidable joy.

The following paſſage of enraged diſcontent, *fr*
Rowe, claims the under notes of expreſſion.

Come, lead me to my dungeon; plunge me down
Deep from the hated ſight of man and day;
Where, under covert of the friendly darkneſs,
My ſoul may brood at leiſure o'er her ſorrows.
* * * * * *
I tell thee, ſlave, I have ſhook hands with hope,
And all my thoughts are rage, deſpair, and horror.

Theſe lines of the ſame author preſent us with cynic
roughneſs *and* contempt.

———Yes, thou haſt thy ſex's virtues;
Their affectation, pride, ill nature, noiſe,
Proneneſs to change even from the joy that pleaſ
them;
So gracious is your idol, dear variety,
That for another love, you would forego
An angel's form, to mingle with a devil's.

Having thus given examples for each of the thr
diviſions of voice, it becomes neceſſary to remark, t
the variations in each are many; and that the appr
priations I have made are only meant in general. The
are certainly ſeveral exceptions; but theſe muſt be l
to the inſtructor's or ſtudent's diſcernment, as enteri
into every particular would be, if not impracticab
at leaſt intolerably tedious.

PAUS

PAUSES next preſent themſelves to conſideration, and chiefly occur in meditation, doubt, or confuſion: No exact time can be fixed for them, but they ought to be made longer or ſhorter, according to the importance of the ſubject; and, in moſt, eſpecially paſſages of reflection, the voice ſhould have a tone of continuance, which conſtitutes the difference between a *pauſe* and *break*; the former is a gradual ſtop, the latter a ſudden check of expreſſion.

Pauſes of the firſt ſort occur in the following lines of Shakeſpeare; and, as the ſubject is of great weight, ſhould be of conſiderable duration, perhaps while one could number ſix, or a period and a half to each.

It muſt be by his death: And for my part
I know no perſonal cauſe to ſpurn at him,
But for the general.—He would be crown'd—
How that might change his nature——there's the queſtion——
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking: Crown him—that—
And then I grant we put a ſting in him,
Which at his will he may do danger with.

Or theſe lines, from the ſame author.

To be—or not to be—that is the queſtion:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to ſuffer
The ſlings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms againſt a ſea of troubles,
And by oppoſing end them.—To die—to ſleep—
No more;—and by that ſleep to ſay we end
The heart-ach, and the thouſand natural ſhocks
That fleſh is heir to—'tis a conſummation
Devoutly to be wiſh'd.—To die—to ſleep—
To ſleep!—perchance to dream:—Aye, there's the rub:
For in that ſleep of death, what dreams may come,
When we have ſhuffled off this mortal coil,
Muſt give us pauſe.—

Pauſes of confuſion are ſhorter than thoſe of reflection, and are to be filled up with heſitative panting

draughts of breath, while every ſucceeding word o ſentence varies in tone of expreſſion from the former inſtances from Shakeſpeare, as follow.

Nay, good Lieutenant—alas, gentlemen—
Help, ho!—Lieutenant!—Sir—Montano—
Help, maſters!—here's a goodly watch indeed!—
Who's that?—Who rings that bell?—*Diablo?*—No
The town will riſe——

* * * * * *

Yes; 'tis Emilia—by and by—ſhe's dead.
'Tis like ſhe comes to ſpeak of Caſſio's death.
The noiſe was high.—Ha! no more moving?—
Still as the grave—ſhall ſhe come in?—wert good
I think ſhe ſtirs again—no—What's the beſt?—

Every diſcerning reader will readily perceive t the latter example is of a ſtronger but ſlower confuſi than the former.

BREAKS, as I have before hinted, are only *pau* of a different nature, more abrupt and ſudden, when a paſſage cuts ſhort before the meaning is fu explained: Theſe moſt frequently occur in viole grief and impetuous rage, and the tone of voice alt as the paſſion riſes or falls. One general rule in t expreſſion of grief is, that, when gradual, the to ſhould ſwell pathetically; but, when ſudden, th ſhould burſt forth and break the voice, ſtill avoid any diſonant ſcream or croak.—In theſe lines of Sha ſpeare, we find pauſes of grief ſwelling ſlowly, working upon themſelves.

I prithee, daughter, do not make me mad!—
I will not trouble thee, my child—farewell.—
We'll meet no more—no more ſee one another;
Let ſhame come when it will, I do not call it;—
I do not bid the thunder-bearer ſtrike,
Nor tell tales of thee to avenging Heav'n:
Mend when thou canſt—be better at thy leiſure;
I can be patient—I can ſtay with Regan.——

Examples of breaks *in* impetuous rage, *as follow.*

——————Darkneſs and devils!—
Saddle my horſes—call my train together;—
Degenerate viper—I'll not ſtay with thee!
I yet have left a daughter—Serpent! monſter!
Leſſen my train, and call 'em riotous!
All men approv'd—of choice and rareſt parts,
That each particular of duty know.—
——————doſt thou underſtand me, man?
The king would ſpeak with Cornwall;—the dear father
Would with his daughter ſpeak:—Commands her ſervice.
Are they inform'd of this?—My breath and blood—
Fiery—the fiery duke!—tell the hot duke that—
No—but not yet, may be he is not well.——

Having thus particularly and diſtinctly explained the pper application of the three grand diviſions of the ce, in order to bring what has been ſaid into a nar- w compaſs, and to place it in one point of view, I ll produce, for an example, the *Seven Ages of Shake- are*, and mark the lines according to the variations; ich, agreeably to the foregoing obſervations, ought be made in ſpeaking or in reading this paſſage. The *nter tenor*, or upper notes, I diſtinguiſh by *Italics*; *tenor*, or medium, retain the common type, and *baſe* is mark'd by CAPITALS.

All the world's a ſtage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And each man in his time plays many parts;
His acts being ſeven ages.—Firſt the infant,
Mewling and pewking in the nurſe's arms:
And then the whining ſchool-boy, *with his ſatchel*
And ſhining morning face, creeping, like ſnail,
Unwillingly to ſchool:—And then the lover,
Sighing, like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his miſtreſs' eye-brow:—Then a ſoldier,
Full of ſtrange oaths, and bearded like a pard;

Jealous

Jealous in honour—ſudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Ev'n in the cannon's mouth: And then the JUSTICE
IN FAIR ROUND BELLY WITH GOOD CAPON LIN'D
WITH EYES SEVERE, AND BEARD OF FORMAL CUT,
FULL OF WISE SAWS AND MODERN INSTANCES;
And ſo he plays his part: The ſixth age ſhifts
Into the *lean and ſlipper'd pantaloon;*
With ſpectacles on noſe, and pouch on ſide;
His youthful hoſe well ſav'd, a world too wide
For his ſhrunk ſhank; and his big manly voice
Turning again towards childiſh treble, *pipes*
And whiſtles in the ſound.—Laſt ſcene of all,
Which ends this ſtrange eventful hiſtory;
Is ſecond childiſhneſs, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, ſans eyes, ſans taſte, ſans every thing.

Every *emphaſis* and variation of voice ſhould be founded on reaſon; it may be proper therefore to ſhew why the ſeveral parts of the preceding lines are thus diſtinguiſhed. In the firſt age of infancy, the upper notes are moſt deſcriptive of that tender time, as they are alſo of the whimpering ſchool-boy, and their ſoftneſs likewiſe ſuits the ſighing of the lover. The ſtep-ward confidence of the ſoldier demands a full-ſpirited medium; and the corpulent importance generally imputed to magiſtracy, is well pictured by the jolly ſwell of the *baſe* notes, while the feebleneſs of faſt-declining age calls for the *counter tenor*, tremulated as it were with weakneſs.

Thus much for general explanation, which I have delivered in as full and clear a manner as the nature of my deſign will poſſibly admit; and having ſet forth ſuch examples as, explained by *teachers*, or carefully inveſtigated by *ſtudents*, may give a full idea of what is intended, I ſhall proceed to ſome brief remarks upon *utterance* and *action*, in which, though it is not probable that many will excel, yet moſt may be improved.

Firſt then, if a voice is naturally harſh, great care ſhould be taken to avoid gutteral expreſſion; nor ſhould

tongue be allowed to play too much between the eth; the breath, drawn as it were from the ſto-ach, and vibrated upon *within* the mouth, will ſoften rſh notes, and render them much more tuneable; on contrary, a weak ſhrill voice ſhould borrow ſolidity d force from the throat; as too great an expanſion the lips is diſgraceful to the features, ſo an unnatu- contraction of them will render expreſſion unmean- and imperfect.

Stops and *cadences* are a moſt eſſential point of con-eration, and cannot be better ſet forth, than in the lowing remarks of a French author: "It is neceſſa-ry for us, ſays he, to reſpire from time to time, but the voice does not repoſe equally at the conclu-ſion of every ſenſe; in a ſentence of conſiderable length, we reſpire at every *comma;* but this ſhort pauſe is made in ſuch a manner as to ſhow, by the tone of continuance, that we are to go farther, the ear remaining unſatisfied, becauſe the pronunciation continues ſuſpended till the ſentence is completely fi-niſhed; as, for example: *At ſuch a time, the king having taken theſe matters into conſideration, deter-mined,* here attention is inquiſitive to know what follows; the *colon* and *ſemicolon* are marks of more conſiderable reſpiration, yet ſtill leave judgement in ſuſpence till the period unfolds the whole, and calls for a concluding cadence.

"In every part or parts of a ſentence, their is ele-vation and depreſſion of the voice, which never ab-ſolutely repoſes but at the concluſion of a period, all other reſpiration being of continuance."

There is undoubtedly much judgement in the com-ſition of harmonious and comprehenſive periods; a ſonant unconnected ſtyle will take greatly from the auty and force of expreſſion, as a diſcordant piece of ſic muſt diſgrace the performance of the ableſt maſ-, and injure the utterance of the moſt perfect inſtru-nts.

Frequent uſe ſtrengthens and meliorates the organs expreſſion, and practice will teach a moſt eſſential nt, that of pitching the voice to any place or num-

ber

ber of perſons. There is conſiderable nicety in kno
ing the different effect which the ſame notes of vo
may have in places of equal dimenſions, but of diff
ent conſtruction, of a place containing but few au
tors, or thronged with a large number; and this po
of excellence muſt be attained by much practice a
obſervation. Only thus much may be obſerved in g
neral, of the operations of ſound; that where it und
lates conſiderably, the louder a *reader* or *declai*
goes beyond the juſt pitch, the more indiſtinct he w
be, of which we find very frequent inſtances in cat
dral churches: A full audience in any place will r
quire at leaſt twice the force of expreſſion of a th
one; which, excluſive of ſome buzz that muſt un
voidably attend a numerous aſſembly, may be philo
phically accounted for by an eſſential denſity of a
from the conjunct reſpiration of ſo many people.

The voice being pitched, and modulated through t
ſeveral variations which may be found neceſſary,
remains to conſider, to comprehend, and to feel t
ſubject; without which, expreſſion muſt be langu
unaffecting, and weariſome. What we *read* or *ſp*
unfelt, muſt be like painting without light or ſhad
there may be juſt ſymmetry of parts and good colo
ing; but unleſs they are raiſed and brought forwa
both pall on the view, and die upon the canvaſs.

Spirit and feeling are neceſſary to idea as well as
ſight; for which reaſon *teachers* ſhould not only ma
their *pupils* underſtand every word they *read*, but th
general ſenſe in a ſtate of connection: A point of c
ſeldom attended to.

Emphatic expreſſion, feeling, and taſte, are par
ticularly eſſential to poetry, as that, in general, appe
oftener to the paſſions than any other ſpecies of w
ting. *Cadences* alſo are more critical in numbers th
in proſe; in both they ſhould be ſmooth, gradual, a
die away almoſt inſenſibly, yet ſo as to preſerve a
to impreſs the laſt ſyllable both upon the ear and mi
without ſnapping ſhort the breath or ſound, which is
tremely grating to a judicious hearer.

H

How miſerably is verſe of every kind mangled! A
of unmeaning pedantic recitative, tedious from a
etition of miſplaced unharmonious tones, is ſubſti-
ed for dignity; thus we find many, who make a to-
ble ſhift with proſe, the moment they ſee any num-
of meaſured ſyllables, throw aſide nature, reaſon,
even common ſenſe, to diſplay their knowledge of
ſification, and what they think its peculiar import-
e.——What can be more abſurd? Genuine poetry
ds no pompous affectation to dignify it; for as by
ſpoſing the words, you cannot reduce it to proſe,
ther can you take from its harmony, by plain natu-
expreſſion.

know not any thing which has done our language,
the reading of it, more injury than the gingle of
me, eſpecially that which is thrown into heroic mea-
e, it being certain that the more correct an author in
t way is, the more he will lead to monotony. In-
nce Mr Pope, who has been ſo critically exact in ac-
ting particular ſyllables, that very few of his pieces
be read with any tolerable variation of voice; for
ich reaſon I would have learners kept from rhime in
oic meaſure till they are well grounded in a juſt mode
tterance. Indeed, we are not to wonder that the
erality chaunt verſe in ſo lamentable a manner, when
ne of thoſe who have ſketched rules for reading, inſiſt
n ſuch a ſervile obedience to the author, as not on-
o change the accented ſyllable, but even to favour
bad rhime with falſe pronunciation: For example,
ound the laſt ſyllable of *liberty* as an exact *rhime* ei-
r to *flee* or *fly*.——To preſcribe a ſtop or half pauſe
the end of a line, whether the ſenſe require it or
, is another rule that has been given, equally erro-
us and diſguſtful.

In *reading*, properly ſo called, *action* has no con-
n, but *declamation* is very defective without it; yet
cept upon the *ſtage*, and among many there mi-
ably methodized, we ſcarce find any.——When I
ommend *action*, I would not be ſuppoſed to intend,
t a ſpeaker ſhould be in continual motion; or that,
ppet-like, he is to lift up firſt one hand, and then
another,

another, merely to lay them down again.—No would have motions few, eaſy, graceful; and, for own part, I know not how a declaimer can poſſibly and ſtand ſtock-ſtill: But, admit the poſſibility of I will venture to ſay, there is but little probability his audience will think him in earneſt: I know ſome delicate perſons are afraid of becoming too *trical;* but there is a very wide difference between *action* of an *orator* and a *player,* unleſs when the la judiciouſly repreſents the former; but I ſhall no furt urge the neceſſity of a point ſo obvious, let us proc to the thing itſelf.

Firſt, then, *action* ſhould be entirely reſerved thoſe paſſages which contain ſomewhat intereſting important, as demonſtration, or the enforcing o charge. This ſhould be attended with the right a ſtretched forward to the full extent, the fingers ven, and the palm of the hand downwards, or ſom times the hand turned ſideways, the fore finger o pointing: If the circumſtance demonſtrated, or giv in charge, be very momentous, the well-known and mired action of St Paul, preaching at Athens, ſtretch forth both arms, has much force and propriety.

Where *grief* is to be expreſſed, the right hand ſlowly to the left breaſt, the head and cheſt bend forward, is a juſt indication of it. To expreſs *fidence* and *reſolution,* the ſame hand muſt move to ſame place, but with quickneſs and vigour, recalli as it were, from the heart, which thereby ſeems meet it: With this action, the head ſhould be thro back, and the cheſt forward. The expreſſion of *ard affection,* is to cloſe both hands warmly at half ar length, the finger's intermingling, and to bring th to the breaſt with ſpirit. If *expanſion* of *mind,* or a thing ſimilar, is to be pointed out, then both ar ſhould be caſt different ways in a parallel line, and t cheſt thrown open. There are ſome few other inſta ces of action which may be graceful, and ſerve for v riation, though not abſolutely neceſſary; but theſe m be left to the choice and diſcretion of the declaime and to the unconſtrained operation of judicious feelin

On

nly thus much it may be neceſſary to obſerve, that e left hand ſhould ſeldom or never be uſed by itſelf; nd that all action ſhould move between the tip of the oulder and the ſeat of the heart; all above, is what hakeſpeare juſtly ſtyles, ſawing the air; all below, both nmeaning and ungraceful. Upon the whole, every mo- on ſhould be the natural attendant of what is ſpoken; an extreme cannot be avoided, I would rather re- ommend *no* action, than *too much*, or than ſuch as muſt ffend judicious eyes.——*Attitudes*, or poſitions of the ody, being chiefly adapted to theatrical performance, hich lies without the compaſs of my work, I ſhall ſay o more of them, than that they are pleaſingly pictu- eſque and ſtriking when well executed.

From theſe conſiderations, it reſts upon me to re- ommend and requeſt, that every reader will digeſt, s well as peruſe; and that *inſtructors* will make them- lves ſo much maſters of the variations relative to oice and geſture, ſo as to explain and illuſtrate the rinciples by their immediate example. Experience as verified the good effects this ſhort eſſay may have, coolly and carefully attended to; and this trial I hope has a right to expect.

Thus I have touched upon all the points purpoſed in y original deſign, and could have ſaid much more pon every one of them; but flattering myſelf I have een ſufficiently explicit and extenſive for the charac- r of an *aſſiſtant*, I reſt the whole upon candour and ublic opinion; highly pleaſed, if my endeavours to be eful ſhould ſucceed; and eaſy, as not being the firſt, I have failed in the attempt.

THE PLEASING INSTRUCTOR.

ADMONITORY ORATION.

Brother School-fellows,

LAY up theſe *nine heads* in your memory, with as much care as if they were a preſent from the *nine muſes*.

Firſt, Be candid, ſincere, and modeſtly grave. Let juſtice and piety have their ſhare in your character. Let your temper be remarkable for mildneſs and good nature; and be always enterpriſing and vigorous in your buſineſs. And, in ſhort, ſtrive to be juſt ſuch as virtue and learning would make you.

Secondly, Be always doing ſomething ſerviceable to mankind, and let this conſtant generoſity be your only pleaſure; not forgetting, in the mean time, a due reverence and regard for God and religion.

Thirdly, Bring your will to your fate, and ſuit your mind to your circumſtances. For——

Shining heaps of maſſy plate,
All the gewgaws men prefer,
Gilded roofs and beds of ſtate,
Cannot real wealth confer.
The man that's honeſt, wiſe, and brave,
In body ſound, in ſpirit free,
If he poſſeſs what nature crave,
Is in truth as rich as he.

Fourthly, Fortify at home, and rely upon yourſelf. For a rational mind is born to the privilege of independence. Honeſty, and the inward quiet conſequent to it, is enough, in all conſcience, to make you happy.

Fifthly, Don't be fond of any thing, or think the for your intereſt which makes you break your word, quit your modeſty, be of a diſſembling, ſuſpicious, or outrageous humour; which puts you upon hating any perſon, and inclines you to any practice which won't bear the light, and look the world in the face.

Sixthly, Believe that, if your judgement pronounces right, if your actions are friendly and well meant, if your mind is contented and reſigned to Providence, you are in poſſeſſion of the greateſt bleſſings.

Seventhly, Be neither ſlave nor tyrant to any body in your behaviour.

Eighthly, Put it out of the power of truth to give you an ill character; and, if any body reports you not to be honeſt or good, let your practice give him the lie.

Ninthly, Conſider with yourſelf, that people of all conditions, profeſſions, and countries, are forced to die: Caſt your eyes upon what ſort of mortals you pleaſe, and you'll find them go the way of all fleſh. Think therefore upon your laſt hour; and don't be buſy about other people's faults, but leave them with thoſe that muſt anſwer for them.

As you have received theſe *nine* precepts from the muſes, take this *tenth*, if you pleaſe, from their preſident and inſtructor, Apollo. Who ſays—

Every one of you may be a happy fellow in any ground, provided you have the wit to chuſe your fortune handſomely: Now, if you aſk further, ſays he, I muſt tell you, if your manners be good, your fortune can never be bad. For, in a word, happineſs lies all in the functions of reaſon, in warrantable deſires, and regular practice.

AFFEC-

AFFECTATION.

But one admirer has the affected laſs;
Nor meets that one—but in her looking-glaſs.
YOUNG.

A LATE converſation which I fell into, gave me an opportunity of obſerving a great deal of beauty in a very handſome woman, and as much wit in an ingenious man, turned into deformity in the one, and ſurdity in the other, by the mere force of affectation. The fair one had ſomething in her perſon, upon which her thoughts were fixed, that ſhe attempted to ſhew to advantage in every look, word, and geſture. The gentleman was as diligent to do juſtice to her fine parts, as the lady to her beauteous form. You might ſee his imagination on the ſtretch to find out ſomething uncommon, and what they call bright, to entertain her; while ſhe writhed herſelf into as many different poſtures to engage him. When ſhe laughed, her lips were never ſever at a greater diſtance than ordinary, to ſhew her teeth: Her fan was to point to ſomething at a diſtance, that in the reach ſhe might diſcover the roundneſs of her arm; then ſhe is utterly miſtaken in what he ſaw, falls back, ſmiles at her own folly, and is ſo wholly diſcompoſed, that her tucker is to be adjuſted, her boſom expoſed, and the whole woman put into new airs and graces. While ſhe was doing all this, the gallant had time to think of ſomething very pleaſant to ſay next to her, or make ſome unkind obſervation on ſome other lady to feed her vanity. Theſe unhappy effects of affectation, naturally led me to look into that ſtrange ſtate of mind which ſo generally diſcolours the behaviour of moſt people we meet with.

The learned Dr Burnet, in his theory of the earth, takes occaſion to obſerve, that every thought is attended with conſciouſneſs and repreſentatives; the mind

has nothing preſented to it, but what is immediately followed by a reflection or conſcience, which tells you whether that which was ſo preſented, is graceful or unbecoming. This act of the mind diſcovers itſelf in the geſture, by a proper behaviour in thoſe whoſe conſciouſneſs goes no further than to direct them in the juſt progreſs of their preſent thought or action; but betrays an interruption in every ſecond thought, when the conſciouſneſs is employed in too fondly approving a man's own conceptions; which ſort of conſciouſneſs is what we call affectation.

As the love of praiſe is implanted in our boſom, as a ſtrong incentive to worthy actions, it is a very difficult taſk to get above a deſire of it for things that ſhould be wholly indifferent. Women, whoſe hearts are fixed upon the pleaſures they have in the conſciouſneſs that they are the objects of love and admiration, are ever changing the air of their countenances, and altering the attitude of their bodies, to ſtrike the hearts of their beholders with new ſenſe of their beauty. The dreſſing part of our ſex, whoſe minds are the ſame with the ſillier part of the other, are exactly in the like uneaſy condition to be regarded for a well-tied cravat, an hat cocked with an unuſual briſkneſs, a very well choſen coat, or other inſtances of merit, which they are impatient to ſee unobſerved.

But this apparent affectation, ariſing from an ill-governed conſciouſneſs, is not ſo much to be wondered at, in ſuch looſe and trivial minds as theſe: But when you ſee it reign in characters of worth and diſtinction, it is what you cannot but lament, not without ſome indignation. It creeps into the heart of the wiſe man, as well as that of the coxcomb. When you ſee a man of ſenſe look about for applauſe, and diſcover an itching inclination to be commended; lay traps for a little incenſe, even from thoſe whoſe opinion he values in nothing but his own favour; who is ſafe againſt this weakneſs? Or who knows whether he is guilty of it or not? The beſt way to get clear of all ſuch light fondneſs for applauſe, is, to take all poſſible care to throw off the love of it upon occaſions that are not in themſelves laudable;

but,

ut, as it appears, we hope for no praiſe from them. f this nature are all graces in men's perſons, dreſs, nd bodily deportment; which will naturally be win- ing and attractive, if we think not of them, but loſe heir force in proportion to our endeavour to make hem ſuch.

When our conſciouſneſs turns upon the main de- ign of life, and our thoughts are employed upon the hief purpoſe either in buſineſs or pleaſure, we ſhall ever betray an affectation, for we cannot be guilty of : But when we give the paſſion for praiſe an unbri- led liberty, our pleaſure, in little perfections, robs us f what is due to us for great virtues and worthy qua- ties. How many excellent ſpeeches and honeſt ac- ions are loſt, for want of being indifferent where we ught? Men are oppreſſed with regard to their way of peaking and acting, inſtead of having their thoughts ent upon what they ſhould do or ſay; and by that eans bury a capacity for great things, by their fear of ailing in indifferent things. This, perhaps, cannot be alled affectation; but it has ſome tincture of it, at leaſt, o far, as that their fear of erring in a thing of no con- equence, argues they would be too much pleaſed in erforming it.

It is only from a thorough diſregard to himſelf in ſuch articulars, that a man can act with a laudable ſufficiency: His heart is fixed upon one point in view; and e commits no errors, becauſe he thinks nothing an er- or, but what deviates from that intention.

The wild havock affectation makes in that part of he world which ſhould be moſt polite, is viſible where- ver we turn our eyes: It puſhes men not only into mpertinencies in converſation, but alſo in their pre- meditated ſpeeches. At the bar, it torments the bench, whoſe buſineſs it is to cut off all ſuperfluities in what is ſpoken before it by the practitioner; as well as the ſe- veral little pieces of injuſtice which ariſe from the law itſelf. I have ſeen it make a man run from the pur- poſe before a judge, who was, when at the bar him- ſelf, ſo cloſe and logical a pleader, that, with all the

pomp

pomp of eloquence in his power, he never ſpoke a wor too much.

It might be borne even here, but it often aſcends th pulpit itſelf; and the declaimer, in that ſacred place is frequently ſo impertinently witty, ſpeaks of the la day itſelf with ſo many quaint phraſes, that there is n man who underſtands raillery, but muſt reſolve to ſi no more: Nay, you may behold him ſometimes i prayer, for a proper delivery of the great truth he i to utter, humble himſelf with ſo very well turned phraſe, and mention his own unworthineſs in a way very becoming, that the air of the pretty gentleman i preſerved, under the lowlineſs of the preacher.

I ſhall end this with a ſhort letter I writ the other da to a very witty man, over-run with the fault I a ſpeaking of.

Dear Sir,

"I ſpent ſome time with you the other day, an muſt take the liberty of a friend to tell you of the un ſufferable affectation you are guilty of in all you ſa and do. When I gave you a hint of it, you aſked me whether a man is to be cold to what his friends think him? No; but praiſe is not to be the entertainment every moment: He that hopes for it, muſt be able ſuſpend the poſſeſſion of it till proper periods of life, death itſelf. If you would not rather be commende than be praiſe-worthy, contemn little merits; and allow no man to be ſo free with you as to praiſe you to you face. Your vanity, by this means, will want its food At the ſame time, your paſſion for eſteem will be more fully gratified; men will praiſe you in their actions: Where you now receive one compliment, you wi then receive twenty civilities. Till then, you will ne ver have of either, further than, *SIR*,

Yours, &c."

SPECTATOR

AFFE

AFFECTION CONJUGAL.

A GOOD wife makes the cares of the world ſit
eaſy, and adds a ſweetneſs to its pleaſures: She
man's beſt companion in proſperity, and his only
nd in adverſity; the careſulleſt preſerver of his
lth, and the kindeſt attendant on his ſickneſs; a
hful adviſer in diſtreſs, a comforter in affliction, and
udent manager of all his domeſtic affairs.

Good nature and evenneſs of temper will give you
eaſy companion for life; virtue and good-ſenſe an
eeable friend; love and conſtancy a good wife or
band.

CYRUS, King of Perſia, had taken captive the
ng Prince of Armenia, together with his beautiful
blooming Princeſs, whom he had lately married,
of whom he was paſſionately fond. When both
e brought to the tribunal, Cyrus aſked the Prince,
t he would give to be reinſtated in his kingdom? He
wered, with an air of indifference, "That as for his
vn and his own liberty, he valued them at a very low
. But if Cyrus would reſtore his beloved Princeſs
her native dignity and hereditary poſſeſſions, he
ld infinitely rejoice, and would pay, (this he uttered
tenderneſs and ardour) would willingly pay his
for the purchaſe."——When all the priſoners were
niſſed with freedom, it is impoſſible to be expreſſed
they were charmed with their royal benefactor,
e celebrated his martial accompliſhments, ſome ap-
ded his ſocial virtues, all were prodigal of their
ſe, and laviſh in grateful acknowledgement. And
, ſaid the Prince, addreſſing himſelf to his bride,
t think you of Cyrus? I did not obſerve him, ſaid
Princeſs.——Not obſerve him! Upon what then
your attention fixed? Upon that dear and generous
, who declared, "That he would purchaſe my li-
y at the expence of his own life."

What

What an idea of chaſtity; and, at the ſame ti
what a wonderful ſimplicity and delicacy of thought
here in the anſwer of the young Princeſs, who had
eyes but for her huſband.

XENOPH. DE CYRI. JUST. l. 5

AFFECTION FILIAL.

IT may be truly ſaid, that if perſons are undutifu
their parents, they ſeldom prove good to any ot
relation.

The honour which children are required to give
their father and mother, includes in it, love, re
rence, obedience, and relief. It is uſual with Pro
dence to retaliate men's diſobedience to their paren
kind: Commonly our own children ſhall pay us ho
for it.

CYAXARES; uncle of Cyrus the Great, hav
been an eye-witneſs of the courage, conduct, and
ny amiable qualities of his nephew, was deſirous of
ving a ſignal teſtimony of the value he had for his
rit. Cyaxares had no male-iſſue, and but one dau
ter. This favourite Princeſs he offered in marriag
Cyrus, with an aſſurance of the kingdom of Media
her portion. Cyrus loved the Princeſs, had a grat
ſenſe of it; but nevertheleſs did not think himſelf at
berty to accept it, till he had firſt obtained the con
of his father and mother: Leaving therein a noble
ample to all future ages, of the reſpectful ſubmiſſion
dependence which all children ought to ſhew to th
parents on the like occaſion, of what age ſoever th
be, or to whatever degree of power and greatneſs th
may have arrived. XENOPH. CYROP. l

VALERIUS MAXIMUS likewiſe relates a
ry ſingular fact upon this ſubject. A woman of in
nuous birth, had been condemned to be ſtrangled.
Ro

han prætor delivered her up to the triumvir, who
ed her to be carried to priſon, in order to her be-
put to death. The gaoler, who was ordered to
cute her, was ſtruck with compaſſion, and could
reſolve to kill her. He choſe therefore to let her
of hunger. Beſides which, he ſuffered her daughter
ee her in priſon; taking care, however, that ſhe
ught her nothing to eat. As this continued many
s, he was ſurpriſed that the priſoner lived ſo long
hout eating; and ſuſpecting the daughter, upon
ching her, he diſcovered, that ſhe nouriſhed her
her with her own milk. Amazed at ſo pious, and
e ſame time ſo ingenious an invention, he told the
to the triumvir, and the triumvir to the prætor,
believed the thing merited relating in the aſſem-
of the people. The criminal was pardoned; a de-
was paſſed, that the mother and daughter ſhould
ubſiſted for the reſt of their lives, at the expence
he public, and that a temple, ſacred to piety, ſhould
erected near the priſon.

VAL. MAX. l. 3. 4. PLIN. HIST. l. 7. 36.

HE ſame author gives us a ſimilar inſtance of fi-
piety in a young woman named Xantippe to her
father Cimonus, who was likewiſe confined in pri-
and which is univerſally known by the name of
Roman Charity. Both theſe inſtances appeared ſo
extraordinary and uncommon to that people, that
could only account for them, by ſuppoſing, that
ove of children to their parents was the firſt law of
re. "Putaret aliquis hoc contra naturam factum
niſi prima naturæ lex eſſet diligere parentes."

VALER. ibid.

EAR, one of the Kings of England, had three
ghters, Goneril, Regan, and Cordelia. When he
v old and infirm, he came to a reſolution to mar-
his daughters, and divide his kingdom among
n. But having a mind firſt of all to know which
em loved him beſt, he reſolved to make an expe-
nt, by aſking each of them ſeparately. Goneril,

the

the eldeſt, apprehending too well her father's we
neſs, made anſwer, that ſhe loved him above her o
ſoul. Therefore, ſays the old man overjoyed, to th
and to the huſband thou ſhalt chuſe, I give the th
part of my realm. Regan, the ſecond daughter, be
aſked the ſame queſtion, and hoping to obtain as la
a ſhare of her father's bounty as her elder ſiſter h
done, made anſwer, that ſhe loved him above all cr
tures; and ſo received an equal reward with her ſiſt
The King then proceeded to aſk Cordelia, his young
daughter, whom he had hitherto loved moſt tende
of the three. But though ſhe perceived how m
the two eldeſt had gained by their flattery, yet wo
ſhe not thereby be induced to make other than a fa
and virtuous anſwer. Father, ſays ſhe, I love y
as a child ought to love her parent: They who pret
more than this, do but flatter you. The old man, h
ry to hear this, wiſhed her to recal thoſe words, a
a ſecond time demanded what love ſhe bare unto hi
But ſhe repeated the ſame anſwer ſhe had made b
fore. Then hear thou, ſays Lear, all in a paſſi
what thy ingratitude hath gained thee. Becauſe th
haſt not reverenced thy aged father equal to thy ſiſte
thou ſhalt have no part of my kingdom, or my rich
And ſoon after, he beſtows in marriage his two el
daughters, Goneril to the Duke of Albania, and Re
to the Duke of Cornwall; putting them in the pre
poſſeſſion of half his kingdom, and promiſing the r
at his death. But the wiſdom, prudence, and ot
accompliſhments of Cordelia, ſoon ſpread abroad h
name through the world, and at laſt reached the ea
Aganippus King of France, who, diſregarding the
of her dowry, took her to wife.

After this, King Lear, more and more droop
with years, became an eaſy prey to his daughters a
their huſbands; who now, by daily incroachments, h
ſeized the whole kingdom into their hands; the Ki
being obliged to reſide with his eldeſt daughter, atte
ed only by threeſcore knights. But they, as th
ſeemed too numerous and diſorderly for continual gue
were reduced to thirty. Not brooking that affro

e King betakes him to his ſecond daughter: But he d not been long there, till, a difference ariſing a- ong the crouded family, five only are ſuffered to at- nd him. Back again he goes to his eldeſt daughter, oping ſhe could not but have ſome more pity on his rey hairs: But ſhe now refuſes to admit him at all, nleſs he will be contented with one only attendant. t laſt he calls to remembrance his youngeſt daughter ordelia; and acknowledging how true her words had een; though he entertained but little hope of relief om one whom he had ſo much injured, yet, reſolved make an experiment, if his miſery might ſomething ften her, he takes his journey into France. Now ight be ſeen the difference between the ſilent or mo- eſtly-expreſſed affection of ſome children to their pa- nts, and the talkative obſequiouſneſs of others, while e hope of inheritance acts in them, and on the tongue's nd enlarges their duty. Cordelia, hearing of her fa- her's diſtreſs, pours forth true filial tears; and, not nduring, either that ſhe herſelf, her huſband, or any t court, ſhould ſee him in ſuch forlorn condition as his eſſenger deſcribed, orders one of her moſt truſty ſer- ants, firſt to convey him privately towards a ſea-town, here to array him, bathe him, cheriſh him, and furniſh im with ſuch attendants as became his dignity; that hen, as from his firſt landing, he might ſend word of is arrival to her huſband Aganippus. Which done, ordelia, with the King her huſband, and all the nobi- ty of his realm, went out to meet King Lear; and, ter all manner of honourable and joyful entertainment t the court of Aganippus, Cordelia, with a powerful rmy, returned to England, to replace her father upon he throne. Her piety was rewarded with ſuch ſucceſs this undertaking, that ſhe ſoon vanquiſhed her im- ious ſiſters and their huſbands; and Lear again ob- ined the crown; which he continued to enjoy ſome ears in peace. When he died, Cordelia cauſed him, ith all regal ſolemnities, to be buried in the town of eiceſter.

THE courſe and compaſs of God's Providence, and his methods of eſtabliſhing and evidencing the meaſures of reciprocal duty, is no where more remarkable than in the mutual obligations between parents and their children.

The child comes into the world naked and helpleſs, and from himſelf more deſtitute of the natural means of ſecurity and ſupport, than almoſt any of the inferior creatures. In this exigency, the paternal care and tenderneſs ſteps in to his relief, ſupplies all his neceſſities, and relieves all his wants; bears with all his untowardly diſpoſitions, at an age when he is neither capable of being corrected or convinced; and not only provides the propereſt food for him, when he is incapable of providing any for himſelf, but likewiſe adminiſters it when he is incapable of feeding himſelf; bears with all degrees of his folly and impertinence, liſtens to all his trifling and idle inquiries, not only with patience, but with pleaſure, till they gradually conduct him to health, and ſtrength, and knowledge.

But the child is not long arrived at this perfection of his nature, before his parents begin to fall gradually into the ſame infirmities through which they but lately conducted and ſupported their children, and to need the ſame aſſiſtance which they lately lent. And firſt they begin to grow ſickly, and then they call for the aid of that health which they cultivated and took care of in their children.

The loſs of chearfulneſs and good humour commonly ſucceed the loſs of health; the old parents are uneaſy, and fret at all about them. And now is the time for children to return that tenderneſs and patience to their parents peeviſhneſs, without ſourneſs or reproof, which their parents had long lent them in all their childiſh perverſeneſs, at an age when they were not capable of being corrected.

In the next place, the old parents grow troubleſomely talkative, and (as youth is too apt to think) impertinent, and dwell eternally upon the obſervations and adventures of their times and early years. Remember, you alſo had your time of being talkative and impertinent,

pertinent, and your parents bore with you; but with this difference, you aſked them ſilly and trifling queſtions, and they now tell you wiſe and uſeful obſervations. But they are troubleſome, becauſe they tell them too often. The anſwer to this is very obvious; if your parents bore your folly, you may well bear their wiſdom; and although perhaps they talk more than is neceſſary to inform you of preſent things, yet their converſation turns moſtly upon things paſt, perhaps paſt many years before you came into the world, and, conſequently, ſuch as they muſt know a thouſand times better than you. Or though they ſhould talk more than is neceſſary to inform you, they do not talk more than is neceſſary to inform your ſervants or your children; who are now come to an age of aſking many queſtions; and therefore Providence hath well appointed, that their grandfather or their grandmother are now in an humour to anſwer them all, and to ſupply them with a ſtore of uſeful obſervations which they want; nay, which they want to hear over and over again, which they want to have inculcated a thouſand times, and which, without this aſſiſtance, would require a courſe of years to acquire for themſelves. So that the humour of talkativeneſs, which is commonly thought ſo troubleſome in old people, hath its uſe, and is moſt excellently appointed by Almighty God. But ſay it were not, the children, in bearing with it, do but barely return their parents what they long ſince owed them.

In the next place, the ſtrength of the old parents fails them, and they cannot walk without a ſupport; but ſure you will not let them want one! How many years did they bear you in their arms? How many more did they lead you where you would be, and ſaved you from falling and from danger? And will you now ſuffer thoſe old limbs to totter and fall to the earth, which ſo often ſupported and ſaved yours when they were weak and tender, and unable to ſupport and ſave themſelves? Certainly you will not, you cannot at once be guilty of ſo much cruelty and ingratitude. In the laſt place, the underſtanding of the old parents be-

gin to fail, and the ſtrength of their minds doth no long outlive the ſtrength of their bodies, but decay gradually till they become again children; their teeth fall, and their tongues faulter, and they are once more infants, and are now confined to their beds, as they were at firſt to their cradles. This is the laſt ſtage of life; and here they demand all that care, and compaſſion, and tenderneſs at your hands, when they are juſt going out of the world, which you called for at their when you firſt came into it.

AFFECTION FRATERNAL.

THOUGH all mankind ſpring from the ſame head, and are bound to cultivate a mutual good will to each other; yet this duty is not ſo obvious and ſtriking as that which is incumbent on thoſe who belong to the ſame family.

Nothing can approach nearer to ſelf-love than fraternal affection: And there is but a ſhort remove from our own concerns and happineſs to theirs who came from the ſame ſtock, and are partakers of the ſame blood. Nothing therefore can be more horrible than diſcord and animoſity among members ſo allied; and nothing ſo beautiful as harmony and love.

DARIUS, King of Perſia, had three ſons by his firſt wife, the daughter of Gabrias, all three born before their father came to the crown; and four more by Atoſſa, the daughter of Cyrus, who were all born after their father's acceſſion to the throne. Artabazanes, called by Juſtin, Artimenes, was the eldeſt of the former, and Xerxes of the latter. Artabazanes alledged, in his own behalf, that the right of ſucceſſion, according to the cuſtom and practice of all nations, belonged to him preferably to all the reſt. Xerxes's argument for ſucceeding his father was, that as he was the ſon of Atoſſa, the daughter of Cyrus, who founded

the

the Perſian empire, it was more juſt, that the crown of Cyrus ſhould devolve upon one of his deſcendants than upon one that was not. Demaratus, a Spartan King, at that time at the court of Perſia, ſecretly ſuggeſted to Xerxes another argument to ſupport his pretenſions: That Artabazanes was indeed the eldeſt ſon of Darius; but he, Xerxes, was the eldeſt ſon of the King; and therefore Artabazanes being born when his father was but a private perſon, all he could pretend to, on account of his ſeniority, was only to inherit his private eſtate; but that he, Xerxes, being the firſt born ſon of the King, had the beſt right to ſucceed to the crown. He further ſupported this argument by the example of the Lacedemonians, who admitted none to inherit the kingdom, but thoſe children that were born after their father's acceſſion. The right of ſucceeding was accordingly determined in favour of Xerxes. Both Juſtin and Plutarch take notice of the prudent conduct of theſe two brothers on ſo nice an occaſion. According to their manner of relating this fact, Artabazanes was abſent when the King died; and Xerxes immediately aſſumed all the marks, and exerciſed all the functions of the ſovereignty. But upon his brother's returning home, he quitted the diadem, and the tiara, which he wore in ſuch a manner as only ſuited the King, went out to meet him, and ſhewed him all imaginable reſpect. They agreed to make their uncle Artabanes the arbitrator of their difference; and, without any further appeal, to acquieſce in his deciſion.

All the while this diſpute laſted, the two brothers ſhewed one another all the demonſtrations of a truly fraternal affection, by keeping up a continual intercourſe of preſents and entertainments: Whence their mutual eſteem and confidence for each other baniſhed all fears and ſuſpicions on both ſides, and introduced an unconſtrained chearfulneſs, and a perfect ſecurity.

This is a ſpectacle, ſays Juſtin, highly worthy of our admiration: To ſee, whilſt moſt brothers are at daggers-drawing with one another about a ſmall patrimony, with what moderation and temper both waited for a deciſion, which was to diſpoſe of the greateſt empire

then in the univerſe. When Artabanes gave judgement in favour of Xerxes, Artabazanes, the ſame inſtant, proſtrated himſelf before him, acknowledging him for his maſter, and placed him upon the throne with his own hand; by which proceeding, he ſhewed a greatneſs of ſoul truly royal, and infinitely ſuperior to all human dignities. This ready acquieſcence in a ſentence ſo contrary to his intereſt, was not the effect of an artful policy, that knows how to diſſemble upon occaſion, and to receive honour to itſelf from what it could not prevent: No; it proceeded from a real reſpect for the laws, a ſincere affection for his brother, and an indifference for that which ſo warmly inflames the ambition of mankind, and ſo frequently arms the neareſt relations againſt each other. For his part, during his whole life, he continued firmly attached to the intereſt of Xerxes, and proſecuted them with ſo much ardour and zeal, that he loſt his life in his ſervice at the battle of Salamin.

PLUT. DE FRAT. AMORE, p. 448. JUST. l. 2. c. 10.

A CERTAIN merchant had two ſons, the eldeſt of whom was of ſo bad a diſpoſition, as to behave with great hatred and ſpitefulneſs towards the younger, who was of a temper more mild and gentle. It happened that the old gentleman, having by his trade acquired a large eſtate, left it by his will to his eldeſt ſon, together with all his ſhips, and ſtock in merchandize; deſiring him to continue in the buſineſs, and ſupport his brother. The father was no ſooner dead, than the elder began plainly to ſhew his ill-will to his brother, thruſt him out of his houſe, and, without giving him any thing for his ſupport, turned him looſe into the wide world. The young man was much dejected with this uſage; but conſidering that in his father's lifetime he had acquired ſome knowledge in buſineſs, he applied himſelf to a neighbouring merchant, offering to ſerve him in the way of trade. The merchant received him into his houſe; and finding from long experience, that he was prudent, virtuous, and diligent in his buſineſs, gave him his daughter and only child in marriage;

arriage; and when he died, bequeathed to him his hole fortune. The young man, after the death of s father-in-law, retired with his wife into a diſtant untry; where he purchaſed a fine eſtate, with a lendid dwelling, and there he lived with great credit d reputation.

The elder brother had, after the death of their fa-er, carried on the trade; and for ſome time met ith great ſucceſs in it: But at length a violent ſtorm iſing, tore to pieces many of his ſhips, which were ming home richly laden; and about the ſame time me perſons failing, who had much of his money in eir hands, he was reduced to great want; and, to mplete his misfortunes, the little which he had left at me, was conſumed by a ſudden fire, which burnt his uſe, and every thing in it: So that he was brought ite into a ſtate of beggary. In this forlorn conditi-n, he had no other reſource to keep himſelf from ſtar-ng, than to wander up and down the country, im-oring the aſſiſtance of well-diſpoſed perſons. It hap-ened one day, that, having travelled many miles, and tained but little relief, he eſpied a gentleman walk-g in the fields, not far from a fine ſeat. To this gen-eman he addreſſed himſelf; and having laid before m his misfortunes, and his preſent neceſſitous condi-on, he earneſtly intreated him to grant him ſome iſtance. The gentleman, who happened to be none her than his brother, did not at firſt know him; but ter ſome diſcourſe with him, he perceived who he as. However, concealing his knowledge of him, he ought him home, and ordered his ſervants to take re of him, and furniſh him for that night with lodg-g and victuals. In the mean time, he reſolved to ſcover himſelf to his brother next morning, and offer m a conſtant habitation in his houſe, after he had got e conſent of his wife to the propoſal. Accordingly, ext morning, he ordered the poor man to be ſent for. hen he was come into his preſence, he aſked if he new him? The poor man anſwered, he did not. I m, ſays he, burſting into tears, your only brother; nd immediately fell on his neck, and embraced him

with

with great tenderneſs. The elder, quite aſtoniſhed this accident, fell to the ground, and began to ma many excuſes, and to beg pardon for his former cr behaviour. To whom the other anſwered, Broth let us forget thoſe things; I heartily forgive you that is paſt; you need not range up and down t world; you ſhall be welcome to live with me. H readily accepted the propoſal, and they lived toget with great comfort and happineſs till death.

AFFECTION PARENTAL.

AS the vexations which parents receive from th children haſten the approach of age, and dou the force of years; ſo the comforts which they re from them, are balm to all other ſorrows, and diſa point the injuries of time. Parents repeat their li in their offſprings; and their concern for them is near, that they feel all ſufferings, and taſte all enj ments, as much as if they regarded their own pro perſons.

However ſtrong we may ſuppoſe the fondneſs o father for his children, yet they will find more liv marks of tenderneſs in the boſom of a mother.—Th are no ties in nature to compare with thoſe which un an affectionate mother to her children, who repay h tenderneſs with obedience and love.

SOLON, enquiring of Thales the Mileſian philo pher, why, conſidering the happy ſituation of his a fairs, he had neither wife nor children; Thales for t preſent made him no anſwer. A few days after, h introduced a ſtranger, properly inſtructed, who ſai that he came ten days ago from Athens. Solon imm diately aſked him, what news he brought from thenc I know of nothing extraordinary, replied he, exce that the whole city celebrated the funeral of a you man, the ſon of a citizen, moſt eminent for his virtue

ho it ſeems went abroad upon his travels. Miſerable an! cried Solon: But did not you hear his name? I d, returned the ſtranger, but I have forgot it; this emember, that he was particularly famous for his iſdom and his juſtice. Was it Solon? ſaid our philo-pher: It was, anſwered the ſtranger. Upon this r legiſlator began to beat his head, to weep, and to cover all the ſymptoms of the deepeſt ſorrow. But hales interpoſing, with a ſmile, addreſſed him thus: "Theſe, O Solon, are the things which make me a-fraid of marriage and children, ſince theſe are ca-pable of affecting even ſo wiſe a man as you; be not however concerned, for this is all a fiction." hether on this occaſion, or on the real loſs of a ſon, uncertain, Solon being deſired by a perſon not to eep, ſince weeping would avail nothing; he was an-ered, with much humanity and good ſenſe, *And for is cauſe I weep.* UNIV. HIST.

CORNELIA, the illuſtrious mother of the Grac-, after the death of her huſband, who left her twelve ildren, applied herſelf to the care of her family, th a wiſdom and prudence that acquired her univer-eſteem. Only three out of the twelve lived to ars of maturity; one daughter, Sempronia, whom married to the ſecond Scipio Africanus; and two s, Tiberius and Caius, whom ſhe brought up with much care, that, though they were generally ac-owledged to have been born with the moſt happy niuſſes and diſpoſitions, it was judged, that they ere ſtill more indebted to education than nature. The ſwer ſhe gave a Campanian lady concerning them is ry famous, and includes in it great inſtructions for ies and mothers.

That lady, who was very rich, and ſtill fonder of mp and ſhew, after having diſplayed, in a viſit ſhe de her, her diamonds, pearls, and richeſt jewels, rneſtly deſired Cornelia to let her ſee her jewels alſo. rnelia dexterouſly turned the converſation to another bject, to wait the return of her ſons, who were gone the public ſchools. When they returned, and en-

tered

tered their mother's apartment, ſhe ſaid to the Ca
panian lady, pointing to them with her hand, *Theſe a
my jewels, and the only ornaments I admire.* And ſu
ornaments, which are the ſtrength and ſupport of ſ
ciety, add a brighter luſtre to the fair than all the jew
of the Eaſt.

BUT our own court ſupplies us with an exam
of parental affection, equal, if not ſuperior, to any
ther on record, and which commands the imitation
every family in the kingdom; I mean in the tend
but prudent conduct of the late Queen Caroline. A
thority, which is loſt in almoſt every other houſe, w
carefully preſerved in the royal palace; where it w
rightly judged that affection and education without g
vernment and reſtraint, as planting without prun
and lopping off luxurious branches, would prod
minds void of ſtrength and beauty, and unable to br
forth the fruits of uſeful and reaſonable action. T
Queen knew how abſolutely neceſſary it was to te
youth very early, to refuſe whatever was hurtful
diſhonourable; and to prefer the conſtant and dura
good, before momentary and fleeting pleaſures. S
knew that in the practice of this doctrine of refuſi
lay all the ſeeds of virtue, and the foundation of ev
thing great and truly noble; for which reaſon, ſhe
ver gratified her children with what was improper
her to give, or them to receive.

The beſt proof undoubtedly which parents can gi
of their affection to their children, is to endeavour
make them wiſe and good. The firſt claſs of du
which parents owe their children reſpect their natu
life; and theſe comprehend protection, nurture, p
viſion, introducing them into the world in a man
ſuitable to their rank and fortune, and the like. T
ſecond order of duties regards the intellectual and m
ral life of their children, or their education in ſuch a
and accompliſhments as are neceſſary to qualify th
for performing the duties they owe to themſelves a
others. As this was found to be the principal deſign
the matrimonial alliance, ſo the fulfilling that deſign

moſt important and dignified of all the parental du-
. In order therefore to fit the child for acting his
t wiſely and worthily as a man, as a citizen, and a
ature of God, both parents ought to combine their
t wiſdom, authority, and power, and each a part
employ thoſe talents which are the peculiar excellen-
and ornament of their reſpective ſex. The father
ght to lay out and ſuperintend their education; the
ther to execute and manage the detail of which ſhe
apable. The former ſhould direct the manly exer-
of the intellectual and moral powers of his child;
imagination and the manners of thoſe exertions,
the peculiar province of the latter. The former
uld adviſe, protect, command; and by his expe-
nce, maſculine vigour, and that ſuperior authority
ich is commonly aſcribed to his ſex, brace and
ngthen his pupil for active life, for gravity, inte-
y, and firmneſs in ſuffering. The buſineſs of the
er is to bend and ſoften her male pupil by the
rms of her converſation, and the ſoftneſs and de-
cy of her manners for ſocial life, for politeneſs of
e, and the elegant decorum and enjoyments of hu-
nity; and to improve and refine the tenderneſs and
deſty of her female pupil, and form her to all thoſe
l domeſtic virtues, which are the peculiar charac-
iſtics and ornaments of her ſex.

To conduct the opening minds of their ſweet charge
ough the ſeveral periods of their progreſs, to aſſiſt
m in each period in throwing out the latent ſeeds of
ſon and ingenuity, and in giving freſh acceſſions of
t and virtue; and, at length, with all theſe advan-
es, to produce the young adventurers upon the great
atre of human life, to act their ſeveral parts in the
t of their friends, of ſociety, and mankind; how
rioufly does Heaven reward the taſk, where the
ents behold thoſe dear images and repreſentations
themſelves inheriting their virtues as well as for-
es, ſuſtaining their reſpective characters gracefully
worthily, and giving them the agreeable proſpect
ranſmitting their names with growing honours and
antage to a race yet unborn!

AMBITION.

AMBITION.

AMBITION is at diſtance
A goodly proſpect, tempting to the view:
The height delights us, and the mounting top
Looks beautiful, becauſe 'tis nigh to heaven;
But we ne'er look how ſandy's the foundation,
What ſtorms will batter, and what tempeſts ſhake

When wild ambition in the heart we find,
Farewel content and quiet of the mind:
For glittering clouds we leave the ſolid ſhore,
And wonted happineſs returns no more.
Ambition is the dropſy of the ſoul,
Whoſe thirſt we muſt not yield to, but controul.
Be prudent, and the ſhore in proſpect keep,
In a weak boat, truſt not the deep:
Plac'd beneath envy, above envying riſe;
Pity great men, great things deſpiſe.

M. MANLIUS was a patrician of one of the m
illuſtrious houſes in Rome. He had been conſul, a
had acquired very great reputation by many glori
exploits, and in particular by the ſignal ſervice he h
done his country in ſaving the capitol, when upon t
point of being taken by the Gauls; but a ſecret van
and ambition, which Manlius ſuffered to take root
his heart, corrupted all his great qualities, and enti
ly ſullied his glory. As he did not believe himſelf
much conſidered by the ſenators as he deſerved,
threw himſelf into a party of the people, and enter
into a ſtrict union with the tribunes. He ſpoke co
temptuouſly of the ſenators, and flattered the multitu
In a word, he choſe rather to have a great than a go
reputation: Nothing would ſatisfy him but the ſupre
authority. The meaſures, however, which he e
ployed to accompliſh his deſign, were ſo ill concert

that Manlius was cited before the dictator to answer for his conduct. He had the rashness to say, in the assemblies which he held in his own house, that the senators had appropriated the gold intended for the payment of the auxiliary troops to their own use; and had concealed great treasures which belonged to the public. Manlius was ordered to make good his charge; which, not being able to do, he was committed to prison as a seditious person, and a false accuser. Seeing himself seized by the dictator's officer, he omitted nothing to make the people rise in his defence. He invoked all the gods that inhabited the capitol, imploring them to aid him, who had so courageously defended them. "How!" said he, "shall the hand that has preserved "your temples from the fury of the Gauls, be disgra-"ced with vile chains?" The whole people were penetrated with the most lively affliction. Multitudes assembled not only the day, but even the night, round the prison; and menaced to break down the gates. The senate chose to grant them that, of their own accord, which they were upon the point of taking by force; and caused Manlius to be set at liberty. But by that timerous policy, instead of appeasing the sedition, they only gave it an head. Manlius, released from prison, grew more violent, and less cautious: In short, his design to overturn the government, and enslave the people, was so evident, that he was again seized and imprisoned. He now began to lose all hopes, and the people's eyes were fully opened; they saw they had been deceived. As for Manlius, when he came to take his trial, he appeared in a mourning habit; but without a single senator, relation, friend, or even his own brothers, along with him, to express concern for his fate. So much did the love of liberty, and the fear of being enslaved, prevail in the hearts of the Romans over all the ties of blood and nature! After a fair hearing, he was condemned to be thrown from the top of the capitol; and the same place which had been the theatre of his glory, became that of his shame and infamy.

Such was the end of a man who might have been the ornament of his country, if he had not been born in a free ſtate We here ſee how many glorious actions and excellent qualities, the luſt of reigning rendered not only fruitleſs, but odious and deteſtable.

LIV. l. vi. 12.

BEAUTY AND FLATTERY.

Beauties, like princes, from their very youth,
Are perfect ſtrangers to the voice of truth. POPE.

A FRIEND of mine has two daughters, whom I will call *Lætitia* and *Daphne;* the former is one of the greateſt beauties of the age in which ſhe lives, the latter no way remarkable for any charms in her perſon. Upon this one circumſtance of their outward form, the good and ill of their lives ſeem to turn. Lætitia has not, from her very childhood, heard any thing elſe but commendations of her features and complexion, by which means ſhe is no other than nature made her, a very beautiful outſide. The conſciouſneſs of her charms has rendered her inſupportably vain and inſolent, towards all who have to do with her. Daphne, who was almoſt twenty before one civil thing had ever been ſaid to her, found herſelf obliged to acquire ſome accompliſhment to make up for the want of thoſe attractions which ſhe ſaw in her ſiſter. Poor Daphne was ſeldom ſubmitted to in a debate wherein ſhe was concerned; her diſcourſe had nothing to recommend it but the good ſenſe of it; and ſhe was always under a neceſſity to have very well conſidered what ſhe was to ſay before ſhe uttered it; while Lætitia was liſtened to with partiality, and approbation ſat in the countenances of thoſe ſhe converſed with, before ſhe communicated what ſhe had to ſay. Theſe cauſes have produced ſuitable effects, and Lætitia is as inſipid a companion, as Daphne is an agreeable one. Lætitia, confident of

favour,

favour, has ſtudied no arts to pleaſe; Daphne, deſpairing of any inclination towards her perſon, has depended only on her merits. Lætitia has always ſomething in her air that is ſullen, grave, and diſconſolate. Daphne has a countenance that appears chearful, open, and unconcerned.

A young gentleman ſaw Lætitia this winter at a play, and became her captive. His fortune was ſuch, that he wanted very little introduction to ſpeak his ſentiments to her father. The lover was admitted with the utmoſt freedom into the family, where a conſtrained behaviour, ſevere looks, and diſtant civilities, were the higheſt favours he could obtain of Lætitia; while Daphne uſed him with the good humour, familiarity, and innocence of a ſiſter: Inſomuch, that he would often ſay to her, *Dear Daphne, wert thou but as handſome as Lætitia!*——She received ſuch language with that ingenuous and pleaſing mirth, which is natural to a woman without deſign. He ſtill ſighed in vain for Lætitia, but found certain relief in the agreeable converſation of Daphne. At length, heartily tired with the haughty impertinence of Lætitia, and charmed with the repeated inſtances of good humour he had obſerved in Daphne, he one day told the latter, that he had ſomething to ſay to her he hoped ſhe would be pleaſed with.——*Faith, Daphne*, continued he, *I am in love with thee, and deſpiſe thy ſiſter ſincerely.*—The manner of his declaring himſelf, gave his miſtreſs occaſion for a very hearty laughter.——*Nay*, ſays he, *I knew you would laugh at me, but I will aſk your father.* He did ſo; the father received his intelligence with no leſs joy than ſurpriſe, and was very glad he had now no care left but for his *Beauty*, which he thought he could carry to market at leiſure.

I do not know any thing that has pleaſed me ſo much a great while, as the conqueſt of my friend Daphne's. All her acquaintances congratulate her upon her chance-medley, and laugh at that premeditating murderer her ſiſter. As it is an argument of a light mind, to think the worſe of ourſelves, for the imperfections of our perſons, it is equally below us to value ourſelves upon

the advantages of them. The female world ſeem to be almoſt incorrigibly gone aſtray in this particular; for which reaſon, I ſhall recommend the following extract out of a friend's letter to the profeſſed beauties, who are a people almoſt as unſufferable as the profeſſed wits.

" Monſieur St Evremont has concluded one of his " eſſays, with affirming, that the laſt ſighs of a hand- " ſome woman are not ſo much for the loſs of her life " as of her beauty. Perhaps this raillery is purſued " too far, yet it is turned upon a very obvious remark, " that a woman's ſtrongeſt paſſion is for her own beau- " ty, and that ſhe values it as her favourite diſtinction. " From hence it is, that all arts, which pretend to im- " prove or preſerve it, meet with ſo general a recep- " tion among the ſex. To ſay nothing of many falſe " helps, and contraband wares of beauty, which are " daily vended in this great mart, there is not a mai- " den-gentlewoman, of a good family, in any county " of South Britain, who has not heard of the virtues " of May-dew, or is unfurniſhed with ſome receipt " or other in favour of her complexion; and I have " known a phyſician of learning and ſenſe, after eight " years ſtudy in the univerſity, and a courſe of tra- " vels into moſt countries of Europe, owe the firſt " raiſing of his fortune to a coſmetic waſh.

" This has given me occaſion to conſider, how ſo " univerſal a diſpoſition in womankind, which ſprings " from a laudable motive, the deſire of pleaſing, and " proceeds upon an opinion, not altogether groundleſs, " that nature helped by art may be turned to their ad- " vantage. And, methinks, it would be an accepta- " ble ſervice to take them out of the hands of quacks " and pretenders, and to prevent their impoſing up- " on themſelves, by diſcovering to them the true ſe- " cret and art of improving beauty.

" In order to this, before I touch upon it directly, " it will be neceſſary to lay down a few preliminary " maxims, *viz.*

" That

" That no woman can be handſome by the force of " features alone, any more than ſhe can be witty only " by the help of ſpeech.

" That pride deſtroys all ſymmetry and grace, and " affectation is a more terrible enemy to fine faces " than the ſmall pox.

" That no woman is capable of being beautiful, who " is not incapable of being falſe.

" And, That what would be odious in a friend, is " deformity in a miſtreſs.

" From theſe few principles, thus laid down, it " will be eaſy to prove, that the true art of aſſiſting " beauty, conſiſts in embelliſhing the whole perſon by " the proper ornament of virtuous and commendable " qualities. By this help alone it is, that thoſe who " are the favourite work of nature, or, as Mr Dry- " den expreſſes it, the porcelain clay of human kind, " become animated, and are in a capacity of exerting " their charms: And thoſe who ſeem to have been ne- " glected by it, like models wrought in haſte, are ca- " pable in a great meaſure of finiſhing what is has left " imperfect.

" It is, methinks, a low and degrading idea of that " ſex, which was created to refine the joys, and ſoften " the cares of humanity, by the moſt agreeable parti- " cipation, to conſider them merely as objects of ſight. " This is abridging them of their natural extent of " power, to put them upon a level with their pictures " at Kneller's. How much nobler is the contempla- " tion of beauty heightened by virtue, and command- " ing our eſteem and love, while it draws our obſer- " vation? How faint and ſpiritleſs are the charms of " a coquet, when compared with the real lovelineſs of " Sophronia's innocence, piety, good humour and " truth; virtues which add a new ſoftneſs to her ſex, " and even beautify her beauty! That agreeableneſs, " which muſt otherwiſe have appeared no longer in " the modeſt virgin, is now preſerved in the tender " mother, the prudent friend, and the faithful wife. " Colours artfully ſpread upon canvas, may entertain " the eye, but not affect the heart; and ſhe, who

" takes no care to add to the natural graces of her " perſon any excelling qualities, may be allowed ſtill " to amuſe as a picture, but not to triumph as a " beauty.

" When Adam is introduced by Milton, deſcribing " Eve in paradiſe, and relating to the angel the im- " preſſions he felt upon ſeeing her at her firſt creation, " he does not repreſent her like a Grecian Venus, by " her ſhape or features, but by the luſtre of her mind, " which ſhone in them, and gave them the power of " charming.

" Grace was in all her ſteps, heav'n in her eye,
" In all her geſtures dignity and love.

" Without this irradiating power, the proudeſt fair " one ought to know, whatever her glaſs may tell her " to the contrary, that her moſt perfect features are " uninformed and dead.

" I cannot better cloſe this moral, than by a ſhort " epitaph written by Ben Johnſon, with a ſpirit which " nothing could inſpire, but ſuch an object as I have " been deſcribing.

" Underneath this ſtone doth lie,
" As much virtue as could die;
" Which when alive did vigour give,
" To as much beauty as could live."

SPECTATOR.

BENEFICENCE.

MAN is naturally a beneficent creature.

The greateſt pleaſure wealth can afford, is that of doing good. All men of eſtates are in effect but truſtees for the benefit of the diſtreſſed; and will be ſo reckoned, when they are to give an account.

A CERTAIN cardinal, by the multitude of his generous actions, gave occaſion for the world to call him, *the Patron of the Poor*. This eccleſiaſtical prince had a conſtant cuſtom once a week to give public audience to all indigent people in the hall of his palace, and to relieve every one according to their various neceſſities, or the motions of his own bounty. One day a poor widow, encouraged by the fame of his bounty, came into the hall of this cardinal, with her only daughter, a beautiful maid, about fifteen years of age. When her turn came to be heard among a croud of petitioners, the cardinal obſerving the marks of an extraordinary modeſty in her face and carriage, as alſo in her daughter, encouraged her to tell her wants freely. She bluſhing, and not without tears, thus addreſſed herſelf to him: "My Lord, I owe for the rent of my "houſe five crowns, and ſuch is my misfortune, that "I have no way left to pay it, ſave what would break "my heart, (and my landlord threatens to force me "to it) that is, to proſtitute this my only daughter, "whom I have hitherto with great care educated in "the paths of virtue. What I beg of your eminence "is, that you would be pleaſed to interpoſe your au"thority, and protect us from the violence of this cru"el man, till by honeſt induſtry we can procure the "money for him." The cardinal, moved with admiration of the woman's virtue and modeſt requeſt, bid her be of good courage: Then he immediately wrote a billet, and giving it into the woman's hand, "Go," ſaid he, "to my ſteward, and he ſhall deliver thee five "crowns to pay thy rent." The widow, overjoyed, and returning the cardinal a thouſand thanks, went directly to the ſteward, and gave him the note. When he had read it, he told out *fifty* crowns. She, aſtoniſhed at the meaning of it, and not knowing what the cardinal had wrote, refuſed to take above five crowns, ſaying, ſhe mentioned no more to his eminence, and ſhe was ſure it was ſome miſtake. On the other hand, the ſteward inſiſted on his maſter's order, not daring to call it in queſtion. But all the arguments he could uſe were inſufficient to prevail on her to take any more than

than five crowns. Wherefore, to end the controverſy, he offered to go back with her to the cardinal, and refer it to him. When they came before that munificent prince, and he was fully informed of the buſineſs. "It "is true," ſaid he, "I miſtook in writing *fifty* crowns, "give me the paper, and I will rectify it." Upon which, he wrote again, ſaying to the woman, "So "much candour and virtue deſerve a recompence. "Here I have ordered you *five hundred crowns;* what "you can ſpare of it, lay it up as a dowry to give with "your daughter in marriage."

CARAZAN, the merchant of Bagdat, was eminent throughout all the Eaſt for his avarice and his wealth: His origin is obſcure as that of the ſpark which, by the colliſion of ſteel and adamant, is ſtruck out of darkneſs; and the patient labour of preſerving diligence alone had made him rich. It was remembered, that when he was indigent, he was thought to be generous; and he was ſtill acknowledged to be inflexibly juſt. But whether in his dealings with men he diſcovered a perfidy which tempted him to put his truſt in God, or whether, in proportion as he accumulated wealth, he diſcovered his own importance by increaſe, Carazan prized it more, as he uſed it leſs: He gradually loſt the inclination to do good, as he acquired the power; and as the hand of time ſcattered ſnow upon his head, the freezing influence extended to his boſom.

But though the door of Carazan was never opened by hoſpitality, nor his hand by compaſſion, yet fear led him conſtantly to the moſque at the ſtated hours of prayer: He performed all the rites of devotion with the moſt ſcrupulous punctuality, and had thrice paid his vows at the temple of the prophet. That devotion which ariſes from the love of God, and neceſſarily includes the love of man, as it connects gratitude with beneficence, and exalts that which was mortal to divine, confers new dignity upon goodneſs, and is the object not only of affection but reverence. On the contrary, the devotion of the ſelfiſh, whether it be thought to avert the puniſhment which every one wiſhes to be inflicted,

inflicted, or to insure it by the complication of hypocrisy with guilt, never fails to excite indignation and abhorrence. Carazan, therefore, when he had locked his door, and, turning round with a look of circumspective suspicion, proceeded to the mosque, was followed by every eye with silent malignity; the poor suspended their supplications, when he passed by; tho' he was known by every man, yet no man saluted him.

Such had long been the life of Carazan, and such was the character which he had acquired, when notice was given by proclamation, that he was removed to a magnificent building in the centre of the city, that his table should be spread for the public, and that the stranger should be welcome to his bed. The multitude soon rushed like a torrent to his door, where they beheld him distributing bread to the hungry, and apparel to the naked, his eye softened with compassion, and his cheek glowed with delight. Every one gazed with astonishment at the prodigy; and the murmur of innumerable voices increasing like the sound of approaching thunder, Carazan beckoned with his hand; attention suspended the tumult in a moment; and he thus gratified the curiosity which procured him audience.

To him who touches the mountains and they smoke, the Almighty and the most merciful, be everlasting honour! He hath ordained sleep to be the minister of instruction, and his visions have reproved me in the night. As I was sitting alone in my haram, with my lamp burning before me, computing the product of my merchandise, and exulting in the increase of my wealth. I fell into a deep sleep, and the hand of him who dwells in the third heaven was upon me. I beheld the angel of death coming forward like a whirlwind, and he smote me before I could deprecate the blow. At the same moment I felt myself lifted from the ground, and transported with astonishing rapidity through the regions of the air. The earth was contracted to an atom between; and the stars glowed round me with a lustre that obscured the sun. The gate of paradise was now in sight; and I was intercepted by a sudden brightness which no human eye could behold: The irrevokable

sentence

ſentence was now to be pronounced; my day of probation was paſt, and from the evil of my life nothing could be taken away, nor could any thing be added to the good. When I reflected that my lot for eternity was caſt, which not all the powers of nature could reverſe, my confidence totally forſook me; and while I ſtood trembling and ſilent, covered with confuſion, and chilled with horror, I was thus addreſſed by the radiance that flamed before me.

"Carazan, thy worſhip has not been accepted, "becauſe it was not prompted by the love of God; "neither can thy righteouſneſs be rewarded, becauſe "it was not produced by the love of man: For thy "own ſake only, haſt thou rendered to every man his "due; and thou haſt approached the Almighty only "for thyſelf. Thou haſt not looked up with gratitude, "nor round thee with kindneſs. Around thee, thou "haſt indeed beheld vice and folly; but if vice and "folly could juſtify thy parſimony, would they not "condemn the bounty of Heaven? If not upon the "fooliſh and the vicious, where ſhall the ſun diffuſe his "light, or the clouds diſtil their dew? Where ſhall the "lips of the ſpring breathe fragrance, or the hand of au"tumn diffuſe plenty? Remember, Carazan, that thou "haſt ſhut compaſſion from thy heart, and graſped thy "treaſures with an hand of iron: Thou haſt lived for "thyſelf; and, therefore, henceforth for ever thou "ſhalt ſubſiſt alone. From the light of heaven, and "from the ſociety of all beings, ſhalt thou be driven; "ſolitude ſhall protract the lingering hours of eter"nity, and darkneſs aggravate the horrors of deſpair."

At this moment I was driven by ſome ſecret and irreſiſtible power, through the glowing ſyſtem of creation, and paſſed innumerable worlds in a moment. As I approached the verge of nature, I perceived the ſhadows of total and boundleſs vacuity deepen before me, a dreadful region of eternal ſilence, ſolitude, and darkneſs! Unutterable horror ſeized me at the proſpect, and this exclamation burſt from me with all the vehemence of deſire. *O! that I had been doomed for ever to the common receptacle of impenitence and guilt! There*

ſociety

ſociety would have alleviated the torment of deſpair, and the rage of fire could not have excluded the comfort of light. Or, if I had been condemned to reſide on a comet, that would return but once in a thouſand years to the regions of light and life; the hope of theſe periods, however diſtant, would chear me in the dreary interval of cold and darkneſs, and the viciſſitude would divide eternity into time. While this thought paſſed over my mind, I loſt ſight of the remoteſt ſtar, and the laſt glimmering of light was quenched into utter darkneſs. The agonies of deſpair every moment encreaſed, as every moment augmented my diſtance from the laſt habitable world. I reflected with intolerable anguiſh, that when ten thouſand thouſand years had carried me beyond the reach of all but that power who fills infinitude, I ſhould ſtill look forward into an immenſe abyſs of darkneſs, through which I ſhould ſtill drive without ſuccour, and without ſociety, farther and farther ſtill, for ever and ever. I then ſtretched out my hands towards the regions of exiſtence, with an emotion that awaked me. Thus have I been taught to eſtimate ſociety, like every other bleſſing, by its loſs. My heart is warmed to liberality; and I am zealous to communicate the happineſs which I feel, to thoſe from whom it is derived; for the ſociety of one wretch, whom, in the pride of proſperity, I would have ſpurned from my door, would, in the dreadful ſolitude to which I was condemned, have been more highly prized, than the gold of Afric, or the gems of Golconda.

At this reflection upon his dream, Carazan became ſuddenly ſilent, and looked upwards in an extaſy of gratitude and devotion. The multitude was ſtruck at once with the precept and the example; and the caliph, to whom the event was related, that he might be liberal beyond the power of gold, commanded to be recorded for the benefit of poſterity.

ADVENTURER.

CALUMNY

CALUMNY AND REPROACH.

Who ſteals my purſe, ſteals traſh, 'tis ſomething, nothing,
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been ſlave to thouſands;
But he who filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
But makes me poor indeed—— SHAKESPEARE.

WERE all the vexations of life put together, we ſhould find, that a great part of them proceed from thoſe calumnies and reproaches which we ſpread abroad concerning one another.

There is ſcarce a man living, who is not, in ſome degree, guilty of this offence; though, at the ſame time, however we treat one another, it muſt be confeſſed, that we all conſent in ſpeaking ill of the perſons who are ſo notorious for this practice. It generally takes its riſe either from an ill-will to mankind, a private inclination to make ourſelves eſteemed, an oſtentation of wit, a vanity of being thought in the ſecrets of the world, or from a deſire of gratifying any of theſe diſpoſitions of mind in thoſe perſons with whom we converſe.

The publiſher of ſcandal is more or leſs odious to mankind, and criminal in himſelf, as he is influenced by any one or more of the foregoing motives. But whatever may be the occaſion of ſpreading theſe falſe reports, he ought to conſider, that the effect of them is equally prejudicial and pernicious to the perſon at whom they are aimed. The injury is the ſame, though the principle from whence it proceeds, may be different.

As every one looks upon himſelf with too much indulgence, when he paſſes a judgement on his own thoughts or actions, and as very few would be thought guilty of this abominable proceeding, which is ſo univerſally practiſed, and, at the ſame time, ſo univerſally blamed,

blamed, I ſhall lay down three rules, by which I would have a man examine and ſearch into his own heart, before he ſtands acquitted to himſelf of that evil diſpoſition of mind which I am here mentioning.

Firſt of all, Let him conſider, whether he does not take delight in hearing the faults of others.

Secondly, Whether he is not too apt to believe ſuch little blackening accounts, and more inclined to be credulous on the uncharitable than on the good-natured ſide.

Thirdly, Whether he is not ready to ſpread and propagate ſuch reports as tend to the diſreputation of another.

Theſe are the ſeveral ſteps by which this vice proceeds, and grows up into ſlander and defamation.

In the *firſt* place, a man who takes delight in hearing the faults of others, ſhews ſufficiently that he has a true reliſh of ſcandal, and conſequently the ſeeds of this vice within him. If his mind is gratified with hearing the reproaches which are caſt on others, he will find the ſame pleaſure in relating them, and be the more apt to do it, as he will naturally imagine every one he converſes with, is delighted in the ſame manner with himſelf. A man ſhould endeavour therefore to wear out of his mind this criminal curioſity, which is perpetually heightened and enflamed by liſtening to ſuch ſtories as tend to the diſreputation of others.

In the *ſecond* place, A man ſhould conſult his own heart, whether he is not apt to believe ſuch little blackening accounts; and more inclined to be credulous on the uncharitable, than on the good-natured ſide.

Such a credulity is very vicious in itſelf, and generally ariſes from a man's conſciouſneſs of his own ſecret corruptions. It is a pretty ſaying of Thales, Falſehood is juſt as far diſtant from truth, as the ears are from the eyes. By which he would intimate, that a wiſe man ſhould not eaſily give credit to the reports of actions which he has not ſeen. I ſhall, under this head, mention two or three remarkable rules to be obſerved by the members of the celebrated Abbey de la Trape, as they are publiſhed in a little French book.

The fathers are there ordered, never to give an ear to any accounts of baſe or criminal actions; to turn off all ſuch diſcourſe, if poſſible; but in caſe they hear any thing of this nature, ſo well atteſted that they cannot diſbelieve it, they are then to ſuppoſe, that the criminal action may have proceeded from a good intention in him who is guilty of it. This is perhaps carrying charity to an extravagance; but it is certainly much more laudable, than to ſuppoſe, as the ill-natured part of the world does, that indifferent, and even good actions proceed from bad principles and wrong intentions.

In the *third* place, A man ſhould examine his heart, whether he does not find in it a ſecret inclination to propagate ſuch reports, as tend to the diſreputation of another.

When the diſeaſe of the mind, which I have hitherto been ſpeaking of, ariſes to this degree of malignity, it diſcovers itſelf in its worſt ſymptom, and is in danger of becoming incurable. I need not therefore inſiſt upon the guilt in this laſt particular, which every one cannot but diſapprove, who is not void of humanity, or even common diſcretion. I ſhall only add, that whatever pleaſure any man may take in ſpreading whiſpers of this nature, he will find an infinitely greater ſatisfaction in conquering the temptation he is under, by letting the ſecret die within his own breaſt.

SPECTATOR.

CHASTITY.

MAKE it your care to refine your ſentiments; let them be reaſonable and full of honour; be ſure always to keep well with yourſelf, it is a ſure income of pleaſures; and will gain you praiſe and a good reputation to boot.

In a word, be but truly virtuous, and you will find admirers enough.

JAQUELINE

JAQUELINE of Luxemburg, Ducheſs of Bedford, had, after her firſt huſband's death, ſo far ſacrificed her ambition to love, that ſhe married Sir Richard Wideville, a private gentleman (afterwards honoured with the title of Lord Rivers) to whom ſhe bore ſeveral children, and, among the reſt, Elizabeth, who was no leſs diſtinguiſhed by the beauty and elegance of her perſon, than the amiable diſpoſition of her mind.

Elizabeth eſpouſed Sir John Grey of Groby; but her huſband being ſlain in the ſecond battle of St Albans, fighting for the family of Lancaſter, and his eſtate being on that account confiſcated, the young widow retired to her father's ſeat at Grafton, in Northamptonſhire, where ſhe lived for ſome time in privacy and retirement. Edward IV. King of England, happening to hunt in that county, went to pay a viſit to the Ducheſs of Bedford, and Elizabeth reſolved to embrace ſuch a favourable opportunity of obtaining ſome grace from this gallant monarch. Accordingly ſhe came into his preſence, and, throwing herſelf at his feet, implored a maintenance for herſelf and children.

The ſight of ſo much beauty in diſtreſs, made a deep impreſſion on the amorous mind of Edward. Love ſtole inſenſibly into his heart, under the guiſe of compaſſion; and her ſorrow and affliction, ſo graceful in a virtuous matron, recommended her no leſs to his eſteem and veneration, than her perſonal beauty made her the object of his affection. He raiſed her from the ground, with aſſurances of favour. He found his paſſion daily ſtrengthened by the company and converſation of the lovely widow; and, in a ſhort time, became the ſuppliant of the woman whom he had lately ſeen on her knees before him. But ſuch was the reſolute virtue of Elizabeth, that ſhe poſitively refuſed to gratify his paſſion in a diſhonourable manner. All the intreaties, promiſes, and endearments, of the young and amiable Edward, were not ſufficient to gain her conſent. At laſt, ſhe plainly told him, that though ſhe was unworthy of being his wife, yet ſhe thought herſelf too good to be his concubine; and would therefore remain in the humble ſituation to which Providence had reduced her.

This oppoſition ſerved but the more to enſlave the paſſions of the young monarch, and heighten his eſteem for ſuch exalted ſentiments: He therefore offered to ſhare his throne, as well as his heart, with the woman whoſe perſonal and mental accompliſhments rendered her ſo deſerving of both. The nuptials were accordingly ſolemnized at Grafton, *anno Dom.* 1465. RAPIN.

CHEARFULNESS.

——I look on chearfulneſs,
As on the health of virtue.—— YOUNG.

I HAVE always preferred chearfulneſs to mirth. The latter I conſider as an act, the former as an habit of the mind. Mirth is ſhort and tranſient, chearfulneſs fixed and permanent. Thoſe are often raiſed into the greateſt tranſports of mirth, who are ſubject to the greateſt depreſſions of melancholy. On the contrary, chearfulneſs, though it does not give the mind ſuch an exquiſite gladneſs, prevents us from falling into any depths of ſorrow. Mirth is like a flaſh of lightening, that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment; chearfulneſs keeps up a kind of day-light in the mind, and fills it with a ſteady and perpetual ſerenity.

Men of auſtere principles look upon mirth as too wanton and diſſolute for a ſtate of probation, and as filled with a certain triumph and inſolence of heart, that is inconſiſtent with a life which is every moment obnoxious to the greateſt dangers. Writers of this complexion have obſerved, that the ſacred perſon who was the great pattern of perfection, was never ſeen to laugh.

Chearfulneſs of mind is not liable to any of theſe exceptions; it is of a ſerious and compoſed nature, it does not throw the mind into a condition improper for the preſent ſtate of humanity, and is very conſpicuous in the character of thoſe who are looked upon as the greateſt

greateſt philoſophers among the Heathens, as well as among thoſe who have been deſervedly eſteemed as ſaints and holy men among Chriſtians.

If we conſider chearfulneſs in three lights, with regard to ourſelves, to thoſe we converſe with, and to the great Author of our being, it will not a little recommend itſelf on each of theſe accounts. The man who is poſſeſſed of this excellent frame of mind, is not only eaſy in his thoughts, but a perfect maſter of all the powers and faculties of his ſoul: His imagination is always clear, and his judgement undiſturbed: His temper is even and unruffled, whether in action or in ſolitude. He comes with a reliſh to all thoſe goods which nature has provided for him, taſtes all the pleaſures of the creation which are poured about him, and does not feel the full weight of theſe accidental evils which may befal him.

If we conſider him in relation to the perſons whom he converſes with, it naturally produces love and good will towards him. A chearful mind is not only diſpoſed to be affable and obliging, but raiſes the ſame good humour in thoſe who come within its influences. A man finds himſelf pleaſed, he does not know why, with the chearfulneſs of his companions: It is like a ſudden ſun-ſhine that awakens a ſecret delight in the mind without attending to it. The heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into friendſhip and benevolence towards the perſon who has ſo kindly an effect upon it.

When I conſider this chearful ſtate of mind in its third relation, I cannot but look upon it as a conſtant habitual gratitude to the great Author of nature. An inward chearfulneſs is an implicit praiſe and thankſgiving to Providence under its diſpenſations. It is a kind of acquieſcence in the ſtate wherein we are placed, and a ſecret approbation of the divine will in his conduct towards man.

There are but two things, which, in my opinion, can reaſonably deprive us of this chearfulneſs of heart. The firſt of theſe is the ſenſe of guilt. A man who lives in a ſtate of vice and impenitence, can have no title to

that evenneſs and tranquillity of mind which is the health of the ſoul, and the natural effect of virtue and innocence. Chearfulneſs in an ill man, deſerves a harder name than language can furniſh us with, and is many degrees beyond what we commonly call folly and madneſs.

Atheiſm, by which I mean a diſbelief of the Supreme Being, and conſequently of a future ſtate, under whatſoever title it ſhelters itſelf, may likewiſe very reaſonably deprive a man of this chearfulneſs of temper. There is ſomething ſo particularly gloomy and offenſive to human nature, in the proſpect of non-exiſtence, that I cannot but wonder, with many excellent writers, how it is poſſible for a man to outlive the expectation of it. For my own part, I think the being of a God is ſo little to be doubted, that it is almoſt the only truth we are ſure of, and ſuch a truth as we meet with in every object, in every occurrence, and in every thought. If we look into the characters of this tribe of infidels, we generally find they are made up of pride, ſpleen, and cavil: It is indeed no wonder, that men who are uneaſy to themſelves, ſhould be ſo to the reſt of the world; and how is it poſſible for a man to be otherwiſe than uneaſy in himſelf, when he is in danger every moment of loſing his entire exiſtence, and dropping into nothing?

The vicious man and Atheiſt have therefore no pretence to chearfulneſs, and would act very unreaſonably ſhould they endeavour after it. It is impoſſible for any one to live in good humour, and enjoy his preſent exiſtence, who is apprehenſive either of torment or annihilation; of being miſerable, or of not being at all.

After having mentioned thoſe two great principles which are deſtructive of chearfulneſs in their own nature, as well as in right reaſon, I cannot think of any other, that ought to baniſh this happy temper from a virtuous mind. Pain and ſickneſs, ſhame and reproach, poverty and old age, nay death itſelf, conſidering the ſhortneſs of their duration, and the advantage we may reap from them, do not deſerve the name of evils. A good

good mind may bear up under them with fortitude, with indolence, and with chearfulneſs of heart. The toſſing of a tempeſt does not diſcompoſe him, who is ſure it will bring him to a joyful harbour.

A man who uſes his beſt endeavours to live according to the dictates of virtue and right reaſon, has two perpetual ſources of chearfulneſs; in the conſideration of his own nature; and of that being on whom he has a dependance. If he looks into himſelf, he cannot but rejoice in that exiſtence, which is ſo lately beſtowed upon him, and which, after millions of ages, will be ſtill new, and ſtill in its beginning. How many ſelf-congratulations naturally ariſe in the mind, when it reflects on this its entrance into eternity, when it takes a view of thoſe improveable faculties, which, in a few years, and even at his firſt ſetting out, have made ſo conſiderable a progreſs, and which will be ſtill receiving an increaſe of perfection, and conſequently an increaſe of happineſs? The conſciouſneſs of ſuch a being, ſpreads a perpetual diffuſion of joy through the ſoul of a virtuous man, and makes him look upon himſelf every moment as more happy than he knows how to conceive.

The ſecond ſource of chearfulneſs to a good mind, is its conſideration of that being on whom we have our dependance, and in whom, though we behold him as yet but in the firſt faint diſcoveries of his perfections, we ſee every thing that we can imagine as great, glorious, or amiable. We find ourſelves every where upheld by his goodneſs, and ſurrounded with an immenſity of love and mercy. In ſhort, we depend upon a being, whoſe power qualifies him to make us happy by an infinity of means, whoſe goodneſs and truth engage him to make thoſe happy who deſire it of him, and whoſe unchangeableneſs will ſecure us in this happineſs to all eternity.

Such conſiderations, which every one ſhould perpetually cheriſh in his thoughts, will baniſh from us all that ſecret heavineſs of heart, which unthinking men are ſubject to, when they lie under no real affliction; all that anguiſh which we may feel from any evil that actually

actually oppreſſes us, to which I may likewiſe add, thoſe little cracklings of mirth and folly that are apter to betray virtue, than ſupport it; and eſtabliſh in us ſuch an even and chearful temper, as makes us pleaſing to ourſelves, to thoſe with whom we converſe, and to him whom we were made to pleaſe. SPECTATOR.

CHOICE OF A CALLING.

Be well adviſ'd, and wary council make,
Ere thou doſt any buſineſs undertake;
When undertaken, thy endeavours bend,
To bring thy actions to a perfect end. RANDOLPH.

IT is never without very melancholy reflections, that we can obſerve the miſconduct or miſcarriage of thoſe men, who ſeem, by the force of underſtanding or extent of knowledge, exempted from the general frailties of human nature, and privileged from the common infelicities of life. Though the world is crouded with ſcenes of calamity, we look, for the moſt part, upon the general maſs of wretchedneſs with very little regard, and fix our eyes upon the ſtate of particular perſons, whom the eminence of their qualities marks out from the multitude: As, in reading an account of the battle, we ſeldom reflect on the vulgar heaps of ſlaughter; but follow the hero with our whole attention, through all the varieties of his fortune, without a thought of the thouſands that are falling round him.

With the ſame kind of anxious veneration I have, for many years, been making obſervations on the life of Polyphilus; a man whom all his acquaintances have, from his firſt appearance in the world, feared for the quickneſs of his diſcernment, and admired for the multiplicity of his attainments; but whoſe progreſs in life, and whoſe uſefulneſs to mankind, have perhaps been hindered by the ſuperfluity of his knowledge, and the celerity of his mind.

Polyphilus

Polyphilus was remarkable at the ſchool for ſurpaſſing all his companions, without any viſible application; and, at the univerſity, was diſtinguiſhed equally for his ſucceſsful progreſs, as well through the rough and thorny mazes of ſcience, as the ſmooth and flowing paths of politer literature; without any ſtrict confinement to hours of ſtudy, or any remarkable forbearance of the common amuſements of young men.

When Polyphilus was at the age in which men uſually chuſe their profeſſion, and prepare to enter into a public character, every academical eye was fixed upon him; and all were curious to enquire, what this univerſal genius would fix upon for the employment of life: And no doubt was made, but that he would leave all his cotemporaries behind him; and mount to the higheſt honours of that claſs in which he ſhould inliſt himſelf, without thoſe delays and pauſes which muſt always be endured by meaner abilities.

Polyphilus, though by no means inſolent or aſſuming, had been ſufficiently encouraged, by uninterrupted ſucceſs, to place great confidence in his own parts; and was not below his companions in the indulgence of his hopes, and expectation of the aſtoniſhment with which the world would be ſtruck, when firſt his luſtre would break out upon it; nor could he help (for whom does not conſtant flattery intoxicate?) to join ſometimes in the mirth of his friends, at the ſudden diſappearance of thoſe, who having ſhone a while, and drawn the eyes of the public upon their feeble luſtre, were now doomed to fade away before him.

It is natural for a man to catch advantageous notions of the condition, which thoſe with whom he converſes are ſtriving to attain. Polyphilus, in a ramble to London, fell accidentally among the phyſicians; and was ſo much pleaſed with the proſpect of turning philoſophy to profit, and ſo highly delighted with a new theory of fevers, which darted into his imagination, and which, after having conſidered in a few hours, he found himſelf able to maintain againſt all the advocates for the ancient ſyſtem, that he reſolved to apply himſelf to anatomy,

natomy, botany, and chemiſtry; and to leave no pa unconquered, either of the animal, mineral, or vege table kingdoms.

He therefore read authors, conſtructed ſyſtems, an tried experiments. But unhappily, as he was goin to ſee a new plant in flower at Chelſea, he met, a croſſing Weſtminſter to take the water, the Chancel lor's coach. He had the curioſity to follow him int the hall; where a remarkable cauſe happened to b tried; and found himſelf able to produce ſo many ar guments which the lawyers had omitted on both ſide that he determined to quit phyſic for a profeſſion, i which he found it would be ſo eaſy to excel; and whic promiſed higher honours and larger profits, witho melancholy attendance upon miſery, mean ſubmiſſio to peeviſhneſs, and continual interruption of reſt an pleaſure.

He immediately took chambers in the temple, boug a common-place book, and confined himſelf for ſom months to the peruſal of the ſtatutes, year-book pleadings, and reports. He was a conſtant hearer the proceedings in the courts, and began to put ca with reaſonable accuracy. But he ſoon diſcovered, conſidering the fortune of lawyers, that preferme was not to be got by acuteneſs, learning and eloquenc He was perplexed by the abſurdities of attorneys, an miſrepreſentations made by his clients of their ow cauſes; by the uſeleſs anxiety of one, and the inceſſa importunity of another. He began to repent of h ving devoted himſelf to a ſtudy, which was ſo narro in its comprehenſion, which could never carry his nam to any other country; and thought it unworthy of man of parts, to ſell his life only for money. The ba renneſs of his fellow ſtudents forced him generally int other company, at his hours of entertainment; and, a mong the varieties of converſation through which h curioſity was daily wandering, he, by chance, mi gled at a tavern with ſome intelligent officers of th army. A man of letters was eaſily dazzled with th gaiety of their appearance, and ſoftened into kindne by the politeneſs of their addreſs. He therefore cul

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ated this new acquaintance; and when he ſaw how eadily they found, in every place, admiſſion, and re-ard, and how familiarly they mingled with every rank nd order of men, he began to feel his heart beat for ilitary honours; and wondered how the prejudices f the univerſity ſhould make him ſo long inſenſible of hat ambition, which has fired ſo many hearts in every ge; and negligent of that calling which is, above all hers, univerſally and unvariably illuſtrious, and hich gives even to the exterior appearance of its pro-ſſors, a dignity and freedom unknown to the reſt of ankind.

Theſe favourable impreſſions were made ſtill deeper y his converſation with the ladies; whoſe regard for ldiers he could not obſerve, without wiſhing himſelf e of that happy fraternity to which the female world emed to have devoted all their charms and their kind-eſs. The love of knowledge, which was ſtill his pre-ominant inclination, was gratified by the recital of dventures, and accounts of foreign countries; and erefore he thought there was no way of life in which l his views could ſo completely concenter, as in that a ſoldier. In the art of war, he thought it not diffi-lt to excel, having obſerved his new friends not ye- much verſed in the principles of tactics or fortifica-on: And therefore he ſtudied all the military writers, th ancient and modern; and, in a ſhort time, could ll how to have gained every remarkable battle that d been loſt from the beginning of the world. He ten ſhewed at a table, how Alexander ſhould have en checked in his conqueſts, what was the fatal error Pharſalia, how Charles of Sweden might have eſca-d his ruin at Pultowa, and Marlborough might have en made to repent his temerity at Blenheim. He ntrenched armies upon paper, ſo that no ſuperiority numbers could force them; and modelled in clay any impregnable fortreſſes, on which all the preſent ts of attack would be exhauſted without effect.

Polyphilus in a ſhort time obtained a commiſſion; t before he could rub off the ſolemnity of a ſcholar, d gain the true air of military vivacity, a war was declared

declared, and forces ſent to the continent. Here Polyphilus unhappily found, that ſtudy alone would not make a ſoldier: For, being much accuſtomed to think, the ſenſe of danger ſank into his mind, and he felt at the approach of any action, that terror which a ſentence of death would have brought upon him. He ſaw, that inſtead of conquering their fears, the endeavours of his gay friends were only to eſcape them: But his philoſophy chained his mind to its object; and rather loaded him with ſhackles, than furniſhed him with arms. He, however, ſuppreſſed his miſery in ſilence, and paſſed through the campaign with honour; but found himſelf utterly unable to ſupport another.

He then had recourſe again to his books, and continued to range from one ſtudy to another. As I uſually viſit him once a month, and am admitted to him without previous notice, I have found him, within this laſt half year, decyphering the Chineſe language, making a farce, collecting a vocabulary of the obſolete terms of the Engliſh law, writing an inquiry concerning the ancient Corinthian braſs, and forming a new ſcheme of the variations of the needle.

Thus is the powerful genius, which might have extended the ſphere of any ſcience, or benefited the world in any profeſſion, diſſipated in a boundleſs variety, without any profit to others or himſelf. He makes ſudden irruptions into the regions of knowledge, and ſees all obſtacles give way before him; but he never ſtays long enough to complete the conqueſt, to eſtabliſh laws, or bring away the ſpoils.

Such is often the folly of thoſe men whom nature has enabled to obtain ſkill and knowledge on terms ſo eaſy, that they have no ſenſe of the value of the acquiſition; who are qualified to make ſuch ſpeedy progreſs in learning, that they think themſelves at liberty to loiter in the way; and often, by turning aſide after every new object, like Atalanta, loſe the race to ſlower competitors, who preſs diligently forward, and whoſe force is directed to a ſingle point.

I have often thought them happy that have been fixed, from the firſt dawn of thought, in a determination

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to ſome ſtate of life, by the choice of one whoſe authority may preclude caprice, and whoſe influence may prejudice them in the favour of his opinion. The general precept of conſulting the genius, is of little uſe; unleſs we are told how the genius can be known. If it is to be diſcovered only by experiment, life will be loſt before the reſolution can be fixed; if any other inclinations are to be found, they may perhaps be very early diſcerned. At leaſt, if to miſcarry in an attempt be a proof of having miſtaken the direction of the genius, men appear not leſs frequently deceived with regard to themſelves than to others: And therefore, no one has much reaſon to complain, that his life was planned out by friends; or to be confident, that he ſhould have had either more honour or happineſs, by being abandoned to the chance of his own fancy.

It was ſaid of the learned Sanderſon, that when he was preparing his lectures, he heſitated ſo much, and rejected ſo often, that at the time of reading, he was often forced to produce, not what was beſt, but what happened to be at hand. This will be the ſtate of every man, who, in the choice of his employment, balances all the arguments on every ſide. The complication is ſo intricate, the motives and objections ſo numerous; there is ſo much play for the inclination, and ſo much remains in the power of others, that (reaſon forced at laſt to reſt in neutrality) the deciſion devolves into the hands of chance; and, after a great part of life ſpent in enquiries which can never be reſolved, the reſt muſt often paſs in repenting the unneceſſary delay; and can be uſeful to few other purpoſes, than to warn others againſt the ſame folly; and to ſhew, that of two ſtates of life equally conſiſtent with religion and virtue, he who chuſes earlieſt, and perſeveres in it, chuſes beſt.

It is therefore of the utmoſt importance, that all who have any intention of doing well for themſelves or others, and of acquiring a reputation ſuperior to the common names, which are hourly ſinking into oblivion, and ſwept away by time among the refuſe of fame, ſhould add to their reaſon and ſpirit the power of perſiſting in

their purpoſes; ſince all the performances of human art, at which we look with praiſe or wonder, are inſtances of the reſiſtleſs force of perſeverance. It is by this, that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that diſtant countries are united with canals. If a man was to compare the effect of a ſingle ſtroke of the pick-ax, or of one impreſſion of the ſpade, with the general deſign and laſt effect, he would be overwhelmed by the ſenſe of their diſproportion: Yet thoſe petty operations, inceſſantly continued, at laſt ſurmount the greateſt difficulties; and mountains are levelled, and oceans bound, by the ſlender force of human beings.

RAMBLER.

CHOICE OF COMPANY.

If, with a fool or knave, I Carus ſee;
A knave or fool, Carus I'll ſentence thee. SANDYS.

TO be courteous to all, but familiar with few, is a maxim which I once deſpiſed, as originally proceeding from a mean and contracted mind, the frigid caution of weakneſs and timidity. A tame and indiſcriminate civility, I imputed to a dread of the contempt or the petulancy of others, to fears from which the wit and the gentleman are exempted by a conſciouſneſs of their own dignity, by their power to depreſs inſolence, and ſilence ridicule; and a general ſhyneſs and reſerve, I conſidered as the reproach of our country, as the effect of an illiberal education, by which neither a polite addreſs, an eaſy confidence, or a general acquaintance with public life is to be acquired. This opinion, which continued to flatter the levity and pride that produced it, was ſtrengthened by the example of thoſe whoſe manner in the diffidence of youth I wiſhed to imitate, who entered a mixed company with an air of ſerene familiarity, accoſted every man like an old acquaintance, and thought only of making ſport

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of the reſt of any with whom their caprice ſhould happen to be offended, without regard to their age, character, or condition.

But I now wiſh, that I had regulated my conduct by the maxims which I deſpiſed, for I ſhould then have eſcaped a misfortune which I ſhall never retrieve; and the ſenſe of which I am now endeavouring to ſuſpend, by relating it to you as a leſſon to others, and conſidering my loſs of happineſs to an acquiſition of wiſdom.

While I was in France with a travelling tutor, I received a letter, which acquainted me, that my father, who had been long declining, was dead; and that it was neceſſary I ſhould immediately return to England, to take poſſeſſion of his eſtate, which was not inconſiderable, though there were mortgages upon it to near half its value.

When I arrived, I found a letter which the old gentleman had written and directed to me with his own hand. It contained ſome general rules for my conduct, and ſome animadverſions upon his own: He took notice of the incumbrance under which he left me the paternal inheritance, which had deſcended through many generations; and expreſſed the moſt earneſt deſire, that it might yet be tranſmitted entire to poſterity: With this view, he ſaid, he had negociated a marriage between me and the only daughter of his old friend Sir George Homeſtead, of the north, an amiable young lady, whoſe alliance would be an honour to my family, and whoſe fortune would much more than redeem my eſtate.

He had given the knight a faithful account of his affairs, who, after having taken ſome time to conſider the propoſal, and conſult his friends, had conſented to the match, upon condition, that his daughter and I ſhould be agreeable to each other, and that my behaviour ſhould confirm the character which had been given of me. My father added, that he hoped to have lived till this alliance had taken place; but as Providence had otherwiſe determined, he intreated, as his laſt requeſt, that as ſoon as my affairs ſhould be ſettled,

and decency would permit, I would make Sir George a viſit, and neglect nothing to accompliſh this purpoſe.

I was touched with the zeal and tenderneſs of paternal affection, which was then directing me to happineſs, after the heart that felt it had ceaſed to beat, and the hand that expreſſed it, was mouldering in the duſt. I had alſo ſeen the lady, not indeed ſince we were children; but I remembered that her perſon was agreeable, and her temper ſweet: I did not therefore heſitate a moment, whether my father's injunctions ſhould be obeyed. I proceeded to ſettle his affairs; I took an account of debts and credits, viſited the tenants, recovered my uſual gaiety, and, at the end of about nine months, ſet out for Sir George's ſeat in the north; having before opened an epiſtolary correſpondence, and expreſſed my impatience to poſſeſs the happineſs which my father had ſo kindly ſecured.

I was better pleaſed to be well mounted, than to loll in a chariot, or be jumbled in a poſt-chaiſe; and I knew that Sir George was an old ſportſman, a plain hearty blade, who would like me better in a pair of buckſkin breeches, on the back of a good hunter, than in a trimmed ſuit, and gaudy equipage; I therefore ſet out on horſeback, with only one ſervant, and reached Stilton the firſt night.

In the morning, as I was mounting, a gentleman, who had juſt got on horſeback before me, ordered his ſervant to make ſome enquiry about the road, which I happened to overhear, and told him, with great familiarity, that I was going the ſame way, and, if he pleaſed, we would travel together: To this he conſented, with as much frankneſs, and as little ceremony; and I ſet forward, greatly delighted that chance had afforded me a companion.

We immediately entered into converſation, and I ſoon found, that he had been abroad: We extolled the roads and the polity of France, the cities, the palaces, and the villas, entered into a critical examination of the moſt celebrated ſeats in England, the peculiarities of the buildings and ſituation, croſs-ways, market-towns, and the impoſition of inn-keepers, and the

ſports

ſports of the field; topics by which we mutually recommended ourſelves to each other, as we had both opportunities to diſcover equal knowledge, and to diſplay truth with ſuch evidence as prevented diverſity of opinion.

After we had rode about two hours, we overtook another gentleman, whom we accoſted with the ſame familiarity that we had uſed to each other; we aſked him, how far he was going, and which way, at what rate he travelled, where he put up, and many other queſtions of the ſame kind. The gentleman, who appeared to be near fifty, received our addreſs with great coldneſs, returned ſhort and indirect anſwers to our enquiries, and often looking with great attention on us both, ſometimes put forward, that he might get before us, and ſometimes checked his horſe, that he might remain behind. But we were reſolved to diſappoint him; and, finding that his reſerve increaſed, and he was viſibly diſpleaſed, we winked at each other, and determined the old putt ſhould afford us ſome ſport. After we had rode together, upon very ill terms, more than half an hour, my companion, with an air of ceremonious gravity, aſked him, if he knew any houſe upon the road where he might be accommodated with a wench. The gentleman, who was, I believe, afraid of giving us a pretence to quarrel, did not reſent this inſult any otherwiſe than by making no reply. I then began to talk to my companion, as if we had been old acquaintances, reminding him that the gentleman extremely reſembled a perſon from whom he had taken a girl that he was carrying to a bagnio, and indeed, that his preſent reſerve made me ſuſpect him to be the ſame; but that as we were willing to aſk his pardon, we hoped it would be forgot, and that we ſhould ſtill have the pleaſure of dining together at the next inn. The gentleman was ſtill ſilent; but as his perplexity and reſentment viſibly increaſed, he proportionably increaſed our entertainment, which did not, however, laſt long, for he ſuddenly turned down a lane; upon which, we ſet up a horſe-laugh that continued till he was out of hearing, and then purſuing our journey, we talked of

the adventure, which afforded us converſation and merriment for the reſt of the day.

The next morning we parted, and in the evening I arrived at Homeſtead-hall. The old knight received me with great affection, and immediately introduced me to his daughter, whom I now thought the fineſt woman I had ever ſeen. I could eaſily diſcover, that I was not welcome to her, merely upon her father's recommendation, and I enjoyed, by anticipation, the felicity which I conſidered as within my graſp. But the pleaſing ſcene, in which I had ſuffered my imagination to wander, ſuddenly diſappeared, as by the power of inchantment: Without any viſible motive, the behaviour of the whole family was changed; my aſſiduities to the lady were repreſſed; ſhe was never to be found alone; the knight treated me with a cold civility; I was no longer a party in their viſits, nor was I willingly attended even by the ſervants. I made many attempts to diſcover the cauſe of this misfortune, but without ſucceſs; and one morning, when I had drawn Sir George into the garden by himſelf, and was about to urge him upon the ſubject, he prevented me, by ſaying, that his promiſe to my father, for whom he had the higheſt regard, as I well knew, was conditional; that he had always reſolved to leave his daughter a free choice; and that ſhe had requeſted him to acquaint me, that her affections were otherwiſe engaged, and to intreat that I would therefore diſcontinue my addreſſes. My ſurpriſe and concern at this declaration, were ſuch as left me no power to reply: And I ſaw Sir George turn from me, and go into the houſe, without making any attempt to ſtop him, or to obtain a further explanation. Afterwards indeed I frequently expoſtulated, entreated, and complained; but, perceiving that all was ineffectual, I took my leave, and determined that I would ſtill ſolicit by letter; for the lady had taken ſuch poſſeſſion of my heart, that I would joyfully have married her, though I had been ſure that her father would immediately have left all his fortune to a ſtranger.

I meditated on my epiſtolary project all the way to London; and, before I had been three days in town, I wrote a long letter to Sir George, in which I conjured him, in the ſtrongeſt terms, to account for the change in his behaviour; and inſiſted, that, on this occaſion, to conceal the truth was in the higheſt degree diſhonourable to himſelf, and injurious to me.

To this letter, after about ten days, I received the following anſwer:

SIR,

"It is with great reluctance that I reveal the motives of my conduct, becauſe they are much to your diſadvantage. The incloſed is a letter which I received from a worthy gentleman in this country, and contains a full anſwer to your enquiries, which I had rather you ſhould receive in any hand than in mine.

"I am,

"*Your humble ſervant,*

"GEO. HOMESTEAD."

I immediately opened the paper incloſed, in which, with the utmoſt impatience, I read as follows:

SIR,

"I ſaw a perſon with your family yeſterday at the races, to whom, I was ſoon after informed, you intended to give your daughter. Upon this occaſion, it is my indiſpenſible duty to acquaint you, that if his character is to be determined by his company, he will inevitably entail diſeaſes and beggary upon his poſterity, whatever be the merit of his wife, or the affluence of his fortune. He overtook me on the road from London, a few weeks ago, in company with a wretch, who, by their diſcourſe, appeared to be his old and familiar acquaintance, and whom I well remember to have ſeen brought before my friend Juſtice Worthy, when I was accidentally at his houſe, as the keeper of a brothel in Covent Garden. He has ſince won a conſiderable ſum with

"falſe

" falſe dice at the maſquerade, for which he was ob-
" liged to leave the kingdom, and is ſtill liable to a
" proſecution. Be aſſured that I have a perfect know-
" ledge of both; for ſome incidents, which, not ne-
" ceſſary to mention, kept me near them ſo long on
" the road, that it is impoſſible I ſhould be miſtaken.

" I am,

" *SIR, yours*, &c.

" JAMES TRUEMAN."

The moment I had read this letter, the riddle was ſolved. I knew Mr Trueman to be the gentleman, whom I had concurred with a ſtranger, picked up by accident, to inſult without provocation on the road. I was in a moment covered with confuſion; and, though I was alone, could not help covering my face with my hands. I abhorred my folly, which appeared yet more enormous every time it was reviewed.

I courted the ſociety of a ſtranger, and a ſtranger I perſecuted with inſult: Thus I aſſociated with infamy, and thus my aſſociate became known. I hoped, however, to convince Sir George, that I had no knowledge of the wretch whoſe infamy I had ſhared, except that which I had acquired from the letter of his friend. But before I had taken proper meaſures for my juſtification, I had the mortification to hear that the lady was married to a neighbouring gentleman, who had long made his addreſſes, and whom Sir George had before rejected, in the ardour of his friendſhip for my father.

How narrow, Sir, is the path of rectitude, and how much may be loſt by the ſlighteſt deviation?

I am you humble ſervant,

ABULUS.

ADVENTURER.

CLEANLINESS.

CLEANLINESS.

'Tis beauty points, but neatneſs guides the dart.

POPE.

I HAD occaſion to go a few miles out of town, ſome days ſince, in a ſtage-coach, where I had, for my fellow-travellers, a dirty beau, and a pretty young Quaker woman. Having no inclination to talk much at that time, I placed myſelf backward, with a deſign to ſurvey them, and to pick a ſpeculation out of my two companions. Their different figures were ſufficient of themſelves to draw my attention. The gentleman was dreſſed in a ſuit, the ground whereof had been black, as I perceived from ſome few ſpaces that had eſcaped the powder, which was incorporated with the greateſt part of his coat: His periwig, which coſt no ſmall ſum, was after ſo ſlovenly a manner caſt over his ſhoulders, that it ſeemed not to have been combed ſince the year 1712; his linen, which was not much concealed, was daubed with plain Spaniſh, from the chin to the loweſt button, and the diamond upon his finger, (which naturally dreaded the water) put me in mind how it ſparkled amidſt the rubbiſh of the mine, where it was firſt diſcovered. On the other hand, the pretty Quaker appeared in all the elegance of cleanlineſs. Not a ſpeck was to be found upon her. A clear clean oval face, juſt edged about with little thick plates of the pureſt cambrics, received great advantages from the ſhade of her black hood; as did the whiteneſs of her arms from that ſober-coloured ſtuff, in which ſhe had cloathed herſelf. The plainneſs of her dreſs was very well ſuited to the ſimplicity of her phraſes; all which put together, though they could not give me a great opinion of her religion, they did of her innocence.

This adventure occaſioned my throwing together a few hints upon cleanlineſs, which I ſhall conſider as one of

of the half virtues, as Ariſtotle call them, and ſhall recommend it under the three following heads. As it is a mark of politeneſs; as it produces love; and, as it bears analogy to purity of mind.

Firſt, It is a mark of politeneſs. It is univerſally agreed upon, that no one, unadorned with this virtue, can go into company, without giving a manifeſt offence. The eaſier, or higher any one's fortune is, this duty riſes proportionably. The different nations of the world are as much diſtinguiſhed by their cleanlineſs, as by their arts and ſciences. The more any country is civilized, the more they conſult this part of politeneſs. We need but compare our ideas of a female Hottentot and an Engliſh beauty, to be ſatisfied of the truth of what hath been advanced.

In the *next* place, Cleanlineſs may be ſaid to be the foſter-mother of love. Beauty indeed moſt commonly produces that paſſion in the mind, but cleanlineſs preſerves it. An indifferent face and perſon, kept in perpetual neatneſs, hath won many a heart from a pretty ſlattern. Age itſelf is not unamiable, while it is preſerved clean and unſullied: Like a piece of metal conſtantly kept ſmooth and bright, we look on it with more pleaſure than on a new veſſel that is cankered with ruſt.

I might obſerve farther, that as cleanlineſs renders us agreeable to others; ſo it makes us eaſy to ourſelves; that it is an excellent preſervative of health; and that ſeveral vices, deſtructive both to mind and body, are inconſiſtent with the habit of it. But theſe reflections I ſhall leave to the leiſure of my readers, and ſhall obſerve, in the *third* place, That it bears a great analogy with purity of mind, and naturally inſpires refined ſentiments and paſſions.

We find, from experience, that through the prevalence of cuſtom, the moſt vicious actions loſe their horror, by being made familiar to us. On the contrary, thoſe who live in the neighbourhood of good examples, fly from the firſt appearance of what is ſhocking. It fares with us much after the ſame manner, as to our ideas. Our ſenſes, which are the inlets to

to all the images conveyed to the mind, can only tranſmit the impreſſion of ſuch things as uſually ſurround them. So that pure and unſullied thoughts are naturally ſuggeſted to the mind, by thoſe objects that perpetually encompaſs us, when they are beautiful and elegant in their kind.

In the Eaſt, where the warmth of the climate makes cleanlineſs more immediately neceſſary than in colder countries, it is made one part of their religion: The Jewiſh law, (and the Mahometan, which, in ſome things, copies after it) is filled with bathings, purifications, and other rites of the like nature. Though there is the above-named convenient reaſon to be aſſigned for theſe ceremonies, the chief intention undoubtedly was, to typify inward purity and cleanlineſs of heart by thoſe outward waſhings. We read ſeveral injunctions of this kind in the book of Deuteronomy, which confirm this truth; and which are but ill accounted for, by ſaying, as ſome do, that they were only inſtituted for convenience, in the deſart, which otherwiſe could not have been habitable for ſo many years.

I ſhall conclude this eſſay, with a ſtory which I have ſomewhere heard in an account of Mahometan ſuperſtitions.

A Derviſe of great ſanctity one morning had the misfortune, as he took up a cryſtal cup, which was conſecrated to the prophet, to let it fall upon the ground, and daſh it in pieces. His ſon coming in, ſome time after, he ſtretched out his hand to bleſs him, as his manner was every morning; but the youth going out, ſtumbled over the threſhold, and broke his arm. As the old man wondered at theſe events, a caravan paſſed by in its way from Mecca. The Derviſe approached it to beg a bleſſing; but as he ſtroked one of the holy camels, he received a kick from the beaſt, that ſorely bruſed him. His ſorrow and amazement increaſed upon him, till he recollected, that, through hurry and inadvertency, he had that morning come abroad without waſhing his hands. SPECTATOR.

CLEMENCY.

CLEMENCY.

THAT prince is truly royal, who maſters himſelf, looks upon all injuries as below him; and governs by equity and reaſon, not by paſſion.

Clemency is profitable for all; does well in private perſons, but is much more beneficial in princes.

Miſchiefs contemned, loſe their force.

LEONIDAS, the Lacedemonian, having, with three hundred men only, diſputed the paſs of Thermopylæ againſt the whole army of Xerxes, and being killed in that engagement, Xerxes, by the advice of Mardonius, one of his generals, cauſed his dead body to be hung upon a gallows, making thereby the intended diſhonour of his enemy, his own immortal ſhame. But ſome time after, Xerxes being defeated, and Mardonius ſlain, one of the principal citizens of Ægina came and addreſſed himſelf to Pauſanias, deſiring him to avenge the indignity that Mardonius and Xerxes had ſhewn to Leonidas, by treating Mardonius's body after the ſame manner. As a farther motive for doing ſo, he added, that by thus ſatisfying the manes of thoſe that were killed at Thermopylæ, he would be ſure to immortalize his own name throughout all Greece, and make his memory precious to the lateſt poſterity. "Carry thy baſe councils elſewhere," replied Pauſanias; "thou muſt have a very wrong notion of true "glory, to imagine, that the way for me to acquire "it, is to reſemble the barbarians. If the eſteem of "the people of Ægina is not to be purchaſed but by "ſuch a proceeding, I ſhall be content with preſerving "that of the Lacedemonians only, amongſt whom the "baſe and ungenerous pleaſure of revenge is never "put in competition with that of ſhewing clemency "and moderation to their enemies, eſpecially after "their death. As for the ſouls of my departed coun-

"trymen,

" trymen, they are ſufficiently avenged by the death " of the many thouſand Perſians ſlain upon the ſpot in " the laſt engagement." HEROD. lib. 9. c. 77. 78.

COMPASSION.

COMPASSION is the ſenſe of our own misfortunes in thoſe of another man. It is a wiſe foreſight of the diſaſters that may befal us; which induces us to aſſiſt others, in order to engage them to return it on like occaſions: So that the ſervices we do the unfortunate, are in reality ſo many anticipated kindneſſes to ourſelves.

IT was a cuſtom with Alexander the Great, to oblige the captive women, whom he carried along with him, to ſing ſongs after the manner of their country. He happened among theſe women to perceive one who appeared in deeper affliction than the reſt; and who, by a modeſt, and at the ſame time, a noble confuſion, diſcovered a greater reluctance than the others, to appear in public. She was a perfect beauty; which was very much heightened by her baſhfulneſs, whilſt ſhe threw her eyes on the ground, and did all ſhe could to conceal her face. The King ſoon imagined, by her air and mien, that ſhe was not of vulgar birth; and enquiring himſelf into it, the lady anſwered, that ſhe was grand-daughter to Octius, who, not long before, had ſwayed the Perſian ſceptre, and daughter of his ſon; that ſhe had married Hyſtaſpes, who was related to Darius, and general of a great army. Alexander being touched with compaſſion, when he heard the unhappy fate of a Princeſs of the blood royal, and the ſad condition to which ſhe was reduced, not only gave her her liberty, but returned all her poſſeſſions; and cauſed her huſband to be ſought for, in order that ſhe might be reſtored to him. Q. CURT. l. vi. c. 6.

THIS Prince was naturally of ſo tender and humane a diſpoſition, as made him ſenſible of the affliction of perſons in the loweſt rank. A poor Macedonian ſoldier was one day leading before him a mule, laden with gold for the King's uſe; the beaſt being ſo tired, that he was not able either to go or ſuſtain the load; the mule-driver took it up and carried it, but with great difficulty, a conſiderable way. Alexander, ſeeing him juſt ſinking under the burden, and going to throw it on the ground, in order to eaſe himſelf from it, cried out, "Friend, do not be weary yet; try and carry it "quite through to thy tent, for it is all thy own."

CONSCIENCE.

THE ſevereſt puniſhment of an injury is the conſcience of having done it; and no man ſuffers more than he that is turned over to the pain of repentance.

It coſts us more to be miſerable, than would make us perfectly happy: How cheap and eaſy is the ſervice of virtue; and how dear do we pay for our vices!

THE Caliph Montaſer, having cauſed his father to be put to death, ſome time after, looking over the rich furniture in the palace, and cauſing ſeveral pieces of tapeſtry to be opened before him, that he might examine them the more exactly; among the reſt, he met with one which had in it the figure of a very beautiful young man, mounted on a Perſian horſe, with a diadem on his head, and a circle of Perſian characters round himſelf and his horſe. The Caliph, charmed with the beauty of the tapeſtry, ſent for a Perſian who underſtood the ancient Perſic, and deſired him to explain that inſcription. The man read it, changed colour, and, after ſome heſitation, told the Caliph, it was a Perſic ſong, that had nothing in it worth hearing. That Prince, however, would not be put off:

He

He readily perceived there was ſomething in it extraordinary; and therefore, he commanded the interpreter to give him the true ſenſe thereof immediately, as he valued his own ſafety. The man then told him, that the inſcription ran thus: *I am Siroes, the ſon of Choſroes, who ſlew my father to gain his crown, which I kept but ſix months.* This affected the Caliph Montaſer ſo much, that he died in two or three days, when he had reigned about the ſame ſpace of time. This ſtory is perfectly well atteſted.

UNIV. HIST. vol. ix. p. 197.

A JEWELLER, a man of a good character, and conſiderable wealth, having occaſion, in the way of his buſineſs, to travel at ſome diſtance from the place of his abode, took along with him a ſervant, in order to take care of his portmanteu. He had along with him ſome of his beſt jewels, and a large ſum of money, to which his ſervant was likewiſe privy. The maſter having occaſion to diſmount on the road, the ſervant watched his opportunity, took a piſtol from his maſter's ſaddle, and ſhot him dead on the ſpot. Then rifling him of his jewels and money, and hanging a large ſtone to his neck, he threw him into the neareſt canal. With this booty he made off to a diſtant part of the country, where he had reaſon to believe, that neither he nor his maſter were known. There he began to trade in a very low way at firſt, that his obſcurity might ſcreen him from obſervation, and, in the courſe of a good many years, ſeemed to raiſe by the natural progreſs of buſineſs, into wealth and conſideration; ſo that his good fortune appeared at once the effect and reward of induſtry and virtue. Of theſe he counterfeited the appearance ſo well, that he grew into great credit, married into a good family; and by laying out his ſudden ſtores diſcreetly, as he ſaw occaſion, and joining to all an univerſal affability, he was admitted to a ſhare of the government of the town, and roſe from one poſt to another, till at length he was choſen chief magiſtrate. In this office he maintained a fair character, and continued to fill it with no ſmall applauſe, both as governor

and a judge; till one day, as he ſat on the bench with ſome of his brethren, a criminal was brought before him, who was accuſed of murdering his maſter. The evidence came out full, the jury brought in their verdict, that the priſoner was guilty, and the whole aſſembly waited the ſentence of the preſident of the court (which he happened to be that day) with great ſuſpence. Mean while, he appeared to be in unuſual diſorder and agitation of mind, his colour changed often; at length he aroſe from his ſeat, and, coming down from the bench, placed himſelf juſt by the unfortunate man at the bar, to the no ſmall aſtoniſhment of all preſent. "You ſee before you," ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to thoſe who had ſat on the bench with him, "a "ſtriking inſtance of the juſt awards of Heaven, "which, this day, after thirty years concealment, pre"ſents to you a greater criminal than the man juſt "now found guilty." Then he made an ample confeſſion of his guilt, and of all its aggravations. "Nor "can I feel," continued he, "any relief from the a"gonies of an awakened conſcience, but by requiring "that juſtice be forthwith done againſt me in the moſt "public and ſolemn manner."

We may eaſily ſuppoſe the amazement of all the aſſembly, and eſpecially of his fellow-judges. However, they proceeded, upon his confeſſion, to paſs ſentence upon him, and he died with all the ſymptoms of a penitent mind.

Mr D. Fordyce, in his Dialogues on Education, vol. ii. p. 401, ſays, the above is a true ſtory, and happened in a neighbouring ſtate not many years ago.

CONSTANCY.

CONSTANCY of mind gives a man reputation, and makes him happy, in deſpite of all misfortunes.

There

There is not on earth a ſpectacle more worthy the regard of the Creator, intent on his works, than a brave man ſuperior to his ſufferings.

AGIS, the colleague of Leonidas in the government of Sparta, was a young Prince of great hopes. He ſhewed himſelf juſt and obliging to all men; and, in the gentleneſs of his diſpoſition, and ſublimity of his virtues, not only exceeded Leonidas, who reigned with him, but all the kings of Sparta, from King Ageſilaus. He was a very handſome perſon, and of a graceful behaviour; yet, to give a check to the vanity he might take therein, would always dreſs in a very plain manner. He had been bred very tenderly by his mother Ageſitrata, and his grand-mother Archidamia, who were the wealthieſt of all the Lacedemonians; yet, before the age of twenty-four, he ſo far overcame himſelf, as to renounce effeminate pleaſures. In his diet, bathings, and in all his exerciſes, he choſe to imitate the old Laconic frugality and temperance; and was often heard to ſay, "He would not deſire the "kingdom, if he did not hope, by means of that au- "thority, to reſtore their ancient laws and diſcipline." This maxim governed his whole life: And, with this view, he aſſociated with men of intereſt and capacity, who were equally willing to bring about the great deſign he had formed, of thoroughly reforming the ſtate, now ſunk into luxury and debauch. For this purpoſe, attempts were made; and ſo far ſucceeded, that Leonidas thought it adviſeable to abdicate the throne. But Ageſilaus, from intereſted views, acted ſo precipitately, that, while Agis was leading a body of Spartan troops to the aſſiſtance of the Achæans, a conſpiracy was formed for reſtoring Leonidas, whoſe ambition, pride, and luxury, had greatly contributed to effeminate the minds of the people. Leonidas, being now reſettled on the throne, tried every method poſſible to get Agis into his power; and which he at laſt effected by the treachery of Amphares and Democharès. Being dragged away to the common priſon, the ephori, conſtituted by Leonidas, ſat ready to judge him. As ſoon as he came

in, they asked him, "How he durst attempt to alter "the government? At which he smiled, without affording an answer; which provoked one of the ephori to tell him, "That he ought rather to weep; for they "would make him sensible of his presumption." Another asked him, "Whether he was not constrained to "do what he did by Agesilaus and Lysander?" To which the King, with a composed countenance, answered: "I was constrained by no man; the design "was mine; and my intent was to have restored the "laws of Lycurgus, and to have governed by them." "But do you not now," said one of his judges, "repent of your rashness?" "No," replied the King; "I can never repent of so just and honourable an in-"tention." The ephori then ordered him to be taken away, and strangled. The officers of justice refused to obey; and even the mercenary soldiers declined so unworthy an action. Whereupon Demochares, reviling them for cowards, forced the King into the room where the execution was to be performed. Agis, about to die, perceiving one of the serjeants bitterly bewailing his misfortune: "Weep not, friend, for me," said he, "who die innocently; but grieve for those "who are guilty of this horrid act. My condition is "much better than theirs." Then, stretching out his neck, he submitted to death with a constancy worthy both of the royal dignity, and his own great character. Immediately after Agis was dead, Amphares went out of the prison-gate, where he found Agesistrata; who, kneeling herself at his feet, he gently raised her up, pretending still the same friendship as formerly. He assured her, she need not fear any further violence should be offered against her son; and that, if she pleased, she might go in, and see him. She begged her mother might also have the favour of being admitted: To which he replied, "No body should hinder her." When they were entered, he commanded the gate should be again locked, and the grand-mother to be first introduced. She was now grown very old, and had lived all her days in great reputation of wisdom and virtue. As soon as Amphares thought she was dispatched,

ed, he told Ageſiſtrata, ſhe might go in, if ſhe pleaſed. She entered: Where, beholding her ſon's body ſtretched on the ground, and her mother hanging by the neck, ſhe ſtood at firſt aſtoniſhed at ſo horrid a ſpectacle; but, after a while, recollecting her ſpirits, the firſt thing ſhe did was, to aſſiſt the ſoldiers in taking down the body; then covering it decently, ſhe laid it by her ſon's; where, embracing and kiſſing his cheeks, "O "my ſon," ſaid ſhe, "it is thy too great mercy and "goodneſs which hath brought thee and us to this un-"timely end." Amphares, who ſtood watching behind the door, ruſhed in haſtily; and, with a furious tone and countenance, ſaid to her: "Since you ap-"prove ſo well of your ſon's actions, it is fit you "ſhould partake in his reward." She, riſing up to meet her deſtiny, only uttered theſe few words: "I "pray the gods, that all this may redound to the good "of Sparta." After which, ſhe ſubmitted to death with a compoſure and firmneſs, that drew tears from the executioner. PLUT. IN AGID.

CONTINENCE.

THE pleaſure of ſubduing an inordinate deſire, of denying an impetuous appetite, is not only nobler, but greater by far, than any that is to be found in the moſt tranſporting moments of gratification.

IN the reign of King Charles II. when licentiouſneſs was at its height in Britain, a yeoman of the guards refuſed the miſtreſs of a King. The lady, who was diſſatisfied with her noble lover, had fixed her eyes upon this man; and thought ſhe had no more to do than ſpeak her pleaſure. He got out of her way. He refuſed to underſtand her: And, when ſhe preſſed him farther, he ſaid, "I am married." The ſtory reached the King, with all its circumſtances: But they who expected

pected an extravagant laugh upon the occaſion, were diſappointed. He ſent for the perſon: He found him a gentleman, though reduced to that mean ſtation; and, "Odds fiſh, man," ſays he, "though I am not "honeſt enough to be virtuous myſelf, I value them "that are." He gave him an appointment, and reſpected him for life. BY-STANDER.

THE extreme parts of our united Scotland, whoſe people we deſpiſe for their poverty, are honeſt in this reſpect to a wonder; and, in the Swede's dominion, towards the pole, there is no name for adultery. They thought it an offence man could not commit againſt man; and have no word to expreſs it in their language. The unpoliſhed Lapland peaſant, with theſe thoughts, is, as a human creature, much more reſpectable than the gay Briton, whoſe heart is ſtained with vices, and eſtranged from natural affection; and he is happier. The perfect confidence mutually repoſed between him and the honeſt partner of his breaſt, entails a ſatisfaction even in the loweſt poverty. It gilds the humble hearth, and lights the cabin; their homely meal is a ſacrifice of thanks, and every breath, of ſmoke ariſes in incenſe. If hand be laid upon hand, it is ſure affection; and, if ſome infant plays about their knees, they look upon him, and upon each other, with a delight that greatneſs ſeldom knows, becauſe it feels diſtruſt.

COURAGE.

PERFECT courage conſiſts in doing without witneſſes, all we ſhould be capable of doing before the whole world.

Preſence of mind, and courage in diſtreſs,
Are more than armies to procure ſucceſs.
True courage dwells not in a troubl'd flood
Of mounting ſpirits, and fermenting blood,

Lodg'd

Lodg'd in the ſoul, with virtue over-rul'd,
Inflam'd by reaſon, and by reaſon cool'd:
In hours of peace content to be unknown.—

PORSENA, the moſt potent King then in Italy, having undertaken to reſtore the Tarquins to the throne of Rome, from which they had been baniſhed for their cruelty and oppreſſion, ſent propoſals to the ſenate for that purpoſe; but, finding they were rejected with ſcorn, he advanced towards Rome, in a confident perſuaſion, that he ſhould eaſily reduce it. When he came to the bridge, and ſaw the Romans drawn up in order of battle before the river, he was ſurpriſed at their reſolution, and not doubting but he ſhould overpower them with numbers, prepared to fight. The two armies being engaged, fought with great bravery, and long contended for victory. After a great ſlaughter on both ſides, the Romans began to give way, and were quickly put to flight. All fled into the city over the bridge, which, at the ſame time, would have afforded a paſſage to the enemy, if Rome had not found, in the heroic courage of one of her citizens, a bulwark as ſtrong as the higheſt walls. Publius Horatius was the man, ſirnamed Cocles, becauſe he had but one eye, having loſt the other in a battle. He was the ſtrongeſt and moſt undaunted of all the Romans. He uſed every method to ſtop the flying army; but perceiving that neither intreaties or exhortations could overcome their fear, he reſolved, however badly ſupported he might be, to defend the entrance of the bridge till it was demoliſhed behind. On the ſucceſs of this depended the preſervation of the city. Only two Romans followed his example, and partook of his danger; nay, when he ſaw but a few planks of the bridge remaining, he obliged them to retire, and to ſave themſelves. Standing alone againſt a whole army, but preſerving his intrepidity, he even dared to inſult his numerous enemies; and caſt terrible looks upon the principal Hetrurians, one while challenged them to a ſingle combat, and then bitterly reproached them all. "Vile ſlaves that you are," ſaid he, "not ſatisfied with being unmindful of your

"own,

" own, ye are come to deprive others of their liberty, " who have had the courage to aſſume it." Covered with his buckler, he ſuſtained a ſhower of darts; and, at laſt, when they were all preparing to ruſh upon him, the bridge was entirely demoliſhed, and Cocles, throwing himſelf, with his arms, into the Tyber, ſafely ſwam over, having performed an action, ſays Livy, that will command the admiration more than the faith of poſterity. He was received as in triumph by the Romans. The people erected him a brazen ſtatue in armour, in the moſt conſpicuous part of the forum. As much land was given him as he could ſurround with a plough in a day. All the inhabitants, both men and women, contributed to his reward; and, in the midſt of a dreadful ſcarcity, almoſt every perſon in the city, depriving themſelves of a part of their ſubſiſtence, made him a preſent of proviſions. Liv. lib. ii. c. 11.

WHILE the Romans were at war with the Gauls, (A. R. 394.) the latter advanced as far as the banks of the river Anio, within three miles of Rome. The Romans marched againſt them: The two armies continued ſome time in ſight of each other, without coming to action, ſeparated only by the bridge over the river. A Gaul, of a gigantic ſtature, advanced upon the bridge, and cried out, with a loud voice, " Let the bra- " veſt man in the Roman army enter the liſts with " me; the ſucceſs of our combat ſhall determine which " is the more valiant nation." His extraordinary ſize and fierce looks ſtruck the Romans with ſuch terror, that for a long time not one in the whole army appeared to accept his challenge. At length, young Manlius, who had ſo remarkably ſignalized his piety for his father, touched with a juſt ſenſe of the affront offered to the Roman name, quitted his poſt, and, flying to the dictator, aſked leave to encounter the enemy: " Tho' " I were ſure of victory," ſays he, " I would not fight " this proud Gaul without your order; but if you will " give me leave, I will make this huge boaſter know, " that I am of the blood of that Manlius, whoſe valour " proved ſo fatal to the Gauls on the capitol." The dictator,

dictator, who had been very uneasy that no Roman had accepted the challenge before, readily complied with the request of the brave youth. "Go, Manlius," said he, "and humble the pride of this insulting enemy; "revenge the cause of the city where you first drew "your breath, as successfully as you relieved him to "whom you owe it." Upon this the young Roman, having changed the round buckler, which he wore as a Roman knight, for a square one, and armed himself with a short sword, fit both for cutting and stabbing, advanced against the Gaul, who was strutting about in his armour, and making an ostentatious shew of his strength. Both Romans and Gauls retired to their respective posts, leaving the bridge free for the two champions. The Gaul, says Livy, began the combat, by discharging a great blow with his long sword at Manlius, which made much noise, but did no execution. Hereupon, the young Roman dexterously slipping under his enemy's shield, stabbed him in two places; so that he soon fell, and covered, to use Livy's expression, a vast piece of ground with his enormous body. The conqueror cut off his head, and, without troubling himself about the rest of the spoils, only seized a golden collar, which he tore from his neck, and, bloody as it was, put it upon his own, in token of his victory: And hence he got the sirname of Torquatus, which he transmitted to his posterity. The event of this combat so discouraged the Gauls, that they abandoned their camp in the night, and retired into Campania.

Liv. lib. ii. c. 11.

CRUELTY.

CRUELTY is so contrary to nature, that it is distinguished by the scandalous name of inhumanity. None more impatiently suffer injuries, than those who are most forward in doing them.

There never was found any pretended conscientious zeal,

zeal, but it was always moſt certainly attended with a fierce ſpirit of implacable cruelty.

EDWY aſcended the throne of England in the year 955. This young monarch was ſo remarkably handſome, that he acquired the ſirname of Panculus, or the fair. At his acceſſion to the throne, he was highly eſteemed by Odo, Archbiſhop of Canterbury, who crowned him with his own hands at Kingſton. The King had married a beautiful lady, Ælgiva, or Æthelgiva, whoſe very name imports that ſhe was of a noble extraction, if not nearly related to the crown. But this match not pleaſing the biſhop, ſome of the nobility gave riſe to ſuch a ſeries of trouble, as deprived her of her life, and Edwy of part of his kingdom. After his coronation-dinner, the youthful King, perhaps to avoid the exceſſive drinking, then too common in ſuch entertainments, withdrew to enjoy the converſation of his beautiful bride, who was in company with her mother, in a private apartment. The nobility, reſenting Edwy's abſence, as a great indecorum, the archbiſhop commanded him to be fetched back again. When every body elſe refuſed, one Dunſtan, an unworthy favourite of the late King, was very ready to execute Odo's orders: He ruſhed into the Queen's apartment, and, after reproaching him with his fondneſs, dragged him to the company. Such an outrage on majeſty could not fail to excite the reſentment of the young monarch; and the King's friends, who were offended at the overbearing pride of the abbot, uſed all their intereſt to have him removed from court. In ſhort, after being accuſed, not without juſtice, of embezzling the public monies in the late reign, he was baniſhed the kingdom. Odo, the archbiſhop, thinking the honour of the prieſthood wounded by the exile of Dunſtan, was determined to revenge his diſgrace: With this view, he ordered a party of ſoldiers to fetch the beauteous Queen from the palace of her huſband, commanded her face to be ſeared with a red-hot iron, and then tranſported her into Ireland. A conſpiracy was immediately formed againſt the King. The Mercians and Northumbrians were allured into the meaſures of the archbiſhop. Edgar,

ar, the King's younger brother, was ſet up for their monarch, who recalled Dunſtan, and put himſelf under his direction. The archbiſhop, to wound him in a part ſtill more tender than the loſs of his crown, pronounced a formal divorce between him and his wife; and the King's affairs were in ſo bad a ſituation, that he was compelled to ſubmit to the ſentence. Edgar, by this time, had made himſelf maſter of the kingdom, and obliged his brother Edwy to take ſhelter in the city of Gloceſter. Thither the Queen was haſtening, having returned from Ireland with a face almoſt as beautiful as ever, the ſcars being healed up, and with a determined reſolution to ſhare the fate of her huſband. But ſuch was the cruel diſpoſition of Odo, that, being informed of her return, he ordered his dependants to ſeize, and hamſtring her; and is ſaid to have put her to death at Gloceſter. Robbed of the converſation of a wife, whom he tenderly loved; ſtripped of his kingdom by an unnatural rebellion; and deſerted by his ſubjects, the King gave himſelf up to the firſt tranſports of grief, which ſettled in an inveterate melancholy that put an end to his life. RAPIN.

We are not to conclude, from the foregoing inſtance, that cruelty is a property of human nature. No, it is only an excreſcence of it: For who would argue, from the natural or acquired hardneſs and inſenſibility of a few miſcreants, to the temper and texture of the whole ſpecies. A Nero or a Caligula are in reality not the rule of nature, but the exception to it: And, notwithſtanding theſe untoward appearances, which ariſe from the very nature of liberty and virtue, an exact and thorough enquiry into the formation of the human mind, would evince to every unprejudiced perſon, that all thoſe qualities which are truly original and inherent, are beneficial and ſalutary; and that ſuch as are of a contrary tendency, are adventitious and accidental. The heart of a man is naturally diffuſive, its kind wiſhes ſpread abroad over the face of the creation, and thouſands there are who delight in nothing ſo much as in doing good: But as the ſame water which at one time

flows along in gentle ſtreams, gladdening a thouſand fields in its progreſs, may at another be congealed in ice; ſo, pity, benevolence, and even humanity, may be frozen in the mind, and, by the prevailing force of ſome contrary qualities, be reſtrained in their operation. Theſe examples therefore are not without their uſe; they place before us, in the ſtrongeſt light, the deplorable condition of man, when the voice of reaſon and conſcience is not attended to, or when man is left unreſtrained to himſelf, and given over to the impulſe of ungoverned paſſions. They ſhew us likewiſe the neceſſity of correcting thoſe errors of education, which may generate in particulars the ſame barbarous ſpirit, and of checking every inclination to hardneſs of heart, and exceſſive anger, leſt it ſhould ſwell into revenge, and revenge ſhould prompt us to cruelty. Children, perhaps, ought not to be allowed to ſee even the brute creation put to death, or to ſport with the miſeries of animals; much leſs ought they to be witneſſes of the dying agonies of unhappy convicts, for fear it ſhould degenerate into an inſenſibility to human pains; or accuſtom them to behold blood and ſlaughter with unpitying eyes.

But what ſeems very aſtoniſhing is, that thoſe who have been bleſſed with the knowledge of the true God, who is repreſented to us under theſe endearing characters, *The father of mercies, and God of all conſolation*, ſhould, notwithſtanding, be influenced by ſo diabolical a ſpirit, ſhould pretend they are pleaſing the Maker of mankind, while they are deſtroying his works in the moſt cruel and barbarous manner: Not for treaſonable practices, not for atrocious crimes, or being bad members of the community, but for difference in opinion; for not receiving, as true, the moſt ridiculous, inconſiſtent, and impious falſehoods: And yet ſuch is the ſpirit and practice of Popery, as appears from the following example:

IN the county of Thouloſe, in France, the Albigenſes, who had ſeparated from the church of Rome, were very

very numerous: The Pope ſent his legate to make inquiſition againſt them; and wrote to Philip, the French King, to ſuppreſs them by force; and promiſed remiſſion of all ſins to whomſoever would take up arms againſt them, and deſtroy them. Raymond, Earl of Thouloufe, was excommunicated by the Pope, and his country given to whoſoever could ſeize it. A cruſade, or army of croſs-bearers, was raiſed, who attacked the heretics, (as they were called) took their cities, filled all places with ſlaughter and blood, and burnt many whom they took priſoners. In the year 1209, Biterre was taken by them, and all the inhabitants, without regard to age or ſex, cruelly put to the ſword; and the city itſelf burnt to the ground. And though there were ſome good Catholics in it, the Abbot Ciſteaux cried out, "Slay them all, for the Lord knoweth who "are his." On which, the ſoldiers ſlew them all without mercy. Circaſſone was alſo deſtroyed, and the captive heretics put to death by the moſt horrible inventions. This was their conſtant practice where-ever their arms were ſucceſsful, tormenting, burning, and burying alive all they took captive. They indeed only hanged Aymeric, a nobleman, and governor of La Vaur, and beheaded eighty of leſſer degree: To Girarda, Aymeric's ſiſter, they were ſo obliging, as only to throw her into a pit, and cover her with ſtones: While at Pulchra Vallis, after many indignities and cruel treatment, they burnt four hundred, and hanged fifty more. At Caſtres de Termis, they put Raymond, Lord of the place, into jail, where he died; and then burnt, in one large fire, his wife, ſiſter, and maiden daughter, with ſome other maiden ladies, whom they could not perſuade, by promiſes or threats, to embrace the Roman faith.

Bzov. An. 1204. § 22. RAYNALD, An. 1209. § 23.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

Take not away the life you cannot give,
For all things have an equal right to live.

DRYDEN.

I CANNOT think it extravagant to imagine, that mankind are no leſs, in proportion, accountable for the ill uſe of their dominion over creatures of the lower rank of beings, than for the exerciſe of tyranny over their own ſpecies. The more entirely the inferior creation is ſubmitted to our power, the more anſwerable we ſhould ſeem for our miſmanagement of it; and the rather, as the very condition of nature renders theſe creatures incapable of receiving any recompence in another life, for their ill treatment in this.

It is obſervable of thoſe noxious animals, which have qualities moſt powerful to injure us, that they naturally avoid mankind, and never hurt us, unleſs provoked, or neceſſitated by hunger. Man, on the other hand, ſeeks out and purſues even the moſt inoffenſive animals on purpoſe to perſecute and deſtroy them.

Montaigne thinks it ſome reflection upon human nature itſelf, that few people take delight in ſeeing beaſts careſs and play together, but almoſt every one is pleaſed to ſee them lacerate and worry one another. I am ſorry this temper has become almoſt a diſtinguiſhing character of our own nation, from the obſervation which is made by foreigners, of our beloved paſtimes, bear-baiting, cock-fighting, and the like. We ſhould find it hard, to vindicate the deſtroying any thing that has life, merely out of wantonneſs; yet in this principle, our children are bred up, and one of the firſt pleaſures we allow them, is the licence of inflicting pain upon poor animals: Almoſt as ſoon as we are ſenſible what life is ourſelves, we make it our ſport to take it from other creatures. I cannot but believe a very good uſe might be made of the fancy which children have for

for birds and inſects. Mr Locke takes notice of a mother who permitted them to her children, but rewarded or puniſhed them as they treated them well or ill. This was no other than entering them betimes into a daily exerciſe of humanity, and improving their very diverſion to a virtue.

I fancy too, ſome advantage might be taken of the common notion, that it is ominous or unlucky to deſtroy ſome ſorts of birds, as ſwallows or martins; this opinion might poſſibly ariſe from the confidence theſe birds ſeem to put in us, by building under our roofs, ſo that it is a kind of violation of the laws of hoſpitality, to murder them. As for Robin-red-breaſts in particular, it is not improbable, they owe their ſecurity to the old ballad of *The children in the wood*. However it be, I do not know, I ſay, why this prejudice, well improved and carried as far as it would go, might not be made to conduce to the preſervation of many innocent creatures, which are now expoſed to all the wantonneſs of an ignorant barbarity.

There are other animals that have the misfortune, for no manner of reaſon, to be treated as common enemies, where-ever found. The conceit that a cat has nine lives, has coſt at leaſt nine lives in ten of the whole race of them: Scarce a boy in the ſtreets but has in this point outdone Hercules himſelf, who was famous for killing a monſter that had but three lives. Whether the unaccountable animoſity againſt this uſeful domeſtic, may be any cauſe of the general perſecution of owls, (who are a ſort of feathered cats) or whether it be only an unreaſonable pique, the moderns have taken to a ſerious countenance, I ſhall not determine, though I am inclined to believe the former; ſince I obſerve the whole reaſon alledged for the deſtruction of frogs, is becauſe they are like toads. Yet amidſt all the misfortunes of theſe unfriended creatures, it is ſome happineſs, that we have not yet taken a fancy to eat them: For ſhould our countrymen refine upon the French never ſo little, it is not to be conceived, to what unheard-of torments, owls, cats, and frogs, may be yet reſerved.

When we grow up to men, we have another ſucceſſion of ſanguinary ſports; in particular, hunting. I dare not attack a diverſion which has ſuch authority and cuſtom to ſupport it, but muſt have leave to be of opinion, that the agitation of that exerciſe, with the example and number of the chaſers, not a little contribute to reſiſt thoſe checks, which compaſſion would naturally ſuggeſt in behalf of the animal purſued. Nor ſhall I ſay, with Monſieur Fleury, that this ſport is a remain of the Gothic barbarity; but I muſt animadvert upon a certain cuſtom yet in uſe with us, and barbarous enough to be derived from the Goths, or even the Scythians; I mean the ſavage compliment our huntſmen paſs upon the ladies of quality, who are preſent at the death of a ſtag, when they put the knife in their hand, to cut the throat of a helpleſs, trembling, and weeping creature,

——That lies beneath the knife,
Looks up, and from her butcher begs her life.

But if our ſports are deſtructive, our gluttony is more ſo, and in a more inhuman manner. Lobſters roaſted alive, pigs whipt to death, fowls ſewed up, are teſtimonies of our outrageous luxury. Thoſe who (as Seneca expreſſes it) divide their lives betwixt an anxious conſcience and nauſeated ſtomach, have a juſt reward of their gluttony in the diſeaſes it brings with it: For human ſavages, like other wild beaſts, find ſnares and poiſon in the proviſions of life, and are allured by their appetites to their deſtruction. I know nothing more ſhocking or horrid than the proſpect of one of their kitchens covered with blood, and filled with the cries of creatures expiring in tortures. It gives one an image of a giant's den in a romance, beſtrewed with the ſcattered heads and mangled limbs of thoſe who were ſlain by his cruelty.

The excellent Plutarch (who has more ſtrokes of good nature in his writings, than I remember in any author) cites a ſaying of Cato to this effect, *That it is no eaſy taſk to preach to the belly, which has no ears.* "Yet if (ſays he) we are aſhamed to be ſo out of

"faſhion

"fashion, as not to offend, let us at least offend with "some discretion and measure. If we kill an animal "for our provision, let us do it with the meltings of "compassion, and without tormenting it. Let us con- "sider, that it is in its own nature cruelty to put a "living creature to death; we at least destroy a soul "that has sense and perception." In the life of Cato the Censor, he takes occasion, from the severe disposition of that man, to discourse in this manner. "It "ought to be esteemed a happiness to mankind, that "our humanity has a wider sphere to exert itself in, "than bare justice. It is no more than the obligation "of our very birth, to practise equity to our kind, but "humanity may be extended through the whole order "of creatures, even to the meanest: Such actions of "charity are the overflowings of a mild good nature "on all below us. It is certainly the part of a well- "natured man, to take care of his horses and dogs, "not only in expectation of their labour, while they "are foals and whelps, but even when their old age "has made them incapable of service."

History tells us of a wise and polite nation, that rejected a person of the first quality, who stood for a justiciary office, only because he had been observed, in his youth, to take pleasure in tearing and murdering birds. And of another that expelled a man out of the senate, for dashing a bird against the ground which had taken shelter in his bosom.

Every one knows how remarkable the Turks are for their humanity in this kind: I remember an Arabian author, who has written a treatise to shew, how far a man, supposed to have subsisted in a desart island, without any instruction, or so much as the sight of any other man, may, by the pure light of nature, attain the knowledge of philosophy and virtue. One of the first things he makes him observe is, that universal benevolence of nature, in the protection and preservation of its creatures. In imitation of which, the first act of virtue he thinks this self-taught philosopher would of course fall into, is to relieve and assist all the animals about him in their wants and distresses.

In

In Dryden's Ovid are ſome very tender and pathetic lines, applicable to this occaſion:

The ſheep was ſacrificed on no pretence,
But meek and unreſiſting innocence.
A patient, uſeful creature, born to bear
The warm and woolly fleece, that cloath'd her murderer;
And daily to give down the milk ſhe bred,
A tribute for the graſs, on which ſhe fed.
Living, both food and raiment ſhe ſupplies,
And is of leaſt advantage when ſhe dies,
How did the toiling ox his death deſerve?
A downright ſimple drudge, and born to ſerve.
O tyrant! with what juſtice can'ſt thou hope
The promiſe of the year, a plenteous crop;
When thou deſtroy'ſt thy lab'ring ſteer, who till'd,
And plough'd with pains, thy elſe ungrateful field!
From his yet reeking neck, to draw the yoke,
That neck, with which the ſurly clods he broke;
And to the hatchet yield thy huſbandman,
Who finiſh'd autumn, and the ſpring began?

* * * * * *

What more advance can mortals make in ſin.
So near perfection, who with blood begin?
Deaf to the calf, that lies beneath the knife,
Looks up, and from her butcher begs her life:
Deaf to the harmleſs kid, that, ere he dies,
All methods to procure thy mercy tries,
And imitates in vain the children's cries.

Perhaps that voice or cry ſo nearly reſembling the human, with which Providence has endued ſo many different animals, might purpoſely be given them to move our pity, and prevent thoſe cruelties we are too apt to inflict on our fellow-creatures. GUARDIAN.

DEFAMATION.

All ſeems infected that th' infected ſpy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye. POPE.

IT is a certain ſign of an ill heart, to be inclined to defamation. They who are harmleſs and innocent, can have no gratification that way; but it ever ariſes from a neglect of what is laudable in a man's ſelf, and an impatience of ſeeing it in another. Elſe, why would virtue provoke? Why ſhould beauty diſpleaſe in ſuch a degree, that a man given to ſcandal never lets the mention of either paſs by him, without offering ſomething to the diminution of it? A lady, the other day at a viſit, being attacked ſomewhat rudely by one, whoſe own character has been very roughly treated, anſwered a great deal of heat and intemperance, very calmly, *Good Madam, ſpare me, who am none of your match; I ſpeak ill of no body, and it is a new thing to me to be ſpoken ill of.* Little minds think fame conſiſts in the number of votes they have on their ſide among the multitude, whereas it is really the inſeparable follower of good and worthy actions. Fame is as natural a follower of merit, as a ſhadow is of a body. It is true, when crowds preſs upon you, this ſhadow cannot be ſeen, but when they ſeparate from around you, it will again appear. The lazy, the idle, and the froward, are the perſons who are moſt pleaſed with the little tales which paſs about the town, to the diſadvantage of the reſt of the world. Were it not for the pleaſure of ſpeaking ill, there are numbers of people who are too lazy to go out of their own houſes, and too ill natured to open their lips in converſation. It was not a little diverting, the other day, to obſerve a lady reading a poſt-letter; and, at theſe words, *After all her airs, he has heard ſome ſtory or other, and the match is broke off*, give orders, in the midſt of her reading, *Put to the horſes.* That a young woman of merit had miſſ-

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ed an advantageous ſettlement, was news not to be delayed, leſt ſome body elſe ſhould have given her malicious acquaintance that ſatisfaction before her. The unwillingneſs to receive good tidings is a quality as inſeparable from a ſcandal-bearer, as the readineſs to divulge bad; but, alas, how wretchedly low and contemptible is that ſtate of mind, that cannot be pleaſed but by what is the ſubject of lamentation. This temper has ever been in the higheſt degree odious to gallant ſpirits. The Perſian ſoldier, who was heard reviling Alexander the Great, was well admoniſhed by his officer; *Sir, you are paid to fight againſt Alexander, and not to rail at him.*

Cicero, in one of his pleadings, defending his client from general ſcandal, ſays, very handſomely, and with much reaſon, "There are many who have particular "engagements to the proſecutor: There are many "who are known to have ill will to him for whom I "appear; there are many who are naturally addicted "to defamation, and envious of any good, to any man, "who may have contributed to ſpread reports of this "kind: For nothing is ſo ſwift as ſcandal, nothing is "more eaſily ſent abroad, nothing received with more "welcome, nothing diffuſes itſelf ſo univerſally. I "ſhall not deſire, that if any report to our diſadvan-"tage has any ground for it, you would overlook or "extenuate it: But if there be any thing advanced "without a perſon, who can ſay whence he had it; or "which is atteſted by one who forgot who told him it; "or who had it from one of ſo little conſideration, that "he did not then think it worth his notice; all ſuch "teſtimonies as theſe, I know you will think too ſlight "to have any credit againſt the innocence and honour "of your fellow citizen." When an ill report is traced, it very often vaniſhes among ſuch as the orator has here recited. And how deſpicable a creature muſt that be, who is in pain for what paſſes among ſo frivolous a people? There is a town in Warwickſhire, of good note, and formerly pretty famous for much animoſity and diſſenſion, the chief families of which have now turned all their whiſpers, backbiting, envies, and pri-

vate

vate malices, into mirth and entertainment, by means of a peeviſh old gentlewoman, known by the title of *Lady Bluemantle*. This heroine had, for many years together, outdone the whole ſiſterhood of goſſips, in invention, quick utterance, and unprovoked malice. This good body is of a laſting conſtitution, though extremely decayed in her eyes, and decrepit in her feet. The two circumſtances of being always at home from her lameneſs, and very attentive from her blindneſs, make her lodgings the receptacle of all that paſſes in town, good or bad; but for the latter, ſhe ſeems to have the better memory. There is another thing to be noted of her, which is, that as it is uſual with old people, ſhe has a livelier memory of things which paſſed when ſhe was very young, than of late years. Add to all this, that ſhe does not only, not love any body, but ſhe hates every body. The ſtatute in Rome does not ſerve to vent malice half ſo well, as this old lady does to diſappoint it. She does not know the author of any thing that is told her, but can readily repeat the matter itſelf; therefore, though ſhe expoſes all the whole town, ſhe offends no one body in it. She is ſo exquiſitely reſtleſs and peeviſh, that ſhe quarrels with all about her, and ſometimes, in a freak, will inſtantly change her habitation. To indulge this humour, ſhe is laid about the grounds belonging to the ſame houſe ſhe is in, and the perſons to whom ſhe is to remove, being in the plot, are ready to receive her at her own chamber again. At ſtated times, the gentlewoman at whoſe houſe ſhe ſuppoſes ſhe is at the time, is ſent for to quarrel with, according to her common cuſtom. When they have a mind to drive the jeſt, ſhe is immediately urged to that degree, that ſhe will board in a family with which ſhe has never yet been; and away ſhe will go this inſtant, and tell them all that the reſt have been ſaying of them. By this means, ſhe has been an inhabitant of every houſe in the place, without ſtirring from the ſame habitation; and the many ſtories which every body furniſhes her with, to favour that deceit, make her the general intelligencer of the town, of all that can be ſaid by one woman againſt another.

Thus

Thus groundleſs ſtories die away, and ſometimes truths are ſmothered under the general word. When they have a mind to diſcountenance a thing, Oh! That is in my Lady Bluemantle's memoirs.

Whoever receives impreſſions to the diſadvantage of others without examination, is to be had in no other credit for intelligence than this good Lady Bluemantle, who is ſubjected to have her ears impoſed upon for want of other helps to better information. Add to this, that other ſcandal-bearers ſuſpend the uſe of theſe faculties which ſhe has loſt, rather than apply them to do juſtice to their neighbours; and I think, for the ſervice of my fair readers, to acquaint them, that there is a voluntary Lady Bluemantle at every viſit in town.

SPECTATOR.

DISINTERESTEDNESS.

NOTHING is a greater argument of a brave ſoul, and impregnable virtue, than for a man to be ſo much maſter of himſelf, that he can either take or leave thoſe conveniencies of life, with reſpect to which, moſt are either uneaſy without them, or intemperate with them.

STRABO, King of the Sidonians, having declared in favour of Darius, the Perſian monarch, Alexander the Great expelled him the kingdom, and permitted Hephæſtion, his beloved friend, to give the crown to whomſoever of the Sidonians he ſhould judge worthy of ſo exalted a ſtation. This favourite was quartered at the houſe of two brothers, who were young, and of the moſt conſiderable family in the city; to theſe he offered the crown, but they declined to accept it, telling him, that, according to the laws of their country, no perſon could aſcend the throne, unleſs he were of the blood royal. Hephæſtion, admiring this greatneſs of ſoul, which could contemn what others ſtrive to obtain

tain by fire and ſword, "Continue," ſays he to them, "in this way of thinking; you who before were ſenſible, that it was much more glorious to refuſe a diadem than to accept it. However, name me ſome perſon of the royal family, who may remember, when he is King, that is was you that ſet the crown on his head." The brothers, obſerving that ſeveral, through exceſſive ambition, aſpired to this high ſtation, and, to obtain it, paid a ſervile court to Alexander's favourites, declared, that they did not know any perſon more worthy of the diadem, than one Abdolonymus, deſcended, though at a great diſtance, from the royal line; but who, at the ſame time, was ſo poor, that he was obliged to get his bread, by day-labour, in a garden without the city. His honeſty and integrity had reduced him, as well as many more, to ſo extreme poverty. Immediately the two brothers went in ſearch of Abdolonymus with the royal garments, and found him weeding his garden; they then ſaluted him King, and one of them addreſſed him thus: "You muſt now change your tatters for the dreſs I have brought you. Put off the mean and contemptible habit in which you have grown old. Aſſume the ſentiments of a Prince; but when you are ſeated on the throne, continue to preſerve the virtue which made you worthy of it. And when you ſhall have aſcended it, and by that means become the ſupreme diſpenſer of life and death over all your citizens; be ſure never to forget the condition in which, or rather from which you was elected." Abdolonymus looked upon the whole as a dream, and, unable to gueſs the meaning of it, aſked, if they were not aſhamed to ridicule him in that manner? But as he made a greater reſiſtence than ſuited their inclinations, they themſelves waſhed him, and threw over his ſhoulders a purple robe, richly embroidered with gold; then, after repeated oaths of their being in earneſt, they conducted him to the palace. The news of this was immediately ſpread over the whole city. Moſt of the inhabitants were overjoyed at it; but ſome murmured, eſpecially the rich, who, deſpiſing Abdolonymus's former abject ſtate, could not

forbear ſhewing their reſentment upon that account in the King's court. Alexander commanded the new-elected Prince to be ſent for; and, after ſurveying him attentively a long while, ſpoke thus: "Thy air and "mien do not contradict what is related of thy extrac-"tion; but I ſhould be glad to know with what frame "of mind thou didſt bear thy poverty."——"Would "to the gods," replied he, "that I may bear this "crown with equal patience. Theſe hands have pro-"cured me all I deſire; and, whilſt I poſſeſſed nothing, "I wanted nothing." This anſwer gave Alexander an high idea of Abdolonymus's virtue; ſo that he preſented him not only with all the rich furniture which had belonged to Strabo, and part of the Perſian plunder, but likewiſe annexed one of the neighbouring provinces to his dominions. Q. CURT. lib. iv. c. 1. and lib. viii. c. 14.

DISINGENUITY.

IF penitence can lay claim to pardon, and to confeſs our crimes is any kind of atonement for them, the following true narrative may plead in my behalf, to an injured woman, reconcile me to myſelf, and reſtore that tranquillity of mind, which I have ſo lately forfeited by my own folly and indiſcretion.

You muſt know, that I am the ſon of an honeſt tradeſman, was by him brought up at a public ſchool, and from thence went to the univerſity. Soon after my arrival there, a gentleman came down with his family to enter his ſon, who had been my ſchool-fellow, at one of the colleges: They ſent for me, and deſired I would ſhew them the univerſity; a requeſt which I readily complied with, as it gratified my vanity in being ſeen with his daughter, a young lady of great beauty and fortune, advantages which often ſupply the want of every other real good, but ſerved in her only to adorn the ſuperior qualities of the mind, and ſet off the charms of virtue.

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I ſtrove to make their time as agreeable as poſſible, by that aſſiduity which never fails to pleaſe, and all thoſe little ſervices which are ſure to conciliate affection; I waited on my fair viſitor, as you may imagine, with more than ordinary diligence, gratified her curioſity, by the ſight of every thing that I thought worthy of her attention, and endeavoured, by being uſeful, to make myſelf agreeable. I ſucceeded ſo well, in ſhort, with the whole family, that, when they left the place, I received a preſſing invitation from the father, to ſpend a week with them in London. Accordingly I waited on them, and was received with great politeneſs; the morning we chiefly ſpent in diverſions within doors, and in the evening went to the play. This gave me an opportunity of frequent interviews with the young lady, in which I could not help paying that tribute of praiſe to her accompliſhments which I knew ſhe deſerved, and which I imagined ſhe expected: I ſpoke the language of love, without feeling the power of it, and inſenſibly raiſed a paſſion in her breaſt, which was as yet a ſtranger to my own. Little did I indeed at that time imagine, that, with an intention merely to amuſe, I was laying ſnares to deceive; and that whilſt I thought myſelf only playing the innocent part of a fine gentleman, I was undermining the peace of an amiable woman, and deſtroying the future happineſs of a whole innocent family.

When I took my leave, my friends told me, they would not conſent to part with me ſo ſoon, unleſs I would promiſe, on the firſt leiſure I had, to return; with which propoſal I readily acquieſced. As I had no great deſire to change a ſcene of gaiety and pleaſure for the gloom of a college, the reflection of it threw a melancholy on my features, which the lady attributed to a different cauſe. I fetched a deep ſigh at parting, and retired from her with a ſilent ſorrow, which I afterwards found had left a ſtronger impreſſion on her heart, than all the fine things I had ſaid, and confirmed her in the opinion ſhe had conceived of my inviolable attachment to her. I returned to the univerſity, where my attention was ſoon called off to other views, and my

thoughts fixed on objects of a very different nature; nor ſhould I, perhaps, from that hour, have called to mind the now-forgotten fair one, had not a letter which I received from her about three months afterwards, greatly ſurpriſed and diſturbed me. "She would not, ſhe there informed me, have broke through the preſcribed forms of her ſex, but that, as ſhe well knew my deſigns were honourable, and nothing but my own confidence had concealed them, ſhe looked on herſelf as bound in honour to let me know, that it would be acceptable to her; that it would appear like affectation in her, to ſuppoſe I had meant merely to flatter and amuſe her; and as ſhe had ſpared me the confuſion of firſt mentioning this, ſhe hoped I would ſoon come to a more clear explanation." In a poſtſcript, ſhe added, "That her father was a man who had, what we call, ſeen the world, was determined to marry her at all events, up to her rank; and chuſed rather to ſee her ſplendidly miſerable, than obſcurely happy: That unleſs I ſaved her, ſhe was ruined; and that a ſhort time muſt determine her fate.

I need not tell you how I was confounded, to find myſelf involved in an intrigue, before I had ſo much as once thought ſeriouſly upon it: I therefore anſwered her in the moſt ſubmiſſive manner I could; repreſented to her, that it would be the higheſt ingratitude in me to marry the daughter of a man who had ſhewn me ſuch uncommon civilities, without his conſent; beſides, that the diſparity of our fortunes muſt be an unſurmountable obſtacle to a thinking perſon; that ſhe might one day or other reproach me with breach of truſt herſelf, or inſult me on account of that very inequality which ſhe now ſeemed to diſregard; that, in ſuch a caſe, the deſire of pleaſing muſt ſink into the fear of offending, and thus put an end to all her viſionary ſchemes of laſting happineſs; that I was ſorry ſhe had ſo much miſtook my behaviour, as to attribute that to love, which is but the effect of gallantry. I then talked to her of a prieſt and marriage, in the language of Lothario; and concluded by adviſing her, for both our ſakes, to think no more of it.

This

This, you may imagine, was an anſwer which, whilſt my hand wrote it, my heart very ſeverely reproached me for. I could not but tacitly blame myſelf for that particular regard and attachment to her, which I had formerly expreſſed, and was not determined, whether I ſhould not make a little ſerious love to her the very next opportunity; when, in the midſt of theſe reflections, I received the following letter, which beſt can tell the ſtory of her misfortune, and expoſe the weakneſs of my paſt conduct.

"It is over, and I am a ſlave! yet the only hour "that I can call my own, I give to you, the only one "that a huſband's authority has not a right to inter-"rupt. To ſum up all my miſeries in a word, know, "my father has this morning given me up to ſorrow "and Mr ——. Alas! what deluſive viſions of feli-"city did not your flattering tongue once give me "leave to form? Such as no turn of fortune can a-"gain recal.—I tremble to think what a huſband's "rage may not inflict, when he finds, inſtead of the "happineſs he expected, ſo poor an entertainment as "love compelled will afford him. It is impoſſible for "different maſters to ſhare one poor heart: With me "he might enjoy as much as the unwilling victim to "brutal violence, and have as warm a return of fond-"neſs from the ſheeted dead. But what am I ſaying, "and to whom? To him that has robbed me of my "Peace! Can he now dry up thoſe tears which him-"ſelf alone could bid to flow? Or, can he heal thoſe "wounds which himſelf has made? But the worſt is "paſt; all the paſſions that have racked me ſince I re-"ceived your laſt, are huſhed; and what little ſpirit "remains, will ſoon give way to the ſilent eating ſor-"row that muſt follow this. Think that you have "robbed me of what not all my fortune can purchaſe "for me, nor the whole world beſide hath power to "beſtow. Ever ſince I was taught to form a wiſh, "it was that of being a happy wife, and a tender mo-"ther. I may now have a child, whom his father's "vices will exclude from that exceſs of fondneſs "which I ſhould otherwiſe have poured over it; and

" you know too well his character to hope any alteration in him: And yet this man my religion hence-forward binds me to be true to, and obey. Farewel! and know, however I condemn your conduct, that would my brother, jealous of his honour as he is, this moment revenge me, I had rather forgive than reſent it. Live then, and be happy; and may that happineſs never be ſuſpended a moment, by the remembrance of her whom your falſehood has made for ever miſerable."

If your heart has not already informed you what I felt on this, it will be needleſs to tell you, how ſeverely I now accuſe my own weak conduct; nor can I ſoon forgive myſelf the wanton ſacrifice of youth, innocence, beauty, and virtue, to faſhionable levity, and polite perfidiouſneſs. It is I that have given the wound inflicted by her father a deeper ſmart, though it is himſelf who has made that miſery laſting. I can only wiſh this may be a uſeful leſſon to warn all young gentlemen, my fellow profligates, never to expreſs a particular regard where they have not ſerious thoughts of love; and to teach parents whom Heaven has bleſt with dutiful children, rather to make them happy than great; or, by their authority, never to violate thoſe hearts which they have only a right to guide. CENTINEL.

DRUNKENNESS.

THE man who praiſes drinking, ſtands a ſot convicted on his own evidence.

It is very common, that events ariſe from a debauch which are fatal, and always ſuch as are diſagreeable. With all a man's reaſon and good ſenſe about him, his tongue is apt to utter things out of mere gaiety of heart, which may diſpleaſe his beſt friends. Who then would truſt himſelf to the power of wine, if there was no other objection againſt it than this, that it raiſes the imagination, and depreſſes the judgement.

However

However this tribe of people may think of themſelves, a drunken man is a greater monſter than any that is to be found amongſt all the creatures which God has made, as indeed there is no character which appears more deſpicable, and depraved, in the eyes of all reaſonable perſons, than that of a drunkard.

CYRUS, according to the manners of the Perſians, was, from his infancy, accuſtomed to ſobriety and temperance; of which he was himſelf a moſt illuſtrious example, through the whole courſe of his life. When Cyrus was twelve years old, his mother Mandana took him with her into Media, to his grand-father Aſtyages, who, from the many things he had heard ſaid in favour of that young Prince, had a great deſire to ſee him. In this court young Cyrus found very different manners from thoſe of his own country: Pride, luxury, and magnificence, reigned here univerſally; all which did not affect Cyrus, who, without criticiſing or condemning what he ſaw, was contented to live as he had been brought up, and adhered to the principles he had imbibed from his infancy. He charmed his grand-father by his ſprightlineſs and wit; and gained every body's favour, by his noble and engaging behaviour. Aſtyages, to make his grand-ſon unwilling to return home, made a ſumptuous entertainment, in which there was a vaſt plenty and profuſion of every thing that was nice and delicate. All this exquiſite cheer, and magnificent preparation, Cyrus looked upon with great indifference. "The Perſians," ſays he to the King, "inſtead of going ſuch a round-about way "to appeaſe their hunger, have a much ſhorter, to "the ſame end; a little bread, and a few creſſes, with "them anſwer the purpoſe." Aſtyages, deſiring Cyrus to diſpoſe of all the meats as he thought fit, the latter immediately diſtributed them to the King's officers in waiting; to one, becauſe he taught him to ride; to another, becauſe he waited well upon his grand-father; and to a third, becauſe he took great care of his mother. Sacras, the King's cup-bearer, was the only perſon to whom he gave nothing. This officer, beſides the

the poſt of cup-bearer, had that likewiſe of introducing thoſe who were to have an audience of the King; and as he did not grant that favour to Cyrus as often as he deſired it, he had the misfortune to diſpleaſe the Prince, who took this occaſion to ſhew his reſentment. Aſtyages, teſtifying ſome concern at the neglect of this officer, for whom he had a particular regard; and who deſerved it, as he ſaid, on account of the wonderful dexterity with which he ſerved him: "Is that all, "Sir? (replied Cyrus;) if that be ſufficient to merit "your favour, you ſhall ſee I will quickly obtain it; "for I will take upon me to ſerve you better than "he." Immediately Cyrus is equipped as a cup-bearer; and advancing gravely, with ſerious countenance, a napkin upon his ſhoulder, and holding the cup nicely with three of his fingers, he preſented it to the King, with a dexterity and grace that charmed both Aſtyages and his mother Mandana. When he had done, he flung himſelf upon his grand-father's neck, and, kiſſing him, cried out with great joy, O Sacras, poor Sacras, thou art undone; I ſhall have thy place. Aſtyages embraced him with great fondneſs, and ſaid, "I am migh-"ty well pleaſed, my ſon; no body can ſerve with a "better grace: But you have forgot one eſſential ce-"remony, which is that of taſting." And indeed the cup-bearer was uſed to pour ſome of the liquor into his left hand, and to taſte it, before he preſented it to the King. "No, (replied Cyrus;) it was not through for-"getfulneſs that I omitted that ceremony." "Why "then, (ſays Aſtyages;) for what reaſon did you omit "it?" "Becauſe I apprehended there was poiſon in the "liquor." "Poiſon, child! how could you think ſo?" "Yes, poiſon, papa: For not long ago, at an enter-"tainment you gave to the Lords of your court, after "the gueſts had drank a little of that liquor, I perceiv-"ved all their heads were turned; they ſung, made a "noiſe, and talked they did not know what; you "yourſelf ſeemed to have forgot that you were a "King, and they that they were ſubjects; and when "you would have danced, you could not ſtand upon "your legs." "Why," ſays Aſtyages, "have you

"never

"never ſeen the ſame thing happen to your father?" "No, never," ſays Cyrus. "What then; how is it "with him, when he drinks?" "Why, when he has "drank, his thirſt is quenched; and that is all."

XENOPH. CYR. lib. 1.

DUELLING.

FORGIVENESS of injuries, and a merciful diſpoſition towards thoſe that have injured us, is an infallible mark of a great and noble mind, and is our indiſpenſible duty, as reaſonable creatures, but more ſo as Chriſtians.

There is no inſtance in modern ſtory ſo applicable to this point, as that in the life of Gaſten, Marquis of Renty. This illuſtrious nobleman was a ſoldier and a Chriſtian, and had a peculiar felicity in reconciling the ſeeming oppoſition betwixt the two different characters. He had a command in the French army, and had the misfortune to receive a challenge from a perſon of diſtinction, in the ſame ſervice. The Marquis returned anſwer by the perſon who brought the challenge, that he was ready to convince the gentleman that he was in the wrong; and if he could not ſatisfy him, he was ready to aſk his pardon. The other, not ſatisfied with this anſwer, inſiſted upon his meeting him with his ſword. To which he ſent this anſwer, "That he was reſolved not to do it, ſince "God and the King had forbidden it; otherwiſe he "would have him know, that all the endeavours he "had uſed to pacify him, did not proceed from any "fear of him, but of Almighty God, and his diſpleaſure: That he ſhould go every day about his buſineſs as uſual; and if he did aſſault him, he would "make him repent it." The angry man, not able to provoke him to a duel, and meeting him one day by chance, drew his ſword, and attacked him: But the Marquis wounded and diſarmed both the gentleman and

and his ſecond, with the aſſiſtance of a ſervant that attended him. And then did this truly Chriſtian nobleman ſhow the difference betwixt a brutiſh and Chriſtian courage: He led them to his tent, refreſhed them with wine and cordials, cauſed their wounds to be dreſſed, and their ſwords to be reſtored to them, diſmiſſed them with friendly advice, and was never heard to mention the affair afterwards to his neareſt friends. It was a uſual ſaying of his, "That there was more "true courage and generoſity in bearing and forgiving "an injury for the love of God, than in requiting "it with another; in ſuffering rather than reven-"ging, becauſe the thing was much more difficult: "That bulls and bears had courage enough, but it was "a brutiſh courage; whereas ours ſhould be ſuch as "ſhould become reaſonable creatures and Chriſtians."

EDUCATION.

AN induſtrious and virtuous education of children is a better inheritance for them than a great eſtate. To what purpoſe is it, ſaid Crates, to heap up great riches, and have no concern what manner of heirs you leave them to?

The foundations of knowledge and virtue are laid in our childhood, and without an early care and attention we are almoſt loſt in our very creadles; for the principles we imbibe in our youth, we carry commonly to our graves. It is education that makes the man. To ſpeak all in a few words, children are but blank paper, ready indifferently for any impreſſion, good or bad; for they take all upon credit, and it is much in the power of the firſt comer, to write ſaint or devil upon it, which of the two he pleaſes; ſo that one ſtep out of the way of the inſtitution, is enough to poiſon the peace and reputation of a whole life. There is, however, in ſome tempers, ſuch a natural barrenneſs, that, like the ſands of Arabia, they are never to be cultiva-

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ted or improved: And ſome will never learn any thing, becauſe they underſtand every thing too ſoon. Give me, ſays Quintilian, (among his excellent rules for inſtructing youth) a child that is ſenſible of praiſe, and touched with glory, and that will cry at the ſhame of being outdone, and I will keep him to his buſineſs by emulation; reproof will afflict, and honour will encourage him, and I ſhall not fear to cure him of his idleneſs.

A dangerous, and certainly a very frequent error in parents, is an unreſtrained and exceſſive fondneſs. The various paſſions and affections of human nature begin very early to exert and diſplay themſelves; and if they are not properly reſtrained and directed, will of neceſſity have a fatal and unconquerable influence over the whole tenor of our lives. If we give up the reins to appetite at an age when reaſon is too weak to guide them, and ſuffer the will to rule with deſpotic ſway, uncontrouled by judgement, and unawed by parental authority, every vice will gain ſtrength by habit, and every propenſity to evil take ſuch deep root in the ſoul, as never to be extirpated. If the child is never corrected, it is moſt probable, that the man will never be virtuous; and if the child is always complied with, the man will be always unhappy.

IN a family where I lately ſpent ſome days on a viſit, I obſerved a very remarkable inſtance of the untoward management of two children. Young maſter is a boy of ſtrong, ungovernable paſſions, of no mean capacity, and an open liberal temper; add to this, the diſadvantage that he is brought up to the proſpect of a great eſtate. The girl is of ſurpriſing natural parts, but pettiſh, ſullen, and haughty, though not without a conſiderable fund of native goodneſs. Both of them are exceſſively indulged by their parents. The father, who jumped into the eſtate by means of his relation to a wealthy citizen, is a ſtrange, ignorant, unpoliſhed creature; and having had no education himſelf, has little notion of the importance of one, and is neither anxious about theirs, nor meddles in it; but leaves them to the chances

chances of life, and the ordinary track of training up children. The mother, a woman of great goodneſs, but who never had any of the improvements of education, is, you may very well believe, but little verſed in the arts of forming young minds; yet ſhe thinks herſelf qualified, by her natural ſagacity, of which, indeed, ſhe has a conſiderable ſhare, for directing and managing her own children. But though ſhe were better qualified than ſhe is, her immoderate fondneſs would baffle the niceſt management. Her ſon is her favourite, in whom ſhe ſees no faults; or, if they are too glaring to be hid, ſhe winks at them: And if any of the family, or friends, complain of them to her, ſhe is ready to put the faireſt colouring on them, and is ready to aſcribe the complaints to ſome unreaſonable partiality or prejudice againſt her darling boy. The young gentleman, finding himſelf ſo ſecure of mamma's favour, takes all advantages, and ſtretches his prerogative to the utmoſt. The ſervants of the family he diſciplines with all the force his fiſts and feet are maſters of; and uſes ſtrangers who come to viſit the family, with the moſt indecent familiarities: Some he calls names, others he ſalutes with a ſlap, or pulls off their wigs, or treads on their toes, with many ſuch inſtances of rough courteſy. He is indulged, and (if I may uſe the expreſſion) trained in the love of money. It is made the reward of doing his taſk, and the end of all his labours. His pockets are generally full; at leaſt, money is never denied him, when he either coaxes or cries for it: And indeed I have ſeen him do both, with great dexterity. He is allowed to play as much as he pleaſes at cards, draughts, or any other game; and it is always for money. I have been diverted to ſee how the chances of the game have rouſed all his little paſſions. If he won, he triumphed over his adverſary with immenſe eagerneſs and joy; if he loſt, he cried, ſtormed, and bullied, like a petty tyrant, and parted with his money with infinite regret. If the mother was provoked, at any time, to take notice of his irregularities, ſhe did it with ſo little judgement, and ſo much heat, that it had little or no influence. Perhaps ſhe frowned,

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and fired, and made a thundering noiſe for a while; but this was ſoon over, and maſter's tears, or ſullen ſilence, ſoon brought on perfect reconciliation. She ſhewed no care, and ſteady indignation, ſuch as would have been ſufficient to produce a laſting effect; nor were her rebukes ſeconded with any ſubſtantial marks of diſpleaſure, ſo as to make a deep impreſſion on ſuch a perverſe child.

The young lady's temper is a little ſofter; but not leſs imperious; ſhe is brought up with a high opinion of the dignity of her rank, and contempt of the vulgar; therefore the little thing imagines herſelf already a very conſiderable perſonage, takes ſtate upon her in all companies, ſwells with rage at every little imaginary affront, and never thinks ſhe is treated with reſpect enough; the ſervants muſt pay her uncommon homage; ſhe muſt be helped at table before ſtrangers of an ordinary rank. Her pretty features muſt not be diſcompoſed by croſſing her; in ſhort, humoured ſhe muſt be in all things; and when her ladyſhip is dreſſed in all her finery, ſhe is admired, careſſed, and exalted into a little queen. This makes her vain and inſolent to a degree of extravagance. She and her brother have pretty nearly the ſame taſks ſet them. They read, write, dance, and play together; but will read, or write, or do juſt as much as their little honours think proper. They go to learn as to ſome terrible taſk; are reſtleſs and impatient till it is over; and mind their tutor almoſt as much as the maid that puts them to bed: For his authority, not being duly ſupported by their parents, has no weight. In fine, they are ſo much humoured, ſo little reſtrained, and kept under proper government, that he muſt have more than the patience of a man, who can bear with their inſolence; and almoſt the capacity of an angel, to ſhape and improve them into any tolerable figure: Though with the genius and temper they have, they might be taught any thing, or moulded into any form, were they under the influence of proper diſcipline and authority. Upon the whole, I could not help thinking them an inſtance of the indiſcreet conduct of parents, in the management of their children, whom, by an ill-judged fondneſs, they expoſe

to the contempt and deriſion of mankind, and perhaps to irretrievable calamities.

EUGENIO is juſt out of his minority, and in the twenty-ſecond year of his age; he practiſes the man, with all that virtue and decency that makes his father's acquaintance covet his company; and indeed they may learn, by his diſcourſe, the art of good reaſoning, as well as the precepts of religion, from his example. He is an entertaining companion to the gay young gentlemen his equals; and yet divines and philoſophers take a pleaſure to have Eugenio amongſt them. He is careſſed by his ſuperiors in honour and years; and though he is releaſed from the diſcipline of parental education, yet he treats the lady his mother with all the affectionate duty that could be deſired or demanded of him ten years ago: His father is content to ſee his own youth outſhone by his ſon, and confeſſes, that Eugenio already promiſes greater things than Agathus did at thirty.

If you aſk, whence theſe happy qualities ariſe, I grant there was ſome foundation for them in the very make of his nature, there was ſomething of a complexional virtue mingled with his frame; but it is much more owing to the wiſe conduct of his parents, from his very infancy, and the bleſſing of divine grace attending their labours, their prayers, and their hopes.

He was trained up from the very cradle to all the duties of infant-virtue, by the allurements of love and reward, ſuited to his age; and never was driven to practiſe any thing by a frown or a haſty word, where it was poſſible for kinder affections to work the ſame effect by indulgence and delay.

As faſt as his reaſoning powers began to appear and exert themſelves, they were conducted in an eaſy tract of thought, to find out and obſerve the reaſonableneſs of every part of his duty, and the lovely character of a child obedient to reaſon and to his parents will; while every departure from duty was ſhewn to be ſo contrary to reaſon, as laid an early foundation for conſcience to work upon: Conſcience began here to aſſume its office,

fice, and to manifeſt its authority in dictates, and reproofs, and reflections of mind, peaceful or painful, according to his behaviour. When his parents obſerved this inward monitor to awake in his ſoul, they could better truſt him out of their ſight.

When he became capable of conceiving of an almighty and inviſible Being, who made this world and every creature in it, he was taught to pay all due regards to this God his Maker; and from the authority and love of his father on earth, he was led to form right ideas (as far as childhood permitted) of the power, government, and goodneſs of the univerſal and ſupreme Father of all in heaven.

He was informed, why puniſhment was due to an offence againſt God or his parents, that his fear might become an uſeful paſſion to awaken and guard his virtue; but he was inſtructed, at the ſame time, that where he heartily repented of a fault, and returned to his duty with new diligence, there was forgiveneſs to be obtained both of God and man.

When at any time a friend interceded for him to his father, after he had been guilty of a fault, he was hereby directed into the doctrine of Jeſus, the Mediator between God and man; and thus he knew him as an Interceſſor, before he could well underſtand the notion of his ſacrifice and atonement.

In his younger years, he paſſed but twice under the correction of the rod; once for a fit of obſtinacy, and perſiſting in a falſehood; then he was given up to ſevere chaſtiſement, and it diſpelled and cured the ſullen humour for ever: And once for the contempt of his mother's authority, he endured the ſcourge again, and he wanted it no more.

He was enticed ſometimes to the love of letters, by making his leſſon a reward of ſome domeſtic duty; and a permiſſion to purſue ſome parts of learning, was the appointed recompence of his diligence and improvement in others.

There was nothing required of his memory, but what was firſt (as far as poſſible) let into his underſtanding: And by proper images and repreſentations,

ſuited to his years, he was taught to form ſome conception of the things deſcribed, before he was bid to learn the words by heart. Thus he was freed from the danger of treaſuring up the cant and jargon of mere names, inſtead of the riches of ſolid knowledge.

Where any abſtruſe and difficult notions occurred, in his courſe of learning, his preceptor poſtponed them, till he had gone through that ſubject in a more ſuperficial way; for this purpoſe, he paſſed twice through all the ſciences; and, to make the doctrines of Chriſtianity eaſy to him in his childhood, he had two or three catechiſms compoſed by his tutor, each of them ſuited to his more early or more improved capacity, till at twelve years old, he was thought fit to learn that public form, which is more univerſally taught and approved.

As he was inured to reaſoning from his childhood, ſo he was inſtructed to prove every thing, according to the nature of the ſubject, by natural or moral arguments, as far as years would admit: And thus he drew much of his early knowledge from reaſon, or from revelation, by the force of his judgement, and not merely from his teachers, by the ſtrength of his memory.

His parents were perſuaded indeed, that they ought to teach him the principles of virtue, while he was a child, and the moſt important truths of religion, both natural and revealed, before he was capable of deriving them from the fund of his own reaſon; or of framing a religion for himſelf, out of ſo large a book as the Bible. They thought themſelves under the obligation of that divine command, *Train up a child in the way that he ſhould go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.* And therefore, from a child, they made him acquainted with the holy Scriptures, and perſuaded him to believe, that they were given by the inſpiration of God, before it was poſſible for him to take in the arguments from reaſon, hiſtory, tradition, *&c.* which muſt be joined together, to confirm the ſacred canon, and prove the ſeveral books of the Bible to be divine. Thus, like Timothy, *he continued in the things which he had learned, and had been aſſured of,*

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knowing of whom he had learned them. Yet as his years advanced, they thought it requiſite to ſhow him, the ſolid and rational foundations of his faith, that his hope might be built upon the authority of God, and not of men.

After he arrived at fifteen, he was ſuffered to admit nothing into his full aſſent, till his mind ſaw the rational evidence of the propoſition itſelf; or at leaſt till he felt the power of thoſe reaſons which obliged him to aſſent upon moral evidence and teſtimony, where the evidences of ſenſe or of reaſon were not to be expected. He knew that he was not to hope for mathematical proofs, that there is a pope at Rome, that the Turks have dominion over Judea, that St Paul wrote an epiſtle to the Romans, that Chriſt was crucified without the gates of Jeruſalem, and that in three days time he roſe from the dead; and yet that there is juſt and reaſonable evidence to enforce and ſupport the belief of all theſe. Where truths were too ſublime for preſent comprehenſion, he would never admit them as a part of his faith, till he ſaw full evidence of a ſpeaking God, and a divine revelation.

His tutor never impoſed any thing on him with a magiſterial air, but by way of advice recommended to him ſuch ſtudies, and ſuch methods of improvement, as his experience had long approved; he gave frequent hints of the danger of ſome opinions, and the fatal conſequences of ſome modiſh and miſtaken principles. He let him know generally what ſentiments he himſelf embraced among the divided opinions of the age; and what clear and comprehenſive knowledge, what ſatisfaction of judgement, ſerenity of mind, and peace of conſcience, were to be found in the principles which he had choſen; but he exhorted his pupil ſtill to chuſe wiſely for himſelf, and led him onward in the ſciences, and, in common and ſacred affairs, to frame his own ſentiments by juſt rules of reaſoning: Though Eugenio did not ſuperſtitiouſly confine his belief to the opinions of his inſtructor, yet he could not but love the man that indulged him ſuch a liberty of thought, and gave him ſuch an admirable clue, by which he let himſelf in-

to the ſecrets of knowledge, human and divine: Thus under the happy and inſenſible influences of ſo prudent a ſuperviſor, he traced the paths of learning, and enjoyed the unſpeakable pleaſure of being his own teacher, and of framing his opinions himſelf. By this means, he began early to uſe his reaſon with freedom, and to judge for himſelf, without a ſervile ſubmiſſion to the authority of others; and yet to pay a juſt and ſolemn deference to perſons of age and experience, and particularly to thoſe who were the proper and appointed guides of his youth, and who led him on ſo gently in the paths of knowledge.

He was not kept a ſtranger to the errors and follies of mankind, nor was he let looſe amongſt them, either in books or in company, without a guard and a guide. His preceptor let him know the groſs miſtakes and iniquities of men, ancient and modern, but inlaid him with proper principles of truth and virtue, and furniſhed him with ſuch rules of judgement, as led him more eaſily to diſtinguiſh between good and bad; and thus he was ſecured againſt the infection and the poiſon, both of the living and the dead.

He had early cautions given him to avoid the bantering tribe of mortals, and was inſtructed to diſtinguiſh a jeſt from an argument, ſo that a loud laugh at his religion never puts him nor his faith out of countenance. He is ever ready to render a reaſon of his Chriſtian hope, and to defend his creed; but he ſcorns to enter the liſts with ſuch a diſputant, that has no artillery but ſquib and flaſh, no arguments beſides grimace and ridicule. Thus he ſupports the character of a Chriſtian with honour; he confines his faith to his Bible, and his practice to all the rules of piety; and yet thinks as freely as that vain herd of Atheiſts and Deiſts that arrogate the name of Freethinkers to themſelves.

You will inquire, perhaps, how he came to attain ſo manly a conduct in life, at ſo early an age, and how every thing of the boy was worn off ſo ſoon. Truly, beſides other influences, it is much owing to the happy management of Eraſte, (that was the name of the lady his mother) ſhe was frequent in the nurſery, and inſpi-

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red ſentiments into his childhood, becoming riper years. When there was company in the parlour, with whom ſhe could uſe ſuch a freedom, ſhe brought her ſon in among them, not to entertain them with his own noiſe and tattle and impertinence, but to hear their diſcourſe, and ſometimes to anſwer a little queſtion or two they might aſk him. When he was grown up to a youth, he was often admitted into the room with his father's acquaintance, and was indulged the liberty to aſk and inquire on ſubjects that ſeemed to be above his years: He was encouraged to ſpeak a ſentence or two of his own thoughts, and thus to learn and practiſe a modeſt aſſurance. But when the company was gone, he was approved and praiſed, if he behaved well, or received kind hints of admonition, that he might know when he had been too ſilent, and when too forward to ſpeak. Thus, by enjoying the advantage of ſociety, above the level of his own age and underſtanding, he was always aſpiring to imitation; and the exceſſes and defects of his conduct were daily noticed and cured.

His curioſity was gratified abroad with new ſights and ſcenes as often as his parents could do it with convenience, that he might not ſtare and wonder at every ſtrange object or occurrence; but he was made patient of reſtraint and diſappointment, when he ſeemed to indulge an exceſſive deſire of any needleſs diverſion. If he ſought any criminal pleaſures, or diverſions attended with great danger and inconvenience, the purſuit of them was abſolutely forbidden; but it was done in ſo kind a manner, as made the guilt or peril of them appear in the ſtrongeſt light, and thereby they were rendered hateful or formidable, rather than the objects of wiſh or deſire.

When Eugenio firſt began to go abroad in the world, his companions were recommended to him by the prudence of his parents; or if he choſe them himſelf, it was ſtill within the reach of his tutor's obſervation, or the notice of his father's eye: Nor was he ſuffered to run looſe into promiſcuous company, till it appeared that his mind was furniſhed with ſteady principles of virtue,

virtue, till he had knowledge enough to defend those principles, and to repel the assaults that might be made upon his faith and manners.

Yet it was hardly thought fit to trust him to his own conduct for whole days together, lest he should meet with temptations too hard for his virtue, till he had gained resolution enough to say *no* boldly, and to maintain an obstinate refusal of pernicious pleasures. He was told, before-hand, how the prophane and the lewd would use all the arts of address, and how subtlely they would practise upon his good humour, with powerful and tempting importunities. This set him ever upon his guard, and though he carried his sweetness of temper always about with him, yet he learned to conceal it, wheresoever it was neither proper or safe to appear. By a little converse in the world, he found, that it was necessary to be positive, bold, and unmoveable in rejecting every proposal which might endanger his character or his morals: Especially as he soon became sensible, that a soft and cold denial gave courage to new attacks, and left him liable to be teized with fresh solicitations. He laid down this therefore for a constant rule, that where his reason had determined any practise to be either plainly sinful, or utterly inexpedient, he would give so firm a denial, upon the principles of virtue and religion, as should for ever discourage any further solicitations. This gave him the character of a man of resolute virtue, even among the rakes of the time, nor was he ever esteemed the less on this account. At first, indeed, he thought it a happy victory which he had gotten over himself, when he could defy the shame of the world, and resolve to be a Christian in the face of vice and infidelity: He found the shortest way to conquer this foolish shame, was to renounce it at once: Then it way easy to practise singularity amidst a prophane multitude. And when he began to get courage enough to profess resolute piety without a blush, in the midst of such company as this, Agathus and Eraste then permitted their son to travel abroad, and to see more of the world, under the protection of their daily prayers. His first tour was through the neighbouring

counties

ounties of England; he afterwards enlarged the circuit of his travels, till he had viſited foreign nations, nd learned the value of his own.

In ſhort, the reſtraints of his younger years were empered with ſo much liberty, and managed with uch prudence and tenderneſs, and theſe bonds of diſcipline were ſo gradually looſened as faſt he grew wiſe nough to govern himſelf, that Eugenio always carried bout with him an inward conviction of the great love nd wiſdom of his parents and his tutor. The humours f the child now and then felt ſome reluctance againſt he pious diſcipline of his parents; but now he is arrived at man's eſtate, there is nothing that he looks back pon with greater ſatisfaction, than the ſteps of their onduct, and the inſtances of his own ſubmiſſion. He ften recounts theſe things with pleaſure, as ſome of he chief favours of Heaven, whereby he was guarded hrough all the dangers and follies of youth and childood, and effectually kept, through divine grace opeating by theſe happy means, from a thouſand ſorrows, nd perhaps from everlaſting ruin.

Though he has been releaſed ſome years from the rictneſs of paternal government, yet he ſtill makes s parents his choſen friends: And though they ceaſe practiſe authority upon him, and abſolute command, t he pays the utmoſt deference to their counſels, and the firſt notice of their inclinations. You ſhall neer find him reſiſting and debating againſt their deſires nd propenſities in little common things of life, which re indifferent in themſelves; he thinks it carries in it o much contempt of thoſe whom God and nature require him to honour. Whenſoever he enters into any mportant action of life, he takes a filial pleaſure to ſeek dvice from his worthy parents; and it is uneaſy to m to attempt any thing of moment without it. He es not indeed univerſally practiſe all their ſentiments, t he gains their conſent to follow his own reaſon and oice.

Some of the wild young gentlemen of the age, may ppen to laugh at him for being ſo much a boy ſtill, d for ſhewing ſuch ſubjection to the old folks, (as

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they call them:) with a ſcornful ſmile they bid him "Break off his leading-ſtrings, and caſt away his yokes "of bondage." But, for the moſt part, he obſerves, that the ſame perſons ſhake off all yokes at once, and at once break the bonds of nature, duty and religion: They pay but little regard to their Superior in heaven, any more than to thoſe on earth, and have forgot God and their parents together. "Nor will I ever be mo- "ved (ſays he) with the reproaches of thoſe who "make a jeſt of things ſacred as well as civil, and "treat their mother and their Maker with the ſame "contempt."

PHRONISSA, when her daughters were little children, uſed to ſpend ſome hours daily in the nurſery, and taught the young creatures to recite many a pretty paſſage out of the Bible, before they were capable of reading it themſelves; yet at ſix years old, they read the Scriptures with eaſe, and then they rejoiced to find the ſame ſtories in Geneſis and in the Goſpels, which their mother had taught them before. As their years advanced, they were admitted into the beſt converſation, and had ſuch books put into their hands, as might acquaint them with the rules of prudence and piety in an eaſy and familiar way: The reading the lives of eminent perſons, who were examples of this kind, was one of the daily methods ſhe uſed, at once to inſtruct and entertain them. By ſuch means, and others which ſhe wiſely adapted to their advancing age, they had all the knowledge beſtowed upon them that could be ſuppoſed proper for women, and that might render their character honourable and uſeful in the world.

Long has Phroniſſa known that domeſtic virtues are the buſineſs and the honour of her ſex. Nature and hiſtory agree to aſſure her, that the conduct of the houſehold is committed to women, and the precepts and examples of Scripture confirm it. She educated her daughters therefore in conſtant acquaintance with all family-affairs, and they knew betimes what belonged to the proviſions of the table, and the furniture of every

every room. Though her circumſtances were conſiderable in the world, yet, by her own example, ſhe made her children know, that a frequent viſit to the kitchen was not beneath their ſtate, nor the common menial affairs too mean for their notice, that they might be able hereafter to manage their own houſe, and not be directed, impoſed upon, and perhaps ridiculed by their own ſervants.

They were initiated early in the ſcience of the needle, and were bred up ſkilful in all the plain and flowery arts of it; but it was never made a taſk nor a toil to them, nor did they waſte their hours in thoſe nice and tedious works, which coſt our female anceſtors ſeven years of their life, and ſtitches without number. To render this exerciſe pleaſant, one of them always entertained the company with ſome uſeful author, while the reſt were at work; every one had freedom and encouragement to ſtart what queſtion ſhe pleaſed, and to make any remarks on the preſent ſubject, that reading, working, and converſation might fill up the hour with variety and delight. Thus, while their hands were making garments for themſelves or for the poor, their minds were enriched with treaſures of human and divine knowledge.

At proper ſeaſons, the young ladies were inſtructed in the gayer accompliſhments of their age: But they were taught to eſteem the ſong and the dance ſome of their meaneſt talents, becauſe they are often forgotten in advanced years, and add but little to the virtue, the honour, or the happineſs of life.

Phroniſſa herſelf was ſprightly and active, and ſhe abhorred a ſlothful and lazy humour; therefore ſhe conſtantly found out ſome inviting and agreeable employment for her daughters, that they might hate idleneſs as a miſchievous vice, and be trained up to an active and uſeful life. Yet ſhe perpetually inſinuated the ſuperior delights of the cloſet, and tempted them, by all inviting methods, to the love of devout retirement. Whenſoever ſhe ſeemed to diſtinguiſh them by any peculiar favours, it was generally upon ſome new indica-

tion

tion of early piety, or ſome young practice of a ſelf-denying virtue.

They were taught to receive viſits in forms agreeable to the age; and though they knew the modes of dreſs ſufficient to ſecure them from any thing aukward or unfaſhionable, yet their minds were ſo well furniſhed with richer variety, that they had no need to run to thoſe poor and trivial topics, to exclude ſilence and dulneſs from the drawing room.

Here I muſt publiſh it to their honour, to provoke the ſex to imitation, that though they comported with the faſhion in all their ornaments, ſo far as the faſhion was modeſt, and could approve itſelf to reaſon or religion, yet Phroniſſa would not ſuffer their younger judgements ſo far to be impoſed on by cuſtom, as that the mode ſhould be entirely the meaſure of all decency to them. She knew there is ſuch a thing as natural harmony and agreeableneſs; in the beauties of colour and figure, her delicacy of taſte was exquiſite; and where the mode run counter to nature, though ſhe indulged her daughters to follow it in ſome innocent inſtances, becauſe ſhe loved not to be remarkably ſingular in things of indifference, yet ſhe took care always to teach them to diſtinguiſh gay folly and affected extravagance, from natural decencies, both in furniture and in dreſs: Their rank in the world was eminent, but they never appeared the firſt, nor the higheſt in any new-fangled forms of attire. By her wiſe example and inſtructions, ſhe had ſo formed their minds as to be able to ſee garments more gawdy, and even more modiſh than their own, without envy or wiſhes. They could bear to find a trimming ſet on a little awry, or the plait of a garment ill diſpoſed, without making the whole houſe and the day uneaſy, and the ſun and heavens ſmile upon them in vain.

Phroniſſa taught them the happy art of managing a viſit with ſome uſeful improvement of the hour, and without offence. If a word of ſcandal occurred in company, it was ſoon diverted or ſuppreſſed. The children were charged to ſpeak well of their neighbours, as far as truth would admit, and to be ſilent as to any thing

further.

further: But when the poor or the deformed were mentioned in diſcourſe, the aged, the lame, or the blind, thoſe objects were handled with the utmoſt tenderneſs: Nothing could diſpleaſe Phroniſſa more than to hear a jeſt thrown upon natural infirmities: She thought there was ſomething ſacred in miſery, and it was not to be touched with a rude hand. All reproach and ſatire of this kind was for ever baniſhed where ſhe came; and if ever raillery was indulged, vice and wilful folly were the conſtant ſubjects of it.

Perſons of diſtinguiſhed characters ſhe always diſtinguiſhed in her reſpect, and trained up her family to pay the ſame civilities. Whenſoever ſhe named her own parents it was with high veneration and love, and thereby ſhe naturally led her children to give due honour to all their ſuperior relatives.

Though it is the faſhion of the age to laugh at the prieſthood in all forms, and to teach every boy to ſcoff at a miniſter, Phroniſſa paid double honours to them who laboured in the word and doctrine, where their perſonal behaviour upheld the dignity of their office; for ſhe was perſuaded St Paul was a better director than the gay gentlemen of the mode. Beſides, ſhe wiſely conſidered, that a contempt of their perſons would neceſſarily bring with it a contempt of all their miniſtrations; and then ſhe might carry her daughters to the church as much as ſhe pleaſed: But preaching and praying, and all ſacred things, would grow deſpicable and uſeleſs, when they had firſt learned to make jeſt of the preacher.

But are theſe young ladies always confined at home? are they never ſuffered to ſee the world? Yes, and ſometimes without the guard of a mother too; though Phroniſſa is ſo well beloved by her children, that they would very ſeldom chuſe to go without her. Their minds are inlaid betimes with the principles of virtue and prudence; theſe are their conſtant guard; nor do they ever wiſh to make a viſit, where their mother has reaſon to ſuſpect their ſafety.

They have freedom given them, in all the common affairs of life, to chuſe for themſelves, but they take

pleaſure, for the moſt part, in referring the choice back again to their elders. Phroniſſa has managed the reſtraint of their younger years with ſo much reaſon and love, that they have ſeemed all their lives to know nothing but liberty; an admonition of their parents meets with chearful compliance, and is never debated. A wiſh or deſire has the ſame power over them now, as a command had in their infancy and childhood; for the command was ever dreſſed in the ſofteſt language of authority, and this made every act of obedience a delight, till it became an habitual pleaſure.

In ſhort, they have been educated with ſuch diſcretion, tenderneſs, and piety, as have laid a foundation to make them happy and uſeful in the riſing age: Their parents with pleaſure view the growing proſpect, and return daily thanks to Almighty God, whoſe bleſſing has attended their watchful cares, and has thus far anſwered their moſt fervent devotions.

EMULATION.

Incitement to ENTERPRIZE and EMULATION. Story of the admirable CRICHTON.

I HAVE ſometimes heard it diſputed, in converſation, whether it be more laudable or deſireable, that a man ſhould think too highly or too meanly of himſelf: It is on all hands agreed to be beſt, that he ſhould think rightly; but ſince a fallible being will always make ſome deviations from exact rectitude, it is not wholly uſeleſs to enquire towards which ſide it is ſafer to decline.

The prejudices of mankind ſeem to favour him who errs by under-rating his own powers; he is conſidered as a modeſt and harmleſs member of ſociety, not likely to break the peace by competition, to endeavour after ſuch ſplendor of reputation, as may dim the luſtre of others,

others, or to interrupt any in the enjoyment of themſelves; he is no man's rival, and, therefore, may be every man's friend.

The opinion which a man entertains of himſelf, ought to be diſtinguiſhed, in order to an accurate diſcuſſion of this queſtion, as it relates to perſons or to things. To think highly of ourſelves, in compariſon with others, to aſſume, by our own authority, that precedence which none is willing to grant, muſt be always invidious and offenſive; but to rate our powers high in proportion to things, and imagine ourſelves equal to great undertakings, while we leave others in poſſeſſion of the ſame abilities, cannot, with equal juſtice, provoke cenſure.

It muſt be confeſſed, that ſelf-love may diſpoſe us to decide too haſtily in our own favour; but who is hurt by the miſtake? If we are incited by this vain opinion, to attempt more than we can perform, ours is the labour, and ours is the diſgrace.

But he that dares to think well of himſelf, will not always prove to be miſtaken; and the good effects of his confidence will then appear in great attempts and great performances: If he ſhould not fully complete his deſign, he will at leaſt advance it ſo far as to leave an eaſier taſk for him that ſucceeds him; and even though he ſhould wholly fail, he will fail with honour.

But from the oppoſite error, from torpid deſpondency can come no advantage; it is the froſt of the ſoul, which binds up all its powers, congeals life in perpetual ſterility. He that has no hopes of ſucceſs, will make no attempts; and where nothing is attempted, nothing can be done.

Every man ſhould, therefore, endeavour to maintain in himſelf a favourable opinion of the powers of the human mind; which are, perhaps, in every man greater than they appear, and might, by diligent cultivation, be exalted to a degree beyond what their profeſſor preſumes to believe. There is ſcarce any man but has found himſelf able, at the inſtigation of neceſſity, to do what, in a ſtate of leiſure and deilberation, he would have concluded impoſſible; and ſome of our

ſpecies have ſignalized themſelves by ſuch atchievements, as prove, that there are few things above human hope.

It has been the policy of all nations, to preſerve, by ſome public monuments, the memory of thoſe who have ſerved their country by great exploits; there is the ſame reaſon for continuing or reviving the names of thoſe whoſe extenſive abilities have dignified humanity. An honeſt emulation may be alike excited, and the philoſopher's curioſity may be inflamed by a catalogue of the works of Boyle or Bacon, as Themiſtocles was kept awake by the trophies of Miltiades.

Among the favourites of nature that have from time to time appeared in the world, enriched with various endowments and contrarities of excellence, none ſeems to have been more exalted above the common rate of humanity, than the man, known about two centuries ago, by the appellation of *the admirable Crichton*; of whoſe hiſtory, whatever we may ſuppreſs as ſurpaſſing credibility, yet we ſhall, upon inconteſtible authority, relate enough to rank him among prodigies.

Virtue, ſays Virgil, is better accepted, when it comes in a pleaſing form. The perſon of Crichton was eminently beautiful; but his beauty was conſiſtent with ſuch activity and ſtrength, that in fencing he would ſpring, at one bound, the length of twenty feet upon his antagoniſt; and he uſed the ſword, in either hand, with ſuch force and dexerity, that ſcarce any one had courage to engage him.

Having ſtudied at St Andrew's, in Scotland, he went to Paris in his twenty-firſt year, and affixed on the gate of the college of Navarre, a kind of challenge to the learned of that univerſity, to diſpute with them on a certain day; offering to his opponents, whoever they ſhould be, the choice of ten languages, and of all the faculties and ſciences. On the day appointed, three thouſand auditors aſſembled, when four doctors of the church, and fifty maſters, appeared againſt him; and one of his antagoniſts confeſſes, that the doctors were defeated; that he gave proofs of knowledge above the reach of man; and that a hundred years, paſſed without

out food or ſleep, would not be ſufficient for the attainment of his learning. After a diſputation of nine hours, he was preſented by the preſident and profeſſors with a diamond and purſe of gold, and diſmiſſed with repeated acclamations.

From Paris he went away to Rome, where he made the ſame challenge, and had, in the preſence of the pope and cardinals, the ſame ſucceſs. Afterwards he contracted at Venice an acquaintance with Aldus Manutius, by whom he was introduced to the learned of that city; then viſited Padua, where he engaged in another public diſputation, beginning his performance with an extempore poem in praiſe of the city, and the aſſembly then preſent; and concluding with an oration, equally unpremeditated, in commendation of ignorance.

He afterwards publiſhed another challenge, in which he declared himſelf ready to detect the errors of Ariſtotle and all his commentators, either in the common forms of logic, or in any which his antagoniſts ſhould propoſe, of a hundred different kinds of verſe.

Theſe acquiſitions of learning, however ſtupendous, were not gained at the expence of any pleaſure which youth generally indulges, or by the omiſſion of any accompliſhment in which it becomes a gentleman to excel: He practiſed, in great perfection, the arts of drawing and painting; he was an eminent performer in both vocal and inſtrumental muſic; he danced with uncommon gracefulneſs; and, on the day after his diſputation at Paris, exhibited his ſkill in horſemanſhip, before the court of France, where, at a public match of tilting, he bore away the ring upon his lance fifteen times together.

He excelled likewiſe in domeſtic games of leſs dignity and reputation: And, in the interval between his challenge and diſputation at Paris, he ſpent ſo much of his time at cards, dice, and tennis, that a lampoon was fixed upon the gate of the Sorbonne, directing thoſe who would ſee this monſter of erudition, to look for him at the tavern.

So extenſive was his acquaintance with life and manners, that, in an Italian comedy compoſed by himſelf, and exhibited before the court of Mantua, he is ſaid to have perſonated fifteen different characters; in all which he might ſucceed without great difficulty, ſince he had ſuch power of retention, that once hearing an oration of an hour, he would repeat it exactly, and in the recital follow the ſpeaker through all his variety of tone and geſticulation.

Nor was his ſkill in arms leſs than in learning, or his courage inferior to his ſkill: There was a prize-fighter at Mantua, who, travelling about the world, according to the barbarous cuſtom of that age, as a general challenger, had defeated the moſt celebrated maſters in many parts of Europe; and in Mantua, where he then reſided, had killed three that appeared againſt him. The Duke repented that he had granted him his protection; when Crichton, looking on his ſanguinary ſucceſs with indignation, offered to ſtake fifteen hundred piſtoles, and mount the ſtage againſt him. The Duke, with ſome reluctance, conſented; and, on the day fixed, the combatants appeared: Their weapons ſeemed to have been the ſingle rapier, which was then newly introduced into Italy. The prize-fighter advanced with great violence and fierceneſs, that Crichton contented himſelf calmly to ward his paſſes, and ſuffered him to exhauſt his vigour by his own fury. Crichton then became the aſſailant; and preſſed upon him with ſuch force and agility, that he thruſt him thrice through the body, and ſaw him expire: He then divided the prize he had won, among the widows, whoſe huſbands had been killed.

The death of this wonderful man I ſhould be willing to conceal, did I not know that every reader will enquire curiouſly after that fatal hour, which is common to all human beings, however diſtinguiſhed from each other by nature or fortune.

The Duke of Mantua having received ſo many proofs of his various merit, made him tutor to his ſon Vincentio di Gonzaga, a Prince of looſe manners and turbulent diſpoſition. On this occaſion it was, that he compoſed the comedy in which he exhibited ſo many different

ferent characters with exact propriety. But his honour was of ſhort continuance; for as he was one night, in the time of Carnival, rambling about the ſtreets, with his guitar in his hand, he was attacked by ſix men maſk'd. Neither his courage nor ſkill, at his exigence, deſerted him; he oppoſed them with ſuch activity and ſpirit, that he ſoon diſperſed them, and diſarmed their leader, who, throwing off his maſk, diſcovered himſelf to be the Prince his pupil. Crichton, falling on his knees, took his own ſword by the point, and preſented it to the Prince; who immediately ſeized it, and inſtigated, as ſome ſay, by jealouſy, according to others, only by drunken fury and brutal reſentment, thruſt him through the heart.

Thus was the admirable Crichton brought into that ſtate in which he could excel the meaneſt of mankind only by a few empty honours paid to his memory: The court of Mantua teſtified their eſteem by a public mourning, the cotemporary wits were profuſe of their encomiums, and the palaces of Italy were adorned with pictures, repreſenting him on horſeback, with a lance in one hand, and a book in the other.

ADVENTURER.

EQUITY.

EQUITY conſiſts in an exact and ſcrupulous regard to the rights of others, with a deliberate purpoſe to preſerve them, on all occaſions, ſacred and inviolate. And from this fair and equitable temper, performing every neceſſary act of juſtice that relates to their perſons, or properties; being juſt to their merits, and juſt to their infirmities, making all the allowance in their favour which their circumſtances require, and a good-natured and equitable conſtruction of particular caſes will admit of; being true to our friendſhips, to our promiſes, and contracts; juſt in our traffic, juſt in

in our demands, and juſt by obſerving a due moderation and proportion even in our reſentments.

THE Perſians thought it reaſonable to put the good as well as the evil, the merits of the offender, as well as the demerits, into the ſcales of juſtice: Nor was it juſt, in their opinion, that one ſingle crime ſhould obliterate all the good actions a man had done during his life; becauſe it might rather be conſidered as an effect of human frailty, than of a confirmed malignity of mind. Upon this principle it was, that Darius, having condemned a judge to death, for ſome prevarication in his office, and afterwards, calling to mind the important ſervices he had rendered both the ſtate and the royal family, revoked the ſentence, at the very moment of its going to be executed; and acknowledged, that he had pronounced it with more precipitation than wiſdom. But one important and eſſential rule which they obſerved in their judgements was, in the firſt place, never to condemn any perſon without bringing his accuſer to his face, and without giving him time, and all other means neceſſary, for defending himſelf againſt the articles laid to his charge; and, in the ſecond place, if the perſon accuſed was found innocent, to inflict the very ſame puniſhment upon the accuſer as the other was to have ſuffered, had he been found guilty. Artaxerxes gave a fine example of the juſt rigour that ought to be exerciſed on ſuch occaſions. One of the King's favourites, ambitious of getting a place poſſeſſed by one of his beſt officers, endeavoured to make the King ſuſpect the fidelity of that officer; and, to that end, ſent information to court, full of calumnies againſt him, perſuading himſelf, that the King, from the great credit he had with his Majeſty, would believe the thing upon his bare word, without further examination; for ſuch is the general character of calumniators. They are afraid of evidence and light. They make it their buſineſs, to ſhut out the innocent from all receſſes to their Prince, and thereby put it out of their power to vindicate themſelves. The officer was impriſoned: But he deſired of the King, before he was condemned, that

that his cauſe might be heard, and his accuſers ordered to produce their evidence againſt him. The King did ſo: And as there was no proof but the letters which his enemy had written againſt him, he was cleared, and his innocence fully juſtified, by the three commiſſioners that ſat upon his trial. All the King's indignation fell upon the perfidious accuſer, who had thus attempted to abuſe the favour and confidence of his royal maſter. This Prince, who was very wiſe, and knew that one of the true ſigns of a prudent government was to have the ſubjects ſtand more in awe of the law than of informers, would have thought an oppoſite conduct a direct violation of one of the moſt common rules of natural equity and humanity. It would have been opening a door to envy, hatred, and revenge; it would have been expoſing the honeſt ſimplicity of good and faithful ſubjects to the cruel malice of deteſtable informers, and arming theſe with the ſword of public authority; in a word, it would have been diveſting the throne of the moſt noble privilege belonging to it, namely, of being a ſanctuary for innocence, againſt violence and calumny.

HEROD. lib. vii. c. 194.

The ABSURDITY of EXTREMES.

'Tis education forms the youthful mind;
Juſt as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd. POPE.

I AM an humble couſin to two ſiſters, who, though they are good-humoured, good ſort of people, and (all things conſidered) behave to me tolerably well, yet their manners and diſpoſitions are ſo extremely oppoſite, that the taſk of pleaſing them is rendered very difficult and troubleſome. The elder of my couſins is a very jolly, free-hearted girl, and ſo great an enemy to all kinds of form, that you ſeldom ſee her with ſo much as a pin in her gown; while the younger, who thinks in her heart that her ſiſter is no better than a

ſlattern,

ſlattern, runs into the contrary extreme, and is, in every thing ſhe does, an abſolute Fidfad. She takes up almoſt as much time to put on her gown, as her ſiſter does to dirty one. The elder is too thoughtleſs to remember what ſhe is to do, and the other is ſo tedious in doing it, that the time is always elapſed in which it was neceſſary for it to be done. If you lend any thing to the elder, you are ſure to have it loſt; or if you would borrow any thing of the younger, it is odds but ſhe refuſes it, from an opinion, that you will be leſs careful of it than herſelf. Whatſoever work is done by one ſiſter, is too ſlight to hang together for an hour's wear; and whatſoever is undertaken by the other, is generally too nice and curious to be finiſhed.

As they are conſtantly bed-fellows, the firſt ſleep of the elder is ſure to be broken by the younger, whoſe uſual time of undreſſing and folding up her cloaths, is at leaſt an hour and an half, allowing a third part of that time for hindrance, occaſioned by her elder ſiſter's things, which lie ſcattered every where in her way.

If they had lovers, I know exactly how it would be: The elder would loſe her's by ſaying *Yes* too ſoon, and the younger by ſaying *No* too often. If they were wives, the one would be too haſty to do any thing right, and the other too tedious to do any thing pleaſing: Or, were they mothers, the daughters of the elder would be playing at taw with the boys, and the ſons of the younger dreſſing dolls with the miſſes.

I wiſh, Sir, you would be ſo kind to theſe couſins of mine, as to favour them with your advice. I have ſaid already, that they are both good-humoured; and if you could prevail on the elder, to borrow from the younger a little thought and neatneſs; and upon the younger, to add to her exactneſs a little of the careleſs freedom of the elder; you would make them very amiable women, and me the happieſt of all humble couſins.

WORLD.

FAITH

FAITH PUBLIC, not to be violated.

EVERY wiſe man, eſpecially in authority and command, ought to regard juſtice, probity, and the faith of engagements, as the moſt precious treaſure he can poſſeſs; and as an aſſured reſource, and an infallible ſupport, in all the events that can happen.

DURING the war between the Athenians and Lacedemonians, Braſides, general of the latter, laid ſiege to the city of Amphipolis; but, before he proceeded to hoſtilities, was reſolved to try what moderation and juſtice would produce. He ſolicited them to ſurrender without force, and to form an alliance with his nation; and to induce them to it, declared, that he had taken an oath, in preſence of the magiſtrates, to leave all thoſe in the enjoyment of their liberties, who would conclude an alliance with him; and that he ought to be conſidered as the moſt abandoned of men, ſhould he employ oaths to enſnare their fidelity. "For a fraud, "(ſaid he) cloaked with a ſpecious pretence, reflects "greater diſhonour on perſons in high ſtation, than "open violence; becauſe the latter is the effect of the "power which fortune has put into our hands, and the "former is founded wholly on *perfidy*, which is *the bane* "*of ſociety*. Now I (continues he) ſhould do a great "diſſervice to my country, beſides diſhonouring it e-"ternally, if, by procuring it ſome ſlight advantages, "I ſhould ruin the reputation it enjoys, of being juſt "and faithful to its promiſes; which renders it much "more powerful than all its forces united together, "becauſe it acquires it the eſteem and confidence of "other ſtates." Upon ſuch noble and equitable principles as theſe, Braſides always formed his conduct; believing, that the ſtrongeſt bulwark of a nation is juſtice, moderation and integrity: And by this conduct, he brought over a great number of the enemy's allies.

How

How widely different were the conduct and politics of Philip of Macedon. We ſee in this Prince a boundleſs ambition, conducted by an artful, inſinuating, ſubtle genius; but we do not find him poſſeſſed of the qualities which form the truly great man. Philip had neither faith nor honour; every thing that could contribute to the aggrandizing of his power, was, in his ſenſe, juſt and lawful. He gave his word, with a firm reſolution to break it; and made promiſes, which he would have been very ſorry to keep. He thought himſelf ſkilful, in proportion as he was perfidious; and made his glory conſiſt in deceiving all with whom he treated. He did not bluſh to ſay, "That children were a-"muſed with play-things, and men with oaths."
ÆLIAN, lib. vii. c. 2. DEMOST. OLYNTH. II. p. 22.

How ſhameful was it for a prince to be thus diſtinguiſhed by being more artful, a greater diſſembler, more profound in malice, and more a knave, than any other perſon of his age; and to leave ſo infamous a character of himſelf to all poſterity! What idea ſhould we form to ourſelves in the commerce of the world of a man who ſhould value himſelf for tricking others, and rank inſincerity and fraud among the virtues! Such a character in private life is deteſted as the bane and ruin of ſociety. How then can it become an object of eſteem and admiration in princes and miniſters of ſtate, perſons who are bound by ſtronger ties than the reſt of men (becauſe of the eminence of their ſtations, and the importance of the employments they fill) to revere ſincerity, juſtice, and, above all, the ſanctity of treaties and oaths; to bind which, they invoke the name and majeſty of a God, the inexorable avenger of perfidy and impiety? A bare promiſe, among private perſons, ought to be ſacred and inviolable, if they have the leaſt ſenſe of honour; but how much more ought it to be among Princes? We are bound to ſpeak truth to our neighbour; for the uſe and application of ſpeech implies a tacit promiſe of truth, ſpeech having been given us for no other purpoſe. It is not a compact between one private man with another: It is a common

common compact of mankind in general; and a kind of right of nations, or rather a law of nature. Now, whoever tells an untruth, violates this law and common compact. How greatly is the enormity of violating the ſanctity of an oath increaſed, when we call upon the name of God to witneſs it, as is the cuſtom always in treaties? "Were ſincerity and truth baniſh-"ed from every other part of the earth," ſaid John I. King of France, upon being ſolicited to violate a treaty, "they ought to be found in the hearts and mouths "of Kings."

FIDELITY in SERVANTS.

MUTUAL truſt and confidence, are the great bonds of ſociety, without which it cannot poſſibly ſubſiſt. When we have bound ourſelves, therefore, by contract, when we have agreed, in return for the benefits and advantages of daily ſupport and protection, to promote the intereſt and welfare of thoſe who thus ſupport and protect us, the obligation is doubtleſs of double force, and the neglect of it totally unpardonable. A good ſervant will, therefore, not only be obedient, honeſt, and diligent; but will place himſelf in the circumſtances and ſituation of his maſter, and do as he would then wiſh to be done by. He will be ſtrictly juſt and faithful, with regard to every thing committed to his care; endeavouring to promote in others that fidelity which he doth himſelf practiſe. He will be too active and diligent in the diſcharge of his duty, to ſtand in need of any admonitions to the performance, or any reproaches for the omiſſion of it. He will inſenſibly contract a regard and eſteem for thoſe whom he ſerves, which will naturally grow up into the tendereſt regard and affection; ſo that his labour will be the labour of love, and his ſervice perfect freedom. In a word, ſhould his maſter be in danger, the good ſervant will

teſtify his regard and friendſhip, even at the hazard of his life.

ABOUT the year of Rome 638, ſix veſtal virgins were accuſed of incontinence; and the illuſtrious orator M. Antonius, among many others, was ſuſpected of having criminal converſation with them. He was actually quæſtor, and having Aſia for his province, was upon the point of ſetting out for Brundiſſium, when he was informed of the accuſation againſt him; and, as there was a law to exempt thoſe from proſecution, who were abſent in the ſervice of their country, he might have eaſily evaded a trial. But, conſcious of his own innocence, he poſtponed his journey; and returned from Brundiſſium to Rome, to clear himſelf, even from the ſuſpicion of the charge brought againſt him. In the courſe of the trial, one circumſtance rendered the defence of the accuſed very precarious and uncertain. The proſecutors demanded that a ſlave, who, they pretended, had carried a torch before him in the night when he went to the criminal rendezvous, ſhould be delivered up to them, in order to his being put to the queſtion. This ſlave was very young. Antonius was therefore in extreme apprehenſions, both for the weakneſs of his years, and the violence of the pains he was going to ſuffer. But the ſlave himſelf exhorted his maſter to deliver him up without fear; aſſuring him, that his fidelity was proof againſt the moſt cruel inflictions. He kept his word; and the queſtion, which was very rigorous amongſt the Romans, whips, racks, and red-hot irons, could not overcome his conſtancy, nor make him ſpeak in a manner prejudicial to the accuſed.

This example proves, that virtue, and conſequently true nobility, is of all ranks and conditions. Antonius was acquitted; and ſet out for his province with honour and tranquillity. VAL. MAXIM. lib. iii. c. 7.

FLATTERY.

FLATTERY.

NOTHING miſbecomes
The man that would be thought a friend,
like flatt'ry:
Flatt'ry, the meaneſt kind of baſe diſſembling,
And only uſed to catch the groſſeſt fools.

The only coin that is moſt current among mankind, is flattery: The only benefit of which is, that, by hearing what we are not, we may learn what we ought to be.

ANTIOCHUS SIDETES, King of Syria, was a Prince eſtimable for many excellent qualities. As a proof of his wiſdom, he deteſted flattery. One day, having loſt himſelf a hunting, and being alone, he rode up to the cottage of a poor family, who received him in the beſt manner they could, without knowing him. At ſupper, having himſelf turned the converſation upon the conduct and character of the King, that he was in every thing elſe a good Prince; but that his too great paſſion for hunting, made him neglect the affairs of his kingdom, and repoſe too much confidence in his courtiers, whoſe actions did not always correſpond with the goodneſs of his intentions; Antiochus made no anſwer, at that time. The next day, upon the arrival of his train at the cottage, he was known. He repeated to his attendants what had paſſed the evening before; and told them, by way of reproach, "Since I "have taken you into my ſervice, I have not heard a "truth concerning myſelf till yeſterday."

PLUT. IN APOPHTHEGM. p. 185.

AS Canute the Great, King of England, was walking on the ſea-ſhore at Southampton, accompanied by his courtiers, who offered him the groſſeſt flattery, comparing him to the greateſt heroes of antiquity, and

aſſerting that his power was more than human, he ordered a chair to be placed on the beach, while the tide was coming in. Sitting down with a majeſtic air, he thus addreſſed himſelf to the ſea: "Thou ſea, that "art a part of my dominions, and the land whereon "I ſit is mine, no one ever broke my commands with "impunity; I therefore charge thee to come no far-"ther upon my land, and not to preſume to wet either "my feet or my robe, who am thy ſovereign." But the ſea rolling on, as before, and without any reſpect, not only wet the ſkirts of his robe, but likewiſe ſplaſhed his thighs. On which he roſe up ſuddenly, and addreſſing himſelf to his attendants, upbraided them with their ridiculous flattery; and very judiciouſly expatiated on the narrow and limited power of the greateſt monarchs on earth.

HUNTINGDON, lib. vi. FLORILEG. IN A. D. 1035.

FREEDOM with great men dangerous.

——HAVE a care
Of whom you talk: and what, and when, and where.

PLATO was deſcended from an ancient and illuſtrious family, poſſeſſed of a conſiderable eſtate, and univerſally admired as the profoundeſt ſcholar of his age: But neither his birth, fortune, wiſdom, or learning, could protect him from the reſentments of Dionyſius, tyrant of Syracuſe, for being a little too free with him. Dionyſius, being charmed with the character of Plato the Divine, for ſo he was generally ſtyled, expreſſed a great inclination to have ſome converſation with him. The philoſopher, then about forty years of age, paid the tyrant a viſit. The liberty however, which he took in diſcourſing on the ſubject of tyranny, and the arguments he uſed to perſuade the King to diveſt himſelf of his deſpotic power, had like to have coſt him

him dear; his death, in all probability, would have proved the conſequence, had not his friends Dion and Ariſtomenes pleaded hard in his behalf. Though the tyrant, indeed, through their interceſſion, ſpared his life, yet he ſhewed his reſentment ſo far, that he delivered him up to one Polides, a Lacedemonian ambaſſador, at that time reſident at Dionyſius's court, with expreſs orders for his being ſold as a ſlave. This ambaſſador ſoon after tranſported him to Egina, and there executed the tyrant's commiſſion. Very happy was it for poor Plato, that one Anniceres, a native of Cyrene, happened at that time to be in the iſland. This perſon paid down the ſum demanded for the philoſopher; and took the firſt opportunity of ſending him back to Athens, and reſtoring him to his friends.

Dionyſius being informed, that Plato was once more at Athens, in a ſtate of freedom, contrary to his expectation, was under ſome apprehenſion, that Plato would ſtudy ſome way or other to revenge the inſult and indignity offered him. He wrote therefore a very complaiſant letter to him, wherein he, in effect, though not in direct terms, deſired he would excuſe the treatment he had met with, and inſinuated it was with pleaſure he heard of his reſiding again among his friends. Plato ſent a very cold anſwer to the tyrant, which was to this effect, *viz.* That he need not give himſelf any great concern about what had paſſed; for his thoughts were ſo much taken up with the charms of philoſophy, that he had no time to ſpare in the gratification of any private reſentment. MARTIN'S LIVES.

FRIENDSHIP.

WITHOUT friendſhip, life has no charm.

The only things which can render friendſhip ſure and laſting are, virtue, purity of manners, an elevated ſoul, and a perfect integrity of heart.

The firſt rule in the choice of a friend, is not to love him before you know him: Almoſt at firſt ſight we

may know if a man be of quick or ſlow parts, if he be gay or ſerious, clowniſh or polite, talkative or reſerved, witty or ſtupid; we ſee almoſt all this in his eyes, in his attitude, in his geſtures, and in his diſcourſe; but we cannot ſo eaſily diſcover whether he has virtue and probity. It requires more time to be certain with regard to this point; and, till we are as well aſſured of it, as it is poſſible for us to be, we ought not prodigally to beſtow upon him, from equivocal appearances, the precious title of friend. Are we at laſt convinced, that he deſerves it, then there muſt be no reſerve; we ought to enter with him into an intercourſe of ſentiments, of taſtes, pleaſures, and intereſts.

WHEN Damon was ſentenced by Dionyſius of Syracuſe, to die on a certain day, he begged permiſſion, in the interim, to retire to his own country, to ſet the affairs of his diſconſolate family in order. This the tyrant intended peremptorily to refuſe, by granting it, as he conceived, on the impoſſible conditions of his procuring ſome one to remain as hoſtage for his return, under equal forfeiture of life. Pythias heard the conditions, and did not wait for an application upon the part of Damon; he inſtantly offered himſelf as ſecurity for his friend, which, being accepted, Damon was immediately ſet at liberty. The King and all the courtiers were aſtoniſhed at this action; and therefore, when the day of execution drew near, his Majeſty had the curioſity to viſit Pythias in his confinement. After ſome converſation on the ſubject of friendſhip, in which the tyrant delivered it as his opinion, that ſelf-intereſt was the ſole mover of human actions; as for virtue, friendſhip, benevolence, love of one's country, and the like, he looked upon them as terms invented by the wiſe to keep in awe, and impoſe upon the weak, "My Lord, ſaid Pythias, with a firm voice and noble "aſpect, I would it were poſſible that I might ſuffer a "thouſand deaths, rather than my friend ſhould fail in "article of his honour. He cannot fail therein, my "Lord, I am as confident of his virtue, as I am of my "own exiſtence. But I pray, I beſeech the gods, to

"preſerve

" preſerve the life and integrity of my Damon toge-
" ther: Oppoſe him, ye winds, prevent the eagerneſs
" and impatience of his honourable endeavours, and
" ſuffer him not to arrive, till, by my death, I have re-
" deemed a life a thouſand times of more conſequence,
" of more value, than my own! more eſtimable to his
" lovely wife, to his precious little innocents, to his
" friends, to his country! O leave me not to die the
" worſt of deaths in my Damon!" Dionyſius was awed and confounded by the dignity of theſe ſenti-ments, and by the manner in which they were utter-ed; he felt his heart ſtruck by a ſlight ſenſe of invading truth; but it ſerved rather to perplex than undeceive him. The fatal day arrived, Pythias was brought forth, and walked amidſt the guards with a ſerious, but ſatisfied air, to the place of execution. Dionyſius was already there; he was exalted on a moving throne, that was drawn by ſix white horſes, and ſat penſive and attentive to the priſoner. Pythias came, he vaulted lightly on the ſcaffold, and, beholding for ſome time the apparatus of his death, he turned, with a placid countenance, and addreſſed the ſpectators: " My prayers are heard," he cried, " the gods are
" propitious; you know, my friends, that the winds
" have been contrary till yeſterday. Damon could
" not come, he could not conquer impoſſibilities; he
" will be here to-morrow, and the blood which is
" ſhed to-day, ſhall have ranſomed the life of my
" friend! O could I eraſe from your boſoms every
" doubt, every mean ſuſpicion, of the honour of the
" man for whom I am about to ſuffer, I ſhould go to
" my death even as I would to my bridal! Be it ſuf-
" ficient, in the mean time, that my friend will be
" found noble, that his truth is unimpeachable, that he
" will ſpeedily prove it, that he is now on his way,
" hurrying on, accuſing himſelf, the adverſe elements,
" and the gods; but I haſte to prevent his ſpeed: Ex-
" ecutioner, to your office!" As he pronounced the laſt words, a buzz began to ariſe among the remoteſt of the people; a diſtant voice was heard, the croud caught the words, and, ſtop, ſtop the execution, was repeated

repeated by the whole aſſembly: A man came at full ſpeed; the throng gave way to his approach: He was mounted on a ſteed of foam: In an inſtant he was off his horſe, on the ſcaffold, and held Pythias ſtraitly embraced. "You are ſafe," he cried, "you are ſafe, "my friend, my beloved friend, the gods be praiſed, "you are ſafe! I now have nothing but death to ſuf- "fer, and I am delivered from the anguiſh of thoſe "reproaches which I gave myſelf, for having endan- "gered a life ſo much dearer than my own!" Pale, cold, and half ſpeechleſs in the arms of his Damon, Pythias replied, in broken accents—"Fatal haſte!—Cruel "impatience!—What envious powers have wrought "impoſſibilities in your favour? But I will not be whol- "ly diſappointed.—Since I cannot die to ſave, I will "not ſurvive you." Dionyſius heard, beheld, and conſidered all with aſtoniſhment. His heart was touched; he wept, and, leaving his throne, he aſcended the ſcaffold. "Live, live, ye incomparable pair!" he cried, "ye have borne unqueſtionable teſtimony to "the exiſtence of virtue; and that virtue equally con- "vinces the exiſtence of a God to reward it. Live "happy, live renowned! and, O form me by your "precepts, as ye have invited me by your example, "to be worthy of the participation of ſo ſacred a "friendſhip." CIC. DE OFFICIIS, lib. iii. n. 43. THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

No FRIENDSHIP *among the* WICKED.

THREE villains having made a conſiderable booty at a ſmall diſtance from a country town, agreed (as it was not expedient for all three to enter the town together) that *one* of them only ſhould go and buy proviſions, and bring them to the place of rendezvous in a wood. Whilſt he was gone, the two who were left, conſulted together, and, in order to enlarge their ſhare of the booty, determined to kill their comrade as ſoon as he ſhould return with their food. This was executed; but their murdered companion who had formed preciſely the ſame deſign againſt *them*, had, after ſatisfying

risfying his own appetite, poiſoned the food he brought them. Thus they all died by the treachery of each other.

GENT. MAG.

GAMING.

LOVE of gaming corrupts the beſt principles in the world: Like a quick-ſand, it ſwallows up a man in a moment.

THE late Colonel Daniel, who took great pleaſure in giving advice to young officers, guiding them in their military functions, the management of their pay, &c. Whenever he was upon this article of gaming, he uſed always to tell the following ſtory of himſelf, as a warning to others, and to ſhew, that a little reſolution may conquer this abſurd paſſion. In Queen Anne's wars, he was an Enſign in the Engliſh army then in Spain: But he was ſo abſolutely poſſeſſed by this evil, that all duty, and every thing elſe that prevented his ratifying his darling paſſion, was to him moſt grievous: He ſcarce allowed himſelf time for reſt; or, if he ſlept, his dreams preſented packs of cards to his eyes, and the rattling of dice to his ears:—His meals were neglected; or, if he attended them, he looked upon that as ſo much loſt time; and ſwallowed his meat with precipitance, and hurried to the dear gaming table again. In one word, he was a profeſſed gameſter. For ſome time fortune was his friend: And he was ſo ſucceſsful, that he has often ſpread his winnings on the ground, and rolled himſelf on them, in order that it might be ſaid of him, "he wallowed in gold." Such was his life for a conſiderable time; but, as he hath often ſaid, and I dare ſay every conſiderate man will join with him, "it was the moſt miſerable part of it." After ſome time, he was ordered on the recruiting duty, and at Barcelona he raiſed one hundred and fifty recruits for the regiment; though this was left entirely

to

to his ſerjeant, that he might be more at leiſure to attend his darling paſſion. After ſome changes of good and ill luck, fortune declared ſo openly againſt him, that, in one unlucky run, he was totally ſtript of the laſt farthing. In this diſtreſs, he applied to a Captain of the ſame regiment with himſelf, for a loan of ten guineas; which was refuſed with this ſpeech, "What! "lend my money to a profeſſed gameſter! No, Sir, I "muſt be excuſed: For, of neceſſity, I muſt loſe ei- "ther my money or my friend; I therefore chuſe to "keep my money." With this taunting refuſal he retired to his lodging, where he threw himſelf on the bed, to lay himſelf and his ſorrows to a momentary reſt, during the heat of the day. A bug, gnat, or ſome ſuch vermin, happening to bite him, he awoke: When his melancholy ſituation immediately preſented itſelf to him. Without money! and no proſpect how to get any to ſubſiſt himſelf and his recruits to the regiment, then at a great diſtance from him; and ſhould they deſert for want of their pay, he muſt be anſwerable for it; and he could expect nothing but caſhiering for diſappointing the Queen's ſervice.—He had no friend! for he whom he had eſteemed ſo, had not only refuſed to lend him money, but had added taunts to his refuſal. He had no acquaintance there! and ſtrangers he knew would not let him have ſo large a ſum as was anſwerable to his real neceſſity. This naturally led him to reflect ſeriouſly on what had induced him to commence gameſter, and this he preſently perceived was idleneſs. He had now found the cauſe, but the cure was ſtill wanting: How was that to be effected ſo as to prevent a relapſe? Something muſt be done; ſome method muſt be purſued ſo effectually to employ his time, as to prevent his having any to throw away at gaming. It then occurred to him, that the adjutancy of the regiment was to be diſpoſed of, and this he determined to purchaſe as a poſt the moſt likely to find him a ſufficient and laudable way of paſſing his time. He had letters of credit to draw for what ſum he pleaſed for his promotion in the army; but not to throw away idly, or to encourage his extravagancy. This was well-

well: But the main difficulty remained, and he muſt get to the regiment before he could take any ſteps towards the intended purchaſe, or draw for the ſum to make it with. While he was endeavouring to fall upon ſome expedient to extricate himſelf out of this dilemma, his friend, who had refuſed him in the morning, came to pay him a viſit. After a very cool reception on the Colonel's ſide, the other began, by aſking him, what ſteps he intended to take to relieve himſelf from the anxiety he plainly ſaw he was in? The Colonel then told him all that he had thought upon that head, and the reſolution he had made of purchaſing the adjutancy as ſoon as he could join the regiment: His friend then getting up, and embracing him, ſaid, "My 'dear Daniel, I refuſed you in the morning, in that 'abrupt manner, in order to bring you to a ſenſe of 'the dangerous ſituation you were in, and to make 'you reflect ſeriouſly on the folly of the way of life 'you had got into. I heartily rejoice, that it has had 'the deſired effect. Purſue the laudable reſolution 'you have made; for, be aſſured, that IDLENESS AND GAMING ARE THE RUIN OF YOUTH. My intereſt, advice, and purſe, are now at your command: There, take it, and pleaſe yourſelf with what is ne'ceſſary to ſubſiſt yourſelf and recruits to the regi'ment." This preſently brought the Colonel off the bed; and this afternoon's behaviour entirely obliterated the harſhneſs of his friend's morning refuſal: He now viewed him in the agreeable light of a ſincere friend, and for ever after eſteemed, and found him ſuch. In ſhort, the Colonel ſet out with his recruits for the regiment, where he gained great applauſe for his ſucceſs, which, as well as his commiſſion, he had well nigh loſt by one morning's folly: He immediately ſolicited for, and purchaſed the adjutancy; and, from that day forward, never touched cards or dice, but, as they ought to be uſed, merely for diverſion, or to unbend the mind after too cloſe an attention to ſerious affairs.

FRIENDLY ADVICE TO OFFICERS.

GENEROSITY

GENEROSITY.

ONE great reaſon why men practiſe generoſity ſo little in the world, is their finding ſo little there: Generoſity is catching, and if ſo many men eſcape it, it is in a great degree from the ſame reaſon that countrymen eſcape the ſmall-pox, becauſe they meet with no one to give it them.

You prove your generoſity much leſs *at the time* you give, than *after it;* nay, rather it is often by the gift only that you prove it at all; for certainly when Tibullus told Crato, he ought to remember that horſe he gave him, he at the ſame time told him, that it was not from generoſity that he gave him the horſe.

How ſeldom is generoſity perfect and pure? How often do men give, becauſe it throws a certain inferiority on thoſe who receive, and a ſuperiority on themſelves?

We are generally obliging and ſerviceable to others, in proportion as they do not want the favour.

THE ſecond Scipio Africanus, being bound by the will of Æmelia, who had left him a large fortune, to pay at three different times to the two daughters of his grand-father by adoption, half their portions, which amounted to eleven thouſand two hundred and fifty pounds, the time for the payment of the firſt ſum being expired, Scipio put the whole money into the hands of a banker. Tiberius Gracchus and Scipio Naſica, who had married the two ſiſters, imagining that Scipio had made a miſtake, went to him, and obſerved, that the laws allowed him three years to pay that ſum in, and at three different times. Young Scipio anſwered, that he knew very well what the laws directed on this occaſion; that they might indeed be executed in their greateſt rigour with ſtrangers, but that friends and relations ought to treat one another with a more gene-

rous

rous ſimplicity; and therefore he deſired them to receive the whole ſum. They were ſtruck with ſuch admiration at the generoſity of their kinſman, that, in their return home, they reproached themſelves with their narrow way of thinking, at the time when they made the greateſt figure, and had the higheſt regard paid to them of any family in Rome. This generous action, ſays Polybius, was the more admired, becauſe no perſon in Rome, ſo far from conſenting to pay ſo large a ſum before it was due, would pay even twenty pounds before the time for payment was elapſed.

On GHOSTS and APPARITIONS.

I REMEMBER laſt winter, there were ſeveral young girls of the neighbourhood, ſitting about the fire with my landlady's daughters, and telling ſtories of ſpirits and apparitions. Upon my opening the door, the young women broke off their diſcourſe; but my landlady's daughter telling them that it was no body but the gentleman, (for that is the name that I go by in the neighbourhood, as well as in the family), they went on without minding me. I ſeated myſelf by the candle that ſtood on a table at one end of the room; and pretending to read a book that I took out of my pocket, heard ſeveral dreadful ſtories of ghoſts as pale as aſhes, that had ſtood at the foot of a bed, or walked over a church-yard by moon-light: And of others that had been conjured into the Red Sea, for diſturbing people's reſt, and drawing their curtains at midnight; with many other old womens fables of the like nature. As one ſpirit raiſed another, I obſerved, that at the end of every ſtory, the whole company cloſed their ranks, and crouded about the fire: I took notice, in particular, of a little boy, who was ſo attentive to every ſtory, that I am miſtaken if he ventures to go to bed by himſelf theſe twelve months. Indeed they

talked ſo long, that the imaginations of the whole aſſembly were manifeſtly crazed, and I am ſure will be the worſe for it as long as they live. I heard one of the girls, that had looked upon me over her ſhoulder, aſking the company how long I had been in the room, and whether I did not look paler than I uſed to do. This put me under ſome apprehenſion, that I ſhould be forced to explain myſelf, if I did not retire; for which reaſon I took the candle in my hand, and went up into my chamber, not without wondering at this unaccountable weakneſs in reaſonable creatures, that they ſhould love to aſtoniſh and terrify one another. Were I a father, I ſhould take particular care to preſerve my children from theſe little horrors of imagination, which they are apt to contract when they are young, and are not able to ſhake off when they are in years. I have known a ſoldier that has entered a breach, affrighted at his own ſhadow; and look pale upon a little ſcratching at his door, who the day before had marched up againſt a battery of cannon. There are inſtances of perſons who have been terrified even to diſtraction at the figure of a tree, or the ſhaking of a bull-ruſh. The truth of it is, I look upon a ſound imagination as the greateſt bleſſing of life, next to a clear judgement and a good conſcience. In the mean time, ſince there are very few whoſe minds are not more or leſs ſubject to theſe dreadful thoughts and apprehenſions, we ought to arm ourſelves againſt them by the dictates of reaſon and religion, *to pull the old woman out of our hearts*, and extinguiſh thoſe impertinent notions which we imbibed at a time when we were not able to judge of their abſurdity.

SPECTATOR.

GRATITUDE

GRATITUDE.

The Story of ERSKINE and FREEPORT.

THERE were two boys at Weſtminſter ſchool, whoſe names were Erſkine and Freeport. Erſkine was of a ſoft and timorous, but Freeport of a bold and hardy diſpoſition. It happened one day, that Erſkine, by ſome accident, tore a piece of a curtain which divided one part of the ſchool from the other. As the chief maſter was extremely ſevere, the poor boy, well knowing, when the maſter came in, that he would moſt certainly be laſhed, was ſeized with a ſudden panic, and fell a crying and trembling. He was obſerved by his comrades, and particularly by Freeport; who immediately came up to him, deſired him not to be concerned, and generouſly promiſed to take the blame upon himſelf. As he promiſed, ſo he performed, and was whipped for the fault accordingly. When theſe two boys were grown up to men, in the reign of King Charles the Firſt of England, the civil war betwixt the King and parliament broke out, in which they were on oppoſite ſides. Freeport was a Captain of the King's army, Erſkine a judge appointed by the parliament. In an action betwixt the King's and parliament's army, the King's army was defeated, and Captain Freeport taken priſoner. The parliament ſent Judge Erſkine to take trial of the priſoners, among whom was his once generous ſchool-fellow Freeport. They had been ſo long ſeparated, they could not know one another's faces; ſo that Judge Erſkine was on the point of condemning all the priſoners without diſtinction. But when their names were read over, before pronouncing ſentence, he heard his friend Freeport named; and, looking attentively in his face, aſked him, if ever he had been at Weſtminſter ſchool? he anſwered, he had. Erſkine ſaid no more; but immediately

diately ſtopt proceeding, rode up to London, and, in a few days, returned with a ſigned pardon in his pocket for Captain Freeport.

HAPPINESS not founded on Wealth.

YOU ſee here a notable inſtance of the uncertainty of human grandeur, and of the mutability of fortune; let it make a proper impreſſion on you all, but eſpecially on ſuch of you as are in the vigour of your age. Let not preſent proſperity ſo far puff up any man, as to make him behave with arrogance towards another; neither let any man confide in his good fortune, for he cannot tell how ſoon it may forſake him.

It is the lot of mankind, to be happy and miſerable by turns; the wiſdom of Nature will have it ſo; and it is exceedingly for our advantage it ſhould be ſo. By the mediation of this mixture, we have the comfort of hope to ſupport us in our diſtreſſes, and the apprehenſions of a change, to keep a check upon us in the very height of our greatneſs and glory; ſo that by this viciſſitude of good and evil, we are kept ſteady in our philoſophy, and in our religion. The one puts us in mind of God's omnipotence and juſtice; the other of his goodneſs and mercy: The one tells us, that there is no truſting to our ſtrength; the other preaches faith and reſignation in the proſpect of an over-ruling Providence that takes care of us.

DAMOCLES, one of the courtiers of Dionyſius the Elder, tyrant of Syracuſe, was perpetually extolling with raptures his treaſures, grandeur, the number of his troops, the extent of his dominions, the magnificence of his palaces, and the univerſal abundance of all good things and enjoyments in his poſſeſſion; always repeating, that *never man was happier than Dionyſius.* "Becauſe you are of that opinion," ſaid the tyrant, "will you taſte and make proof of my felicity in per-

"ſon?"

"ſon?" The offer was accepted with joy, Damocles was placed upon a golden bed, covered with carpets of ineſtimable valne. The ſide-boards were loaded with veſſels of gold and ſilver. The moſt beautiful ſlaves, in the moſt ſplendid habits, ſtood around him, watching the leaſt ſignal to ſerve him. The moſt exquiſite eſſence and perfumes had not been ſpared. The table was ſpread with proportionable magnificence. Damocles was all joy, and looked upon himſelf as the happieſt man in the world; when, unfortunately, caſting up his eyes, he beheld over his head the point of a ſword, which hung from the roof only by a ſingle horſe-hair. He was immediately ſeized with a cold ſweat, every thing diſappeared in an inſtant: He could ſee nothing but the ſword, nor think of any thing but his danger. In the height of his fear, he deſired permiſſion to retire, and declared he would be happy no longer. CIC. TUSC. QUÆST. lib. v. n. 61. 62.

THIS was a very natural and ſtriking repreſentation of the uncomfortable manner in which the tyrant paſſed his days, as appears from the amazing precautions he thought neceſſary for the ſecurity of his life. He wore under his robe a cuiraſs of braſs. He never harangued the people, but from the top of an high tower; and thought proper to make himſelf invulnerable, by being inacceſſible, not daring to confide in any of his friends and relations; his guard was compoſed of ſlaves and ſtrangers: He went abroad as little as poſſible, fear obliging him to condemn himſelf to a kind of impriſonment. Theſe extraordinary precautions regard, no doubt, certain intervals of his reign, when frequent conſpiracies againſt him rendered him more timid and ſuſpicious than uſual; for, at other times, he converſed freely enough with the people, and was acceſſible even to familiarity. In thoſe dark days of diſtruſt and fear, he fancied that he ſaw all mankind in arms againſt him. A word which eſcaped his barber, who boaſted, by way of jeſt, that he held a razor at the tyrant's throat every week, coſt him his life. From thenceforth, not to abandon his head and life to the hands of a barber,

he made his daughters, though very young, do him that deſpicable office; and, when they were more advanced in years, he took the ſciſſars and razors from them, and taught them to ſinge off his beard with hot ſhells. He was at laſt reduced to do himſelf that office, not daring, it ſeems, to truſt his daughters any longer. He never went into the chamber of his wives at night, till they had firſt been ſearched with the utmoſt care and circumſpection. His bed was ſurrounded with a very broad and deep trench, with a ſmall drawbridge over it for the entrance: After having well locked and bolted the doors of the apartment, he drew up the bridge, that he might ſleep in ſecurity. Neither his brother, nor even his ſon, could be admitted into his chamber, without changing their cloaths, and being viſited by the guards. Was this to live, to reign?

DIONYSIUS was ſucceeded by one of his own ſons, of his own name, commonly called Dionyſius the Younger. He ſaw himſelf poſſeſſed of the moſt powerful kingdom that had ever been uſurped by tyrants. He had poſſeſſed it ten years entire; but, in the midſt of all his greatneſs, his citadel was attacked, his treaſures ſeized, and he himſelf was obliged to ſurrender up his perſon. He was ſent to Corinth, with only one galley without convoy, and with very little money. He ſerved there for a ſight, every body running to gaze at him; ſome with a ſecret joy of heart, to feed their eyes with the view of the miſeries of a man, whom the name of tyrant rendered odious; others with a kind of compaſſion, from comparing the ſplendid condition from which he had fallen, with the inextricable abyſs of diſtreſs into which they beheld him plunged. We are told likewiſe, that the extreme poverty to which he was reduced at Corinth, obliged him to open a ſchool, and to teach children to read; perhaps, ſays Cicero, (without doubt jeſtingly) to retain a ſpecies of empire, and not abſolutely to renounce the habit and pleaſure of commanding. Whether that was his motive or not, it is certain that he, who had ſeen himſelf maſter

maſter of Syracuſe, and of almoſt all Sicily, who had poſſeſſed immenſe riches, and had numerous fleets, and great armies of horſe and foot, under his command; that the ſame Dionyſius, reduced now almoſt to beggary, and from a *king* become a *ſchoolmaſter*, was a good leſſon for perſons of exalted ſtations not to confide in their grandeur, nor to rely too much upon their fortune. The Lacedemonians, ſome time after, gave Philip this admonition, that Prince having wrote to them in very haughty and menacing terms, they made him no other anſwer, but, "Dionyſius at Co-"rinth."

The ART of HAPPINESS.

Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleaſure's ſmiling train;
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of Pain. POPE.

A GOOD temper is one of the principal ingredients of happineſs. This, it will be ſaid, is the work of nature, and muſt be born with us: And ſo in a good meaſure it is; yet oftentimes it may be acquired by art, and always improved by culture. Almoſt every object that attracts our notice, has its bright and its dark ſide: He that habituates himſelf to look at the diſpleaſing ſide, will ſour his diſpoſition, and conſequently impair his happineſs; while he who conſtantly beholds it on the bright ſide, inſenſibly meliorates his temper, and, in conſequence of it, improves his own happineſs, and the happineſs of all about him.

Arachne and Meliſſa are two friends. They are both of them women in years, and alike in birth, fortune, education, and, accompliſhments. They were originally alike in temper too; but by different management, are grown the reverſe of each other. Arachne has accuſtomed herſelf to look only on the dark ſide of every object. If a new poem or play makes its appearance, with a thouſand brilliancies, and but one

or

or two blemiſhes, ſhe ſlightly ſkims over the paſſages that ſhould give her pleaſure, and dwells upon thoſe only that fill her with diſlike. If you ſhew her a very excellent portrait, ſhe looks at ſome part of the drapery which has been neglected, or to a hand or finger which has been left unfiniſhed. Her garden is a very beautiful one, and kept with great neatneſs and elegancy; but if you take a walk with her in it, ſhe talks to you of nothing but blights and ſtorms, of ſnails and caterpillars, and how impoſſible it is to keep it from the litter of falling leaves and worm caſts. If you ſit down in one of her temples, to enjoy a delightful proſpect, ſhe obſerves to you, that there is too much wood, or too little water; that the day is too ſunny, or too gloomy; that it is ſultry or windy; and finiſhes with a long harangue upon the wretchedneſs of our climate. When you return with her to the company, in hopes of a little chearful converſation, ſhe caſts a gloom over all, by giving you the hiſtory of her own bad health, or of ſome melancholy accident that has befallen one of her daughter's children. Thus ſhe inſenſibly ſinks her own ſpirits, and the ſpirits of all around her, and at laſt diſcovers, ſhe knows not why, that her friends are grave.

Meliſſa is the reverſe of all this. By conſtantly habituating herſelf to look only on the bright ſide of objects, ſhe preſerves a perpetual chearfulneſs in herſelf, which, by a kind of happy contagion, ſhe communicates to all about her. If any misfortune has befallen her, ſhe conſiders it might have been worſe, and is thankful to Providence for an eſcape. She rejoices in ſolitude, as it gives her an opportunity of knowing herſelf; and in ſociety, becauſe ſhe can communicate the happineſs ſhe enjoys. She oppoſes every man's virtues to his failings, and can find out ſomething to cheriſh and applaud in the very worſt of her acquaintance. She opens every book, with a deſire to be entertained or inſtructed, and therefore ſeldom miſſes what ſhe looks for. Walk with her, though it be but on a heath or a common, and ſhe will diſcover numberleſs beauties unobſerved before, in the hills, the

dales,

dales, the brooms, brakes, and the variegated flowers of weeds and poppies. She enjoys every change of weather and of ſeaſon, as bringing with it ſomething of health or convenience. In converſation it is a rule with her never to ſtart a ſubject that leads to any thing gloomy or diſagreeable; you therefore never hear her repeating her own grievances, or thoſe of her neighbours, or (what is worſt of all) their faults and imperfections. If any thing of the latter kind be mentioned in her hearing, ſhe has the addreſs to turn it into entertainment, by changing the moſt odious railing into a pleaſant rallery. Thus Meliſſa, like the bee, gathers honey from every weed; while Arachne, like the ſpider, ſucks poiſon from the faireſt flowers. The conſequence is, that of two tempers, once very nearly allied, the one is for ever ſour and diſſatisfied, the other always gay and chearful: The one ſpreads an univerſal gloom; the other a continual ſunſhine.

There is nothing more worthy of our attention than this art of happineſs. In converſation, as well as life, happineſs very often depends upon the ſlighteſt incidents. The taking notice of the badneſs of the weather, a north-eaſt wind, the approach of winter, or any trifling circumſtance of the diſagreeable kind, ſhall inſenſibly rob a whole company of its good humour, and fling every member of it into the vapours. If therefore we would be happy in ourſelves, and are deſirous of communicating that happineſs to all about us, theſe *minutiæ* of converſation ought carefully to be attended to. The brightneſs of the ſky, the lengthening of the days, the encreaſing verdure of the ſpring, the arrival of any little piece of good news, or whatever carries with it the moſt diſtant glimpſe of joy, ſhall frequently be the parent of a ſocial and happy converſation. Good manners exact from us this regard to our company. The clown may repine at the ſunſhine that ripens his harveſt, becauſe his turnips are burnt up by it; but the man of refinement will extract pleaſure from the thunder-ſtorm to which he is expoſed, by remarking on the plenty and refreſhment, which may be expected from ſuch a ſhower.

Thus

Thus does good manners, as well as good ſenſe, direct us to look at every object on the bright ſide; and, by thus acting, we cheriſh and improve both the one and the other. By this practice it is, that Meliſſa is become the wiſeſt and the beſt-bred woman living: And by this practice, may every man and woman arrive at that eaſy benevolence of temper, which the world calls good nature, and the Scripture charity, whoſe natural and never-failing fruit is HAPPINESS.

WORLD.

HONOUR.

THERE is nothing honourable that is not innocent, and nothing mean but what has guilt in it. He that can ſay to himſelf, I do as much good, and am as virtuous as my moſt earneſt endeavours will allow me, whatever is his ſtation in the world, is to himſelf poſſeſſed of the higheſt honour: But falſe notions of honour are the greateſt depravities of human nature, by giving wrong, ambitious, and falſe ideas of what is good and laudable.

IN the year 1746, when we were in hot war with Spain, the Elizabeth, of London, Captain William Edwards, coming through the Gulph from Jamaica, richly laden, met with a moſt violent ſtorm, in which the ſhip ſprung a leak, that obliged them, for the ſaving of their lives, to run into the Havannah, a Spaniſh port. The Captain went on ſhore, and directly waited on the Governor, told the occaſion of his putting in, and that he ſurrendered the ſhip as a prize, and himſelf and his men as priſoners of war, only requeſting good quarter. "No, Sir," replied the Spaniſh governor, "if we had taken you in fair war at ſea, or "approaching our coaſt with hoſtile intentions, your "ſhip would then have been a prize, and your people "priſoners; but, when diſtreſſed by a tempeſt, you

"come

"come into our ports, for the ſafety of your lives, we, "though enemies, being men, are bound, as ſuch, by "the laws of humanity, to afford relief to diſtreſſed "men who aſk it of us. We cannot, even againſt our "enemies, take advantage of an act of God. You "have leave therefore, to unload your ſhip, if that "be neceſſary, to ſtop the leak; you may refit her "here, and traffic, ſo far as ſhall be neceſſary, to pay "the charges; you may then depart, and I will give "you a paſs, to be in force till you are beyond Bermu-"da: If after that you are taken, you will then be a "lawful prize; but now you are only a ſtranger, and "have a ſtranger's right to ſafety and protection." The ſhip accordingly departed, and arrived ſafe in London.

A REMARKABLE example of the like honour is recorded of a poor unenlightened African negro, in Captain Seagrove's account of his voyage to Guinea.

A New-England ſloop, trading there in 1752, left here a ſecond mate, William Murray, ſick on ſhore, and ſailed without him. Murray was at the houſe of a black, named Cudjoe, with whom he had contracted an acquaintance during their trade. He recovered, and the ſloop being gone, he continued with his black friend till ſome other opportunity ſhould offer of his getting home. In the mean time, a Dutch ſhip came into the road, and ſome of the blacks coming on board her, were treacherouſly ſeized and carried off as their ſlaves. The relations and friends, tranſported with ſudden rage, ran to the houſe of Cudjoe, to take re-venge, by killing Murray: Cudjoe ſtopt them at the door, and demanded what they wanted. "The white "men," ſaid they, "have carried away our brothers "and ſons, and we will kill all white men. Give us "the white man you have in your houſe, for we will "kill him." Nay," ſaid Cudjoe, "the white men "that carried away your relations are bad men, kill "them when you can take them; but this white man "is a good man, and you muſt not kill him.—"But he "is a white man," they cried, "and the white men

"are

" are all bad men, we will kill them all." "Nay," ſays he, "you muſt not kill a man that has done no "harm, only for being white. This man is my friend, "my houſe is his poſt, I am his ſoldier, and muſt fight "for him; you muſt kill me before you can kill him. "What good man will ever come again under my "roof, if I let my floor be ſtained with a good man's "blood?"

The negroes ſeeing his reſolution, and being convinced, by his diſcourſe, that they were wrong, went away aſhamed. In a few days, Murray ventured abroad again with his friend Cudjoe, when ſeveral of them took him by the hand, and told him, "They "were glad they had not killed him; for as he was a "good (meaning innocent) man, their God would "have been very angry, and would have ſpoiled their "fiſhing."

HUMANITY.

BY humanity I underſtand the concern men feel for the human ſpecies in general, for this ſingle reaſon, that they are men like themſelves, without being united either by the ties of blood, of love, or friendſhip.

We muſt not do that to another which we would not have him do to us. This is the rule which determines what kind of treatment is forbidden by nature, with reſpect to the reſt of mankind: Every thing which, were it done to ourſelves, would appear hard, barbarous, and cruel, is compriſed in this prohibition.

PYRRHUS, having put to flight the army of Antigonus, ſeized his kingdom (Macedonia); but both armies meeting again at Argos, the inhabitants ſent deputies, humbly requeſting, that neither of them would enter the city. The requeſt was granted; but, contrary to his promiſe, the ſame night Pyrrhus ruſhed with

with his forces into the town. The affrighted inhabitants immediately ſent to Antigonus for aſſiſtance, whereupon a battle enſued in the ſtreets; and, in the morning, Pyrrhus was found among the ſlain. Alcyoneus, the ſon of Antigonus, taking the head by the hair, rode with it full ſpeed to his father, and, finding him talking with ſome of his favourites, threw it at his feet. Antigonus, looking upon it, and knowing it, not only thruſt his ſon from him with diſdain, but ſtruck him with his battoon: "Barbarous wretch," ſaid he, "why doſt thou think that he whoſe grandfather was "ſlain, and whoſe father died a captive, ſhould re-"joice at ſuch a ſight." Then, taking the robe from his ſhoulders, he covered the head, and at the ſame time let fall a ſhower of tears, giving orders that the body ſhould be careſully looked for, and that they ſhould be burnt with all the funeral honours due to a King. While he was thus ſpeaking, Alcyoneus, having diſcovered Helenus, the ſon of Pyrrhus, in a thread-bare coat, he ſpoke to him kindly, and, with great reſpect, preſented him to his father: "Well, "my ſon," ſaid Antigonus, "this is better than you "did before; however, you have done leſs than your "duty ſtill, in that you have ſuffered a perſon of qua-"lity to approach me in that thread-bare coat, which "is not a diſgrace to him, but to our victory." Having then comforted Helenus for the loſs of his father, he entertained him kindly, and afterwards ſet him at liberty, and ſent him home to Epirus.

PLUT. IN VIT. PYRRHO. JUSTIN, lib. XXV. c. 5.

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

When my freed ſoul to its bright ſphere ſhall fly,
Through boundleſs orbs eternal regions ſpy,
And like the ſun be all one glorious eye.

SHAKESPEARE.

I WAS yeſterday walking alone, in one of my friend's woods, and loſt myſelf in it very agreeably, as I

was running over in my mind the ſeveral arguments that eſtabliſh the great point, which is the baſis of mortality, and the ſource of all the pleaſing hopes and ſecret joys that can ariſe in the heart of a reaſonable creature, *viz.* the immortality of the ſoul, I conſidered thoſe ſeveral proofs drawn.

Firſt, From the nature of the ſoul itſelf, and particularly its immateriality; which, though not abſolutely neceſſary to the eternity of its duration, has, I think, been evinced to almoſt a demonſtration.

Secondly, From its paſſions and ſentiments, as, particularly, from its love of exiſtence, its horror of annihilation, and its hopes of immortality; with that ſecret ſatisfaction which it finds in the practice of virtue, and that uneaſineſs which follows in it upon the commiſſion of vice.

Thirdly, From the nature of the ſupreme Being, whoſe juſtice, goodneſs, wiſdom, and veracity, are all concerned in this great point.

But among theſe and other excellent arguments for the immortality of the ſoul, there is one drawn from the perpetual progreſs of the ſoul to its perfection, without a poſſibility of ever arriving at it; which is a hint that I do not remember to have ſeen opened and improved by others who have written on this ſubject, tho' it ſeems to me to carry a great weight with it. How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the ſoul, which is capable of ſuch immenſe perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, ſhall fall away into nothing, almoſt as ſoon as it is created? Are ſuch abilities made for no purpoſe? A brute arrives at a point of perfection that he can never paſs: In a few years, he has all the endowments he is capable of; and were he to live ten thouſand more, would be the ſame thing he is at preſent. Were a human ſoul thus at a ſtand in his accompliſhments, were its faculties to be full blown, and incapable of further enlargement, I would imagine it might fall away inſenſibly, and drop at once into a ſtate of annihilation. But can we believe a thinking being, that is in a perpetual progreſs of improvements, and travelling on from perfection to perfection,

fection, after having juſt looked abroad into the works of its Creator, and made a few diſcoveries of his infinite goodneſs, wiſdom, and power, muſt periſh at its firſt ſetting out, and in the very beginning of its enquiries?

A man, conſidered in his preſent ſtate, ſeems only ſent into the world to propagate his kind. He provides himſelf with a ſucceſſor, and immediately quits his poſt to make room for him. He does not ſeem born to enjoy life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not ſurpriſing to conſider in animals, which are formed for our uſe, and can finiſh their buſineſs in a ſhort life. The ſilk-worm, after having ſpun her taſk, lays her eggs and dies. But a man can never have taken in his full meaſure of knowledge, has not time to ſubdue his paſſions, eſtabliſh his ſoul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the ſtage. Would an infinitely wiſe Being make ſuch glorious creatures for ſo mean a purpoſe? Can he delight in the production of ſuch abortive intelligences, ſuch ſhort-lived reaſonable beings? Would he give us talents that are not to be exerted? Capacities that are not to be gratified? How can we find that wiſdom, which ſhines through all his works, in the formation of man, without looking on this world as only a nurſery for the next, and believing that the ſeveral generations of rational creatures, which riſe up and diſappear in ſuch quick ſucceſſions, are only to receive their firſt rudiments of exiſtence here, and afterwards to be tranſplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may ſpread and flouriſh to all eternity?

There is not, in my opinion, a more pleaſing and triumphant conſideration in religion, than this of the perpetual progreſs which the ſoul makes towards the perfection of his nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the ſoul as going on from ſtrength to ſtrength, to conſider that it is to ſhine for ever with new acceſſions of glory, and brighten to all eternity; that it will be ſtill adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge; carries in it ſomething wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural

to the mind of man. Nay, it muſt be a proſpect pleaſing to God himſelf, to ſee his creation for ever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer to him by greater degrees of reſemblance.

Methinks this ſingle conſideration of the progreſs of a finite ſpirit to perfection, will be ſufficient to extinguiſh all envy in inferior nature, and all contempt in ſuperior. That Cherubim which now appears as a God to a human ſoul, knows very well that the period will come about in eternity, when the human ſoul will be as perfect as he himſelf now is; nay, when it ſhall look down upon that degree of perfection, as much as it now falls ſhort of it. It is true, the higher nature ſtill advances, and by that means preſerves the diſtance and ſuperiority in the ſcale of beings; but he knows, how high ſoever the ſtation is of which he ſtands poſſeſſed at preſent, the inferior nature will at length mount up to it, and ſhine forth in the ſame degree of glory.

With what aſtoniſhment and veneration may we look into our own ſouls, where there are ſuch hidden ſtores of virtue and knowledge, ſuch inexhauſted ſources of perfection? We know not yet what we ſhall be, nor will it ever enter into the heart of man to conceive the glory that will be always in reſerve for him. The ſoul, conſidered with its Creator, is like one of thoſe mathematical lines that may draw nearer to one another to all eternity, without a poſſibility of touching it: And can there be a thought ſo tranſporting, as to conſider ourſelves in theſe perpetual approaches to him, who is not only the ſtandard of perfection but of happineſs? SPECTATOR.

INDOLENCE.

A LAZY perſon is, of all others, the moſt incapable of pleaſure; a wretch who, ſlumbering in a perpetual lethargy, cannot be ſtimulated to action, or rouzed from his inſenſibility. He is his own burden,

den, and would fain fly from himſelf, but is not able: That eternal inappetency, which he drags about with him, aſſumes a thouſand different forms for his own puniſhment, and that of others: Now it is laſſitude—he feels himſelf dull, heavy, and not able to move ſo much as a finger. It is now indiſpoſition—he finds himſelf oppreſſed by a diſorder which he cannot define: At other times, it is a melancholy, of which he knows not the cauſe; and his temper is always uneven, capricious, and ſplenetic. If his word may be taken, no man was ever ſo ill treated: He lives neglected, ſuffers unpitied, and, ſhould he die, would be unlamented by the whole circle of his acquaintance, who are ſo deſtitute of compaſſion, as to wiſh he was in the grave. This, indeed, would be to wiſh him well: For the gloomy habit of his mind, his indolence, and want of exerciſe, will ſhortly realize all his imaginary diſorders; and he will be to-morrow, if he is not to-day, pale, dejected, languid, and totally debilitated in body and mind. And is life a benefit to thoſe who preſerve it on ſuch conditions as theſe? Supineneſs and effeminacy have ruined more conſtitutions, than exceſſive labour; and moderate exerciſe, far from being deſtructive to health, eſtabliſhes and ſtrengthens it.

The activity of our minds, the ſtructure of our bodies, the vigour and mobility of their organs, and, above all, our continually returning neceſſities, demonſtrates, that the hand which formed us, formed us for a buſy and active life; and the end for which the Creator deſigned us is, undoubtedly, the beſt to which we can poſſibly attain. That the neceſſity of labour ought to be regarded as a puniſhment, is a mean and ſordid opinion, invented by the effeminate and lazy: On the contrary, if God had prohibited labour, ſuch prohibition might juſtly have been deemed a token of his diſpleaſure; for inaction is a kind of lethargy, equally pernicious to the mind and body.

THEODOSIUS, the Roman Emperor, had been uſed, when a child, to ſign all the acts which were brought to him by his miniſters, without reading them;

and he was ſo indolent and thoughtleſs, as to continue the ſame cuſtom even after he was married. His ſiſter Pulcheria, to apprize him of the evil conſequences that might attend it, cauſed an act to be drawn up, whereby he yielded to her for ever the Empreſs Eudocia as her ſlave. This act the Emperor ſigned, as uſual, without peruſing it, or even enquiring what it contained. Some ſhort time after, his ſiſter preſented him with the act, and deſired he would read it. He did; but was ſo aſhamed of his paſt indolence and neglect, that he never after ſigned any papers, till he had either attentively read them himſelf, or was well informed what they contained. UNIV. HIST. vol. XVI.

I cannot diſmiſs this ſubject, without quoting the following paſſage from the Spectator.

IDLENESS is ſo general a diſtemper, that I cannot but imagine a ſpeculation on this ſubject will be of univerſal uſe. There is hardly any one perſon without ſome allay of it; and thouſands beſides myſelf ſpend more time in an idle uncertainty, whether of two affairs to begin firſt, than would have been ſufficient to have ended them both. The occaſion of this ſeems to be the want of ſome neceſſary employment, to put the ſpirits in motion, and to awaken them out of their lethargy. If I had leſs leiſure, I ſhould have more; for I ſhould then find time diſtinguiſhed into portions, ſome for buſineſs, and others for the indulging of pleaſures: But now one face of indolence overſpreads the whole, and I have no land-mark to direct myſelf by. Were one's time a little ſtraitened by buſineſs, like water enclоſed in its banks, it would have ſome determined courſe; but unleſs it be put into ſome channel, it has no current, but becomes a deluge without either uſe or motion.

When Scanderberg, Prince of Epirus, was dead, the Turks, who had but too often felt the force of his arm in the battles he had won from them, imagined that by wearing a piece of his bones near their hearts, they ſhould be animated with a vigour and force like to that which

which inſpired him when living. As I am like to be but of little uſe while I live, I am reſolved to do what good I can after my deceaſe; and have accordingly ordered my bones to be diſpoſed of in this manner, for the good of my countrymen, who are troubled with too exorbitant a degree of fire. All fox-hunters, upon wearing me, would, in a ſhort time, be brought to endure their beds in a morning, and perhaps even quit them with regret at ten: Inſtead of hurrying away to teaze a poor animal, and run away from their own thoughts, a chair or a chariot would be thought the moſt deſirable means of performing a remove from one place to another. I ſhould be a cure for the unnatural deſire of John Trott for dancing, and a ſpecific to leſſen the inclination Mrs Fridget has to motion, and cauſe her always to give her approbation to the preſent place ſhe is in. In fine, no Egyptian mummy was ever half ſo uſeful in phyſic, as I ſhould be to theſe feveriſh conſtitutions, to repreſs theſe violent ſallies of youth, and to give each action its proper weight and repoſe.

I can ſtifle any violent inclination, and oppoſe a torrent of anger, or the ſolicitations of revenge, with ſucceſs. But indolence is a ſtream which flows ſlowly on, but yet undermines the foundation of every virtue. A vice of a more lively nature were a more deſireable tyrant, than this ruſt of the mind, which gives a tincture of its nature to every action of one's life. It were as little hazard to be toſt in a ſtorm, as to lie thus perpetually becalmed: And it is to no purpoſe to have within one the ſeeds of a thouſand good qualities, if we want the vigour and reſolution neceſſary for the exerting them. Death brings all perſons back to an equality; and this image of it, this ſlumber of the mind, leaves no difference between the greateſt genius and the meaneſt underſtanding: A faculty of doing things remarkably praiſe-worthy thus concealed, is of no more uſe to the owner, than a heap of gold to the man who dares not uſe it.

To-morrow is ſtill the fatal time when all is to be rectified: To-morrow comes, it goes, and ſtill I pleaſe myſelf with the ſhadow, whilſt I loſe the reality; unmindful

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mindful that the preſent time alone is ours, the future is yet unborn, and the paſt is dead, and can only live (as parents in their children) in the actions it has produced.

The time we live ought not to be computed by the number of years, but by the uſe which has been made of it; thus it is not the extent of ground, but the yearly rent, which gives the value to the eſtate. Wretched and thoughtleſs creatures, in the only place where covetouſneſs were a virtue, we turn prodigals! Nothing lies upon our hands with ſuch uneaſineſs, nor has there been ſo many devices for any one thing, as to make it ſlide away imperceptibly, and to no purpoſe. A ſhilling ſhall be hoarded up with care, whilſt that which is above the price of an eſtate, is flung away with diſregard and contempt. There is nothing now-a-days ſo much avoided, as a ſolicitous improvement of every part of time; it is a report muſt be ſhunned as one tenders the name of a wit and a fine genius, and as one fears the dreadful character of a laborious plodder: But notwithſtanding this, the greateſt wits any age has produced, thought far otherwiſe; for who can think, either Socrates or Demoſthenes loſt any reputation, by their continual pains both in overcoming their defects, and improving the gifts of nature. All are acquainted with the labour and aſſiduity with which Tully acquired his eloquence. Seneca, in his letters to Lucelius, aſſures him, there was not a day in which he did not either write ſomething, or read and epitomiſe ſome good author; and I remember Pliny, in one of his letters, where he gives an account of the various methods he uſed to fill up every vacancy of time, after ſeveral employments which he enumerates; ſometimes, ſays he, I hunt; but even then I carry with me a pocket-book, that whilſt my ſervants are buſied in diſpoſing of the nets and other matters, I may be employed in ſomething that may be uſeful to me in my ſtudies; and that if I miſs of my game, I may at the leaſt bring home ſome of my own thoughts with me, and not have the mortification of having caught nothing all day.

Thus, Sir, you ſee how many examples I recal to ind, and what arguments I uſe with myſelf, to regain y liberty: But as I am afraid it is no ordinary per-aſion that will be of ſervice, I ſhall expect your oughts on this ſubject, with the greateſt impatience, pecially ſince the good will not be confined to me a-ne, but will be of univerſal uſe. For there are no pes of amendment, where men are pleaſed with their in, and whilſt they think lazineſs is a deſireable cha-cter: Whether it be that they like the ſtate itſelf, or at they think it gives them a new luſtre, when they exert themſelves, ſeemingly to be able to do that with-t labour and application, which others attain to but ith the greateſt diligence.

SIMON SLOW.

INDUSTRY.

OVE labour: If you do not want it for food, you may for phyſic. He is idle that might be better nployed. The idle man is more perplexed what to , than the induſtrious in doing what he ought. There e but few who know how to be idle and innocent. y doing nothing, we learn to do ill.

The ordinary manner of ſpending their time, is the ly way of judging of any one's inclination and ge-us.

LYSANDER, the famous Lacedemonian general, aving brought magnificent preſents to Cyrus, the ounger ſon of Darius, King of Perſia, that young rince, who piqued himſelf more upon his integrity nd politeneſs, than nobility and grandeur, pleaſed mſelf with conducting in perſon ſo illuſtrious a gueſt rough his gardens, and to make him obſerve the va-ous beauties of them. Lyſander, ſtruck with ſo fine proſpect, admired the manner in which the ſeveral parts

parts were laid out; the height and projection of the trees; the neatneſs and diſpoſition of the walks; the abundance of fruits, planted with an art which had known how to unite the uſeful with the agreeable; the beauty of the parterres, and the glowing variety of flowers, exhaling odours univerſally throughout the delightful ſcene. "Every thing charms and tranſports "me in this place," ſaid Lyſander, addreſſing himſelf to Cyrus; "but what ſtrikes me moſt, is the exquiſite "taſte, and elegant induſtry of the perſon, who drew "the plan of the ſeveral parts of this garden, and gave "it the fine order, wonderful diſpoſition, and happi-"neſs of ſymmetry, which I cannot ſufficiently ad-"mire." Cyrus, infinitely pleaſed with this diſcourſe, replied, "It was I that drew the plan, and entirely "marked it out; and not only that, many of the trees "which you ſee, were planted with my own hands." "What!" replied Lyſander, viewing him from head to foot, "is it poſſible, with theſe purple robes and "ſplendid veſtments, thoſe ſtrings of jewels and brace-"lets of gold, thoſe buſkins ſo richly embroidered, that "you could play the gardener, and employ your royal "hands in planting trees?" "Does that ſurpriſe "you," ſaid Cyrus: "I proteſt, with the utmoſt ſin-"cerity, that when my health admits, I never ſit down "to table, without having made myſelf ſweat with "ſome fatigue or other, either in military exerciſe, "rural labour, or ſome other toilſome employment, "to which I apply with pleaſure, and without ſparing "myſelf." Lyſander was amazed at this diſcourſe, and preſſing him by the hand, "Cyrus," ſaid he, "you "are truly happy, and deſerve your high fortune, be-"cauſe you unite it with virtue."

CIC. DE SENECT. 59.

THE character of King Edward the Elder, in private life, not only deſerves praiſe, but calls for imitation. The education of his children peculiarly engroſſed his care, and was conducted by a plan that is as commendable as it is ſingular. His daughters were inſtructed, at their leiſure hours, in all thoſe branches of learning

learning which were proper to adorn their minds; and at other times exerciſed their diſtaff, and employed themſelves at their needles. And this was ſo far from diſparaging them in the eyes of the other ſex, that it ſtrongly recommended them to the eſteem even of foreign potentates; and four of his daughters were married to foreign Princes, Kings, and Emperors. His ſons were ſo inured to ſtudy, that, like Plato's philoſophers, they were maſters of every uſeful ſcience, and fit to aſſume the reins of government with dignity and applauſe.

HIST. ENGL. Reign of Edw. Elder.

INGRATITUDE.

INGRATITUDE is a crime ſo ſhameful, that there never was a man found that would own himſelf guilty of it.

The ungrateful are neither fit to ſerve the gods, their country, nor their friends.

Ingratitude perverts all the meaſures of religion and ſociety, by making it dangerous to be charitable and good natured: However, it is better to expoſe ourſelves to ingratitude, than to be wanting to the diſtreſſed.

Great minds, like Heaven, are pleas'd with doing good;
Though the ungrateful ſubjects of their favours
Are barren in return.

A MACEDONIAN ſoldier had, in many inſtances, diſtinguiſhed himſelf by extraordinary acts of valour, and had received many marks of Philip's favour and approbation. On ſome occaſion, he embarked on board a veſſel, which was wrecked by a violent ſtorm, and he himſelf caſt on ſhore, helpleſs, naked, and ſcarcely with the appearance of life. One of the ſame

ſame country, whoſe lands lay contiguous to the ſce
came opportunely to be witneſs of his diſtreſs, and
with the utmoſt humanity and concern, flew to the re
lief of the unhappy ſtranger. He bore him to h
houſe, laid him in his bed, revived, cheriſhed, and
for forty days, ſupplied him freely with all the ne
ceſſaries and conveniencies which his languiſhing con
dition could require. The ſoldier, thus happily re
cued from death, was inceſſant in the warmeſt ex
preſſions of gratitude to his benefactor, aſſured hi
of his intereſt with the King, and of his power and re
ſolution of obtaining for him, from the royal bounty
the noble returns which ſuch extraordinary benevo
lence had merited. He was now completely recove
ed, and his kind hoſt ſupplied him with money to pur
ſue his journey. Some time after, he preſented him
ſelf before the King, he recounted his misfortune
magnified his ſervices; and this inhuman wretch, wh
had looked with an eye of envy on the poſſeſſions o
the man who had preſerved his life, was now ſo aban
doned to all ſenſe of gratitude, as to requeſt that th
King would beſtow upon him the houſe and land
where he had been ſo kindly and tenderly entertained
Unhappily Philip, without examination, inconſiderate
ly and precipitately granted his infamous requeſt; an
this ſoldier now returned to his preſerver, and repai
his goodneſs, by driving him from his ſettlement, an
taking immediate poſſeſſion of all the fruits of his hone
induſtry. The poor man, ſtung with this inſtance o
unparalleled ingratitude and inſenſibility, boldly deter
mined, inſtead of ſubmitting to his wrong, to ſeek re
lief; and, in a letter addreſſed to Philip, repreſente
his own and the ſoldier's conduct, in a lively and affect
ing manner. The King was fired with indignation
He ordered juſtice ſhould be inſtantly done; that th
poſſeſſions ſhould be immediately reſtored to the ma
whoſe charitable offices had been thus horridly repaid
and having ſeized his ſoldier, cauſed theſe words to b
branded on his forehead, *The ungrateful gueſt*; a cha
racter infamous in every age, and among all nations
but particularly among the Greeks, who, from the ear
lieſt

eſt times, were moſt jealouſly obſervant of the laws f hoſpitality.

INGRATITUDE puniſhed.

He that's ungrateful, has no fault but one,
All other crimes may paſs for virtues in him.

YOUNG.

A DERVISE, venerable by his age, fell ill in the houſe of a woman who had been long a widow, nd lived in extreme poverty in the ſuburbs of Balſora. He was ſo touched with the care and zeal with which he had aſſiſted him, that, at his departure, he ſaid to er, I have remarked, that you have wherewith to ubſiſt alone, but that you have not ſubſiſtence enough o ſhare it with your only ſon, the young Abdallah. If ou will truſt him to my care, I will endeavour to acnowledge, in his perſon, the obligations I have to ou for your care of me. The good woman received is propoſal with joy; and the Derviſe departed with he young man, adverti ſing her, that they muſt perform journey which would laſt near two years. As they avelled, he kept him in affluence, gave him excellent ſtructions, cured him of a dangerous diſeaſe with hich he was attacked; in fine, he took the ſame care f him, as if he had been his own ſon. Abdallah a undred times teſtified his gratitude to him for all his ounties; but the old man always anſwered, "My ſon, it is by actions that gratitude is proved; we ſhall ſee, in a proper time and place, whether you are ſo grateful as you pretend."

One day, as they continued their travels, they found emſelves in a ſolitary place, and the Derviſe ſaid to bdallah, "My ſon, we are now at the end of our journey; I ſhall employ my prayers to obtain from Heaven, that the earth may open, and make an entrance wide enough to permit thee to deſcend in-

" to a place, where thou wilt find one of the greateſt " treaſures that the earth incloſes in her bowels. Haſt " thou courage to deſcend into this ſubterraneous " vault?" continued he. Abdallah ſwore to him, he might depend upon his obedience and zeal. Then the Derviſe lighted a ſmall fire, into which he caſt a perfume; he read and prayed for ſome moments, after which the earth opened, and the Derviſe ſaid to him, " Thou mayeſt now enter, my dear Abdallah; remem- " ber that it is in thy power to do me a great ſervice, " and that this is, perhaps, the only opportunity thou " canſt ever have of teſtifying to me, that thou art not " ungrateful: Do not let thyſelf be dazzled by all the " riches that thou wilt find there; think only of ſeizing " upon an iron candleſtick with twelve branches, " which thou wilt find cloſe to a door; that is abſo- " lutely neceſſary to me; come up immediately and " bring it to me." Abdallah promiſed every thing, and deſcended boldly into the vault. But forgetting what had been expreſsly recommended to him, whilſt he was filling his veſt and his boſom with gold and jewels, which this ſubterraneous vault incloſed in prodigious heaps, the opening by which he had entered, cloſed of itſelf. He had, however, preſence of mind enough to ſeize upon the iron candleſtick, which the Derviſe had ſo ſtrongly recommended to him; and tho' the ſituation he was in was very terrible, he did not abandon himſelf to deſpair; and thinking only in what manner he ſhould get out of a place which might become his grave, he apprehended, that the vault had cloſed only becauſe he had not followed the order of the Derviſe; he recalled to his memory the care and goodneſs he had loaded him with; reproached himſelf with his ingratitude, and finiſhed his meditation, by humbling himſelf before God. At length, after much pains and inquietude, he was fortunate enough to find a narrow paſſage which led him out of this obſcure cave; though it was not till he had followed it a conſiderable way, that he perceived a ſmall opening covered with briars and thorns, through which he returned to the light of the ſun. He looked on all ſides, to ſee

if he could perceive the Derviſe, but in vain; he deſigned to deliver him the iron candleſtick he ſo much wiſhed for, and formed a deſign of quitting him, being rich enough with what he had taken out of the cavern, to live in affluence without his aſſiſtance.

Not perceiving the Derviſe, nor remembering any of the places through which he had paſſed, he went on as fortune had directed him, and was extremely aſtoniſhed to find himſelf oppoſite to his mother's houſe, which he imagined he was at a great diſtance from. She immediately enquired after the holy Derviſe. Abdallah told her frankly what had happened to him, and the danger he had run to ſatisfy his unreaſonable deſires; he afterwards ſhewed her the riches with which he was loaded. His mother concluded, upon the ſight of them, that the Derviſe only deſigned to make trial of his courage and his obedience, and that they ought to make uſe of the happineſs which fortune had preſented to them; adding, that doubtleſs ſuch was the intention of the holy Derviſe. Whilſt they contemplated upon theſe treaſures with avidity; whilſt they were dazzled with the luſtre of them, and formed a thouſand projects in conſequence of them, they all vaniſhed away before their eyes. It was then that Abdallah ſincerely reproached himſelf with his ingratitude and diſobedience; and, perceiving that the iron candleſtick had reſiſted the inchantment, or rather the juſt puniſhment which thoſe deſerve who do not execute what they promiſe, he ſaid, proſtrating himſelf, "What has happened to me is juſt; I have loſt what "I had no deſign to reſtore, and the candleſtick which "I intended to deliver to the Derviſe, remains with "me: It is a proof, that it rightly belongs to him, "and that the reſt was unjuſtly acquired." As he finiſhed theſe words, he placed the candleſtick in the midſt of their little houſe.

When the night was come, without reflecting upon it, he placed the light in this candleſtick. Immediately they ſaw a Derviſe appear, who turned round for an hour, and diſappeared, after having thrown them an aſper. This candleſtick had twelve branches. Ab-

dallah, who was meditating all the day upon what he had ſeen the night before, was willing to know what would happen the next night, if he put a light in each of them; he did ſo, and twelve Derviſes appeared that inſtant; they turned round alſo for an hour, and each of them threw an aſper, as they diſappeared. He repeated every day the ſame ceremony, which had always the ſame ſucceſs, but he never could make it ſucceed more than once in twenty-four hours. This trifling ſum was enough to make his mother and himſelf ſubſiſt tolerably: There was a time when they would have deſired no more to be happy; but it was not conſiderable enough to change their fortune: It is always dangerous for the imagination to be fixed upon the ideas of riches. The ſight of what he believed he ſhould poſſeſs; the projects he had formed for the employment of it; all theſe things had left ſuch profound traces in the mind of Abdallah, that nothing could efface them. Therefore, ſeeing the ſmall advantage he drew from the candleſtick, he reſolved to carry it back to the Derviſe, in hopes that he might obtain of him the treaſure he had ſeen, or at leaſt find again the riches which had vaniſhed from their ſight, by reſtoring to him a thing for which he teſtified ſo earneſt a deſire. He was ſo fortunate as to remember his name, and that of the city where he inhabited. He departed therefore immediately for Magrebi, carrying with him his candleſtick, which he lighted every night, and by that means furniſhed himſelf with what was neceſſary on the road, without being obliged to implore the aſſiſtance and compaſſion of the faithful. When he arrived at Magrebi, his firſt care was to enquire in what houſe, or in what convent Abounadar lodged; he was ſo well known, that every body told him his habitation. He repaired thither directly, and found fifty porters who kept the gate of his houſe, having each a ſtaff with a head of gold in their hands: The court of this palace was filled with ſlaves and domeſtics; in fine, the reſidence of a Prince could not expoſe to view greater magnificence. Abdallah, ſtruck with aſtoniſhment and admiration, feared to proceed. Certainly, thought he,

I either explained myſelf wrong, or thoſe to whom I addreſſed myſelf, deſigned to make a jeſt of me, becauſe I was a ſtranger; this is not the habitation of a Derviſe, it is that of a King. He was in this embarraſſment, when a man approached him, and ſaid to him, "Abdallah, thou art welcome; my maſter Abou-"nadar has long expected thee." He then conducted him to an agreeable and magnificent pavilion, where the Derviſe was ſeated. Abdallah, ſtruck with the riches which he beheld on all ſides, would have proſtrated himſelf at his feet, but Abounadar prevented him, and interrupted him, when he would have made a merit of the candleſtick, which he preſented to him. "Thou art but an ungrateful wretch," ſaid he to him; "Doſt thou imagine thou canſt impoſe upon me? I am "not ignorant of any one of thy thoughts; and if thou "hadſt known the value of this candleſtick, thou "wouldſt never have brought it to me; I will make "thee ſenſible of its true uſe." Immediately he placed a light in each of its branches; and when the twelve Derviſes had turned round for ſome time, Abounadar gave each of them a blow with a cane, and in a moment they were converted into twelve heaps of ſequins, diamonds, and other precious ſtones. "This," ſaid he, "is the proper uſe to be made of this marvel-"lous candleſtick. As to me, I never deſired it, but "to place it in my cabinet, as a taliſman compoſed by "a ſage whom I revere, and am pleaſed to expoſe it "ſometimes to thoſe who come to viſit me: And, to "prove to thee," added he, "that curioſity was the "only occaſion of my ſearch for it, here are the keys "of my magazines, open them, and thou ſhalt judge "of my riches; thou ſhalt tell me, whether the moſt "inſatiable miſer would not me ſatisfied with them." Abdallah obeyed him, and examined twelve magazines of great extent, ſo full of all manner of riches, that he could not diſtinguiſh what merited his admiration moſt; they all deſerved it, and produced new deſires. The regret of having reſtored the candleſtick, and that of not having found out the uſe of it, pierced the heart of Abdallah. Abounadar ſeemed not to perceive it; on

the contrary, he loaded him with careſſes, kept him ſome days in his houſe, and commanded him to be treated as himſelf. When he was at the eve of the day which he had fixed for his departure, he ſaid to him, "Abdallah, my ſon, I believe, by what has happened to thee, thou art corrected of the frightful vice of ingratitude; however, I owe thee a mark of my affection, for having undertaken ſo long a journey, with a view of bringing me the thing I had deſired; thou mayſt depart, I ſhall detain thee no longer. Thou ſhalt find to-morrow, at the gate of my palace, one of my horſes to carry thee; I make thee a preſent of it, as well as of a ſlave who ſhall conduct thee to thy houſe; and two camels loaded with gold and jewels, which thou ſhalt chuſe thyſelf out of my treaſures." Abdallah ſaid to him all that a heart ſenſible to avarice could expreſs, when its paſſion was ſatisfied, and went to lie down till the morning arrived which was fixed for his departure.

During the night, he was ſtill agitated, without being able to think of any thing but the candleſtick, and what it had produced. "I had it," ſaid he, "ſo long in my power; Abounadar, without me, had never been the poſſeſſor of it: What riſks did I not run in the ſubterraneous vault? Why does he now poſſeſs this treaſure of treaſures? Becauſe I had the probity, or rather the folly, to bring it back to him: He profits by my labours, and the danger I have incurred in ſo long a journey. And what does he give me in return? Two camels loaded with gold and jewels; in one moment the candleſtick will furniſh him with ten times as much. It is Abounadar who is ungrateful: What wrong ſhall I do him in taking this candleſtick? None, certainly; for he is rich: And what do I poſſeſs?" Theſe ideas determined him, at length, to make all poſſible attempts to ſeize upon the candleſtick. The thing was not difficult, Abounadar having truſted him with the keys of his magazines. He knew where the candleſtick was placed; he ſeized upon it, hid it in the bottom of one of the ſacks, which he filled with pieces of gold and other riches which he

was allowed to take, and loaded it, as well as the reſt, upon his camels. He had no other eagerneſs now than for his departure; and, after having haſtily bid adieu to the generous Abounadar, he delivered him his keys, and departed with his horſe, his ſlave, and two camels.

When he was ſome days journey from Balſora, he ſold his ſlave, reſolving not to have a witneſs of his former poverty, nor of the ſource of his preſent riches. He bought another, and arrived without any obſtacle at his mother's, whom he would ſcarce look upon, ſo much was he taken up with his treaſure. His firſt care was to place the loads of his camels and the candleſtick in the moſt private room of the houſe; and, in his impatience to feed his eyes with his great opulence, he placed lights immediately in the candleſtick: The twelve Derviſes appearing, he gave each of them a blow with a cane with all his ſtrength, leſt he ſhould be failing in the laws of the taliſman: But he had not remarked, that Abounadar, when he ſtruck them, had the cane in his left hand. Abdallah, by a natural motion, made uſe of his right; and the Derviſes, inſtead of becoming heaps of riches, immediately drew, from beneath their robes, each a formidable club, with which they ſtruck him ſo hard and ſo long, that they left him almoſt dead, and diſappeared, carrying with them all his treaſure, the camels, the horſe, the ſlave, and the candleſtick.

Thus was Abdallah puniſhed by poverty, and almoſt by death, for his unreaſonable ambition, which perhaps might have been pardonable, if it had not been accompanied by an ingratitude as wicked as it was audacious, ſince he had not ſo much as the reſource of being able to conceal his perfidies from the too piercing eyes of his benefactor.

GENT. MAG.

JUSTICE.

JUSTICE.

FIDELITY and truth are the foundation of juſtice. As to be perfectly juſt is an attribute of the divine nature, to be ſo to the utmoſt of our ability is the glory of man.

No man is wiſe or ſafe, but he that is honeſt.

Of all the virtues juſtice is the beſt;
Valour without it is a common peſt.
Pyrates and thieves, too oft with courage grac'd,
Shew us how ill that virtue may be plac'd.
'Tis our complexion makes us chaſte and brave;
Juſtice from reaſon and from Heaven we have:
All other virtues dwell but in the blood;
This in the ſoul, and gives the name of good.

NOUSCHIRVAN, the Perſian King, having been out a hunting, and deſirous of eating ſome of the veniſon in the field, ſeveral of his attendants went to a neighbouring village, and took away a quantity of ſalt to ſeaſon it. The King, ſuſpecting how they had acted, ordered that they ſhould immediately go and pay for it: Then, turning to his attendants, he ſaid, "This "is a ſmall matter in itſelf, but a great one as it re- "gards me: For a King ought ever to be juſt, becauſe "he is an example to his ſubjects; and if he ſwerves "in trifles, they will become diſſolute. If I cannot "make all my people juſt in the ſmalleſt things, I can, "at leaſt, ſhew them it is poſſible to be ſo."

UNIV. HIST.

CAMBYSES, King of Perſia, was remarkable for the ſeverity of his government, and his inexorable regard to juſtice. This Prince had a particular favourite, whom he made a judge; and this judge reckoned himſelf ſo ſecure in the credit he had with his maſter, that without any more ado, cauſes were bought and ſold

in the courts of judicature, as openly as proviſions in the market. But when Cambyſes was informed of theſe proceedings, enraged to find his friendſhip ſo ungratefully abuſed, the honour of his government proſtituted, and the liberty and property of his ſubjects ſacrificed to the avarice of this wretched minion, he ordered him to be ſeized, and publicly degraded; after which, he commanded his ſkin to be ſtripped over his ears, and the ſeat of judgement to be covered with it, as a warning to others. At the ſame time, to convince the world that this ſeverity proceeded only from the love of juſtice, he permitted the ſon to ſucceed his father in the honours and office of prime miniſter.

HIST. COLLECT. vol. II.

WHEN Charles Duke of Burgundy, ſirnamed *the Bold*, reigned over ſpacious dominions, now ſwallowed up by the power of France, he heaped many favours and honours upon Claudius Rhynſault, a German, who had ſerved him in his wars againſt the inſults of his neighbours. The Prince himſelf was a perſon of ſingular humanity and juſtice, and being prepoſſeſſed in favour of Rhynſault, upon the deceaſe of the governor of the chief town of Zealand, gave him that command. He was not long ſeated in that government, before he caſt his eyes upon Sapphira, a woman of exquiſite beauty, the wife of Paul Danvelt, a wealthy merchant of the city, under his protection and government. Rhynſault was a man of a warm conſtitution, and violent inclination to women. He knew what it was to enjoy the ſatisfactions which are reaped from the poſſeſſion of beauty; but was an utter ſtranger to the decencies, honours, and delicacies, that attend the paſſion towards them in elegant minds. He could with his tongue utter a paſſion with which his heart was wholly untouched. In ſhort, he was one of thoſe brutal minds which can be gratified with the violation of innocence and beauty, without the leaſt pity, paſſion, or love, to that with which they are ſo much delighted.

Rhynſault,

Rhynſault, being reſolved to accompliſh his will on the wife of Danvelt, left no arts untried to get into a familiarity at her houſe; but ſhe knew his character and diſpoſition too well, not to ſhun all occaſions that might enſnare her into his converſation. The governor, deſpairing of ſucceſs by ordinary means, apprehended and impriſoned her huſband, under pretence of an information, that he was guilty of a correſpondence with the enemies of the Duke, to betray the town into their poſſeſſion. This deſign had its deſired effect; and the wife of the unfortunate Danvelt, the day before that which was appointed for his execution, preſented herſelf in the hall of the governor's houſe; and, as he paſſed through the apartment, threw herſelf at his feet, and, holding his knees, beſeeched his mercy. Rhynſault beheld her with a diſſembled ſatisfaction; and, aſſuming an air of thought and authority, he bid her riſe, and told her, ſhe muſt follow him to his cloſet; and, aſking her, whether ſhe knew the hand of the letter he pulled out of his pocket? went from her, leaving this admonition aloud: "If you will ſave your "huſband, you muſt give me an account of all you "know, without prevarication; for every body is "ſatisfied, that he is too fond of you to be able to "hide from you the names of the reſt of the conſpira-"tors, or any other particulars whatſoever." He went to his cloſet, and ſoon after the lady was ſent for to an audience. The ſervant knew his diſtance, when matters of ſtate were to be debated; and the governor, laying aſide the air with which he had appeared in public, began to be the ſupplicant, and to rally an affliction which it was in her power eaſily to remove. She eaſily perceived his intention, and, bathed in tears, began to deprecate ſo wicked a deſign. Luſt, like ambition, takes all the faculties of the mind and body into its ſervice and ſubjection. Her becoming tears, her honeſt anguiſh, the wringing of her hands, and the many changes of her poſture and figure, in the vehemence of ſpeaking, were but ſo many attitudes in which he beheld her beauty, and farther incentives of his deſire. All humanity was loſt in that one appetite,

and

and he ſignified to her, in ſo many plain terms, that he was unhappy till he poſſeſſed her, and nothing leſs ſhould be the price of her huſband's life, and ſhe muſt, before the following noon, pronounce the death or enlargement of Danvelt. After this notification, when he ſaw Sapphira enough diſtracted to make the ſubject of their diſcourſe, to common eyes, appear different from what it was, he called ſervants to conduct her to the gate. Loaded with unſupportable affliction, ſhe immediately repairs to her huſband; and, having ſignified to the gaolers, that ſhe had a propoſal to make to her huſband from the governor, ſhe was left alone with him, revealed to him all that had paſſed, and repreſented the endleſs conflict ſhe was in between love to his perſon, and fidelity to his bed. It is eaſy to imagine the ſharp affliction this honeſt pair was in upon ſuch an incident, in lives not uſed to any but ordinary occurrences. The man was bridled by ſhame from ſpeaking what his fear prompted upon ſo near an approach of death; but let fall words that ſignified to her, he ſhould not think her polluted, though ſhe had not confeſſed to him that the governor had violated her perſon, ſince he knew her will had no part in the action. She parted from him with this oblique permiſſion, to ſave a life he had not reſolution enough to reſign for the ſafety of his honour.

The next morning the unhappy Sapphira attended the governor; and, being led into a remote apartment, ſubmitted to his deſires. Rhynſault commended her charms, claimed a familiarity after what had paſſed between them; and, with an air of gaiety, in the language of a gallant, bid her return and take her huſband out of priſon: But, continued he, my fair one muſt not be offended, that I have taken care he ſhould not be an interruption to our future aſſignations. Theſe laſt words foreboded what ſhe found when ſhe came to the gaol, her huſband executed by the order of Rhynſault.

It was remarkable, that the woman, who was full of tears and lamentations during the whole courſe of her affliction, uttered neither ſigh nor complaint, but ſtood fixed with grief at this conſummation of her misfortunes.

She

She betook herſelf to her abode; and, after having in ſolitude paid her devotions to him who is the avenger of innocence, ſhe repaired privately to court. Her perſon, and a certain grandeur of ſorrow, negligent of forms, gained her paſſage into the preſence of the Duke her ſovereign. As ſoon as ſhe came into his preſence, ſhe broke forth into the following words: "Behold, O mighty "Charles, a wretch weary of life, though it has always been ſpent with innocence and virtue: It is not "in your power to redreſs my injuries, but it is to avenge them; and if the protection of the diſtreſſed, "and the puniſhment of oppreſſors, is a taſk worthy "of a Prince, I bring the Duke of Burgundy ample "matter for doing honour to his own great name, and "wiping infamy off of mine." When ſhe had ſpoken this, ſhe delivered the Duke a paper, reciting her ſtory. He read it with all the emotion that indignation and pity could raiſe in a Prince jealous of his honour, in the behaviour of his officers, and the proſperity of his ſubjects.

Upon an appointed day, Rhynſault was ſent for to court; and, in the preſence of a few of the council, confronted by Sapphira. The Prince aſking, "Do "you know that lady?" Rhynſault, as ſoon as he could recover his ſurpriſe, told the Duke, he would marry her, if his Highneſs would pleaſe to think that a reparation. The Duke ſeemed contented with this anſwer, and ſtood by during the immediate ſolemnization of the ceremony. At the concluſion of it, he told Rhynſault, "Thus far you have done as conſtrained by my "authority: I ſhall not be ſatisfied of your kind uſage "of her, without you ſign a gift of your whole eſtate "to her after your deceaſe." To the performance of this alſo the Duke was a witneſs. When theſe two acts were executed, the Duke turned to the lady, and told her, it now remains for me to put you in quiet poſſeſſion of what your huſband has ſo bountifully beſtowed on you, and ordered the immediate execution of Rhynſault.

KING

KING.

IF the care of a ſingle family be burdenſome, if a man has enough to do to anſwer for himſelf, what a weight, what a load, is the charge of a whole realm? Is the Sovereign recompenſed for all his fatigues and cares, by the proſtrations of courtiers, or the imaginary pleaſures of kingly power? When I think of the painful and hazardous paths he is forced to tread, to arrive at a public tranquillity; when I reflect on the extremities he is frequently puſhed to, in order to accompliſh, perhaps, a good end; that he is accountable to God himſelf for the welfare, if not the morality, of his people; the good and evil are in his hands, and that ignorance is no excuſe for male-adminiſtration; I cannot forbear putting this queſtion to myſelf, Would you reign? Ought a man but merely happy in a private condition, to quit it for a throne? Muſt it not be inſupportable, to be born a Monarch?

CYRUS, King of Perſia, may juſtly be conſidered as one of the wiſeſt conquerors, and moſt accompliſhed Princes, to be found in profane hiſtory. He was poſſeſſed of all the qualities requiſite to form a great man; wiſdom, moderation, courage, magnanimity, noble ſentiments, a wonderful ability in managing men's tempers, and gaining their affections, a thorough knowledge of all the parts of the military art, as far as that age had carried it, a vaſt extent of genius, and capacity for forming, and an equal ſteadineſs and prudence for executing the greateſt projects. It is very common for thoſe heroes who ſhine in the field, and make a figure in the time of action, to make but a very poor one upon other occaſions, and in matters of a different nature. We are aſtoniſhed to ſee them alone, and without their armies, to find what a difference there is between a general and a great man; to ſee what low ſentiments

and mean things they are capable of in private life; how they are influenced by jealouſy, and governed by intereſt; how diſagreeable and odious they render themſelves by their haughty deportment and arrogance, which they think neceſſary to preſerve their authority, and which only ſerve to make them hated and deſpiſed. Cyrus had none of theſe defects; he appeared always the ſame, that is, always great, even in the moſt indifferent matters. Being aſſured of his greatneſs, of which real merit was the foundation and ſupport, he thought of nothing more, than to render himſelf affable, and eaſy of acceſs: And whatever he ſeemed to loſe by his condeſcenſion, was abundantly compenſated by the cordial affection and ſincere reſpect it procured him from his people. Never was any Prince a greater maſter of the art of inſinuation, ſo neceſſary for thoſe that govern, and yet ſo little underſtood or practiſed. He knew perfectly what advantage may reſult from a ſingle word rightly timed, from an obliging carriage, from a command tempered with reaſon, from a little praiſe in granting a favour, and from ſoftening a refuſal with expreſſions of concern and good will. His hiſtory abounds with beauties of this kind. He was rich in a ſort of wealth which moſt ſovereigns want, who are poſſeſſed of every thing but faithful friends, and whoſe indigence, in that particular, is concealed by the ſplendor and affluence with which they are ſurrounded. Cyrus was beloved, becauſe he himſelf had a love for others: For has a man any friends, or does he deſerve to have any, when he himſelf is void of friendſhip? Nothing affects us more than to ſee in Xenophon, the manner in which Cyrus lived and converſed with his friends, always preſerving as much dignity as was requiſite to keep a due decorum, and yet infinitely removed from that ill-judged haughtineſs, which deprives the great of the moſt innocent and agreeable pleaſure in life, that of converſing freely and ſociably with perſons of merit, though of an inferior ſtation. The uſe he made of his friends, may ſerve as a perfect model to all perſons in authority. His friends had received from him not only the liberty, but an expreſs

command

command to open their minds freely; and though he was much ſuperior to all his officers in underſtanding, yet he never undertook any thing without aſking their advice: And whatever was to be done, whether it was to reform any thing in the government, to make changes in the army, or to form a new enterpriſe, he would always have every man ſpeak his ſentiments, and would often make uſe of them, to correct his own.

PHILIP, King of Macedon, riſing from an entertainment at which he had ſat ſome hours, was addreſſed by a woman, who begged him to hear her cauſe. He accordingly heard it; and, upon her ſaying ſome things not pleaſing to him, he gave ſentence againſt her. The woman immediately, but very calmly, replied, "I appeal." "How," ſays Philip, "from "your King? To whom then?" "To Philip, when "faſting," returned the woman. The manner in which he received this anſwer, would do honour to the moſt ſober Prince. He afterwards gave the cauſe a ſecond hearing, found the injuſtice of his ſentence, and condemned himſelf to make it good.

PLUT. IN APOPHTH.

LABOUR AND EXERCISE.

The wiſe, for cure, on exerciſe depend;
God never made his work for man to mend. DRYDEN.

BODILY labour is of two kinds, either that which a man ſubmits to for his livelihood, or that which he undergoes for his pleaſure. The latter of them generally changes the name of labour for that of exerciſe, but differs only from ordinary labour, as it riſes from another motive.

A country life abounds in both theſe kinds of labour, and for that reaſon gives a man a greater ſtock of health, and conſequently a more perfect enjoyment of

himſelf, than any other way of life. I conſider the body as a ſyſtem of tubes and glands, or, to uſe a more ruſtic phraſe, a bundle of pipes and ſtrainers, fitted to one another after ſo wonderful a manner, as to make a proper engine for the ſoul to work with. This deſcription does not only comprehend the bowels, bones, tendons, veins, nerves, and arteries, but every muſcle, every ligature, which is a compoſition of fibres, that are ſo many imperceptible tubes or pipes interwoven on all ſides with inviſible glands or ſtrainers.

This general idea of a human body, without conſidering it in the niceties of anatomy, lets us ſee how abſolutely neceſſary labour is for the right preſervation of it. There muſt be frequent motions and agitations, to mix, digeſt, and ſeparate the juices contained in it, as well as to clear and cleanſe that infinitude of pipes and ſtrainers of which it is compoſed, and to give their ſolid parts a more firm and laſting tone. Labour or exerciſe ferments the humours, caſt them into their proper channels, throws off redundancies, and helps nature in thoſe ſecret diſtributions, without which the body cannot ſubſiſt in its vigour, nor the ſoul act with chearfulneſs.

I might here mention the effects which this has upon all the faculties of the mind, by keeping the underſtanding clear, the imagination untroubled, and refining thoſe ſpirits that are neceſſary for the proper exertion of our intellectual faculties, during the preſent law of union between ſoul and body. It is to a neglect in this particular, that we muſt aſcribe the ſpleen, which is ſo frequent in men of ſtudious and ſedentary tempers, as well as the vapours to which thoſe of the other ſex are ſo often ſubject.

Had not exerciſe been abſolutely neceſſary for our well-being, Nature would not have made the body ſo proper for it, by giving ſuch an activity to the limbs, and ſuch a plenacy to every part as neceſſarily produce theſe compreſſions, extentions, contortions, dilations, and all other kinds of motions that are neceſſary for the preſervation of ſuch a ſyſtem of tubes and glands as has been before mentioned. And that we might

not

not want inducements to engage us in ſuch an exerciſe of the body as is proper for its welfare, it is ſo ordered, that nothing valuable can be procured without it. Not to mention riches and honour, even food and raiment are not to be come at, without the toil of the hands, and ſweat of the brow. Providence furniſhes materials, but expects that we ſhould work them up ourſelves. The earth muſt be laboured, before it gives its increaſe; and, when it is forced into its ſeveral products, how many hands muſt they paſs through before they are fit for uſe? Manufactures, trade, and agriculture, naturally employ more than nineteen parts of the ſpecies in twenty; and as for thoſe who are not obliged to labour, by the condition in which they are born, they are more miſerable than the reſt of mankind, unleſs they indulge themſelves in that voluntary labour which goes by the name of exerciſe.

As I am a compound of ſoul and body, I conſider myſelf as obliged to a double ſcheme of duties; and I think I have not fulfilled the buſineſs of the day, when I do not thus employ the one in labour and exerciſe, as well as the other in contemplation and ſtudy.

SPECTATOR.

LOVE.

LOVE being the ſympathetic bond of two minds, it is in the qualities of the mind, that we muſt ſearch for this ſympathy; and here the firſt and principal, and by which we are to judge of all others, is the *love of virtue*; for there can be no preſent more fatal than a heart that is a ſtranger to virtuous ſentiments, ſince this cannot be accepted without riſking our own innocence. In an union ſo ſtrict as that of lovers, ſentiments and habits are communicated imperceptibly; and we are too well informed, by experience, that the bad are more eaſily caught than the good. The diſorders of the mind are much more contagious than thoſe

of the body; its ſpots infect and defile all thoſe who are ſo imprudent as to touch, or approach too near.

CALISTA was young and beautiful, bleſt with an uncommon ſhare of ſolid ſenſe, enlivened by the moſt ſprightly wit. Agathocles exceeded her very little in point of age; he was well made, brave, and prudent. He had the good fortune to be introduced at Caliſta's, where his looks, wandering indifferently over a brilliant circle, ſoon diſtinguiſhed and fixed upon her: But endeavouring to recover himſelf from the ſhort extaſy which his firſt glance produced, he immediately reproached himſelf, as being guilty of rudeneſs and diſregard to the reſt of the company; and this fault he endeavoured to repair, by looking round on other objects. Vain attempt! they are attracted by an irreſiſtible charm, and again turned towards Caliſta. He bluſhed as well as ſhe, whilſt a ſweet emotion, hitherto unfelt, played about his heart, and diſconcerted all his looks. They both became at the ſame time more timid and more curious. With pleaſure he gazed at Caliſta, and yet could not do it without trembling: Whilſt ſhe, ſecretly pleaſed with this flattering preference, looked at him by ſtealth. They were both afraid, but eſpecially Caliſta, of being caught by the other in the fact, and both were ſo almoſt every moment. The hour of ſeparation came, and they thought came too ſoon. They made painful reflections on the rapidity of time. Imagination, however, did not ſuffer a total ſeparation to take place: For the image of Caliſta was deeply engraven on the mind of Agathocles, and the lineaments of his perſon were as ſtrongly impreſſed on that of Caliſta. They both appeared leſs chearful the reſt of the day; a lively and intereſting ſentiment, whatever it was, employed their minds, which no amuſement could baniſh. It was two days before they ſaw each other again; and though, during this interval, their whole time had been filled up, either by buſineſs or recreations, they both felt a languid anxiety, which rendered every thing inſipid, a void in their minds which we want words to define, and of which they

they knew not the cauſe; but diſcovered it the very inſtant at their meeting: For the perfect contentment, the ſoothing delight, which they taſted in the preſence of each other, would not ſuffer them to be longer ignorant of the cauſe of their melancholy. Agathocles now collected himſelf, and aſſumed the courage to addreſs Caliſta; he accoſted her with the moſt polite and obliging expreſſions, and for the firſt time enjoyed the happineſs of a particular converſation with her. He had hitherto ſeen only her exterior charms: He now diſcovered the beauties of the mind, the integrity of her heart, the dignity of her ſentiments, and the delicacy of her wit; but what ſtill more delighted him, was the pleaſing hope that ſhe did not think him unworthy of her eſteem. From this time, his viſits became very frequent; in every one of which, he diſcovered ſome new perfection. This is the characteriſtic of real merit; it is a gainer by being laid open to the inſpection of a judicious eye. A man of underſtanding will ſoon be diſguſted with the wanton, the fooliſh, and the giddy: But if he has conceived a paſſion for a woman worthy of himſelf, time, ſo far from weakening his attachment, can only ſerve to increaſe and ſtrengthen it.

The fixed inclination of Agathocles, made him now ſenſible, that what he felt for Caliſta was love, and that of the moſt tender and paſſionate kind. This he knew; but Caliſta was ſtill unacquainted with it, or at leaſt had never learned it from his lips. Love is timorous and diffident: A bold and daring ſuitor, is not the lover of the lady he addreſſes: The only object of his love is *pleaſure*. At laſt he took the reſolution to lay open his heart to Caliſta, but not in the ſtudied language of a romantic paſſion. "Lovely Caliſta," ſaid he, "ingenuouſly, it is not merely eſteem that engages "me to you; but the moſt paſſionate and tender af-"fection. I feel that I cannot live without you. Can "you, without reluctance, reſolve to make me hap-"py? I have hitherto loved, without offending you, "this is a tribute which your merit demands; but may "I flatter myſelf with the hope, that you will make me

"ſome

"ſome ſmall return?" A coquette would have affected to be diſpleaſed; but Caliſta not only heard her lover without interruption, but anſwered him without ſeverity, and permitted him to hope. Nor did ſhe put his conſtancy to a needleſs trial. The happineſs for which he ſighed, was deferred no longer than was proper to make the neceſſary preparations. The marriage-ſettlements were eaſily adjuſted; for in theſe ſordid intereſt had no ſhare: This ſolemn contract chiefly conſiſted in a mutual exchange of hearts, and this was already performed. What will be the lot of this newly-wedded pair? I will venture to foretel, that it will be the happieſt that mortals can enjoy on earth. No pleaſure is comparable to that which affects the heart; nor does any other affect it with ſuch exquiſite delight, as the pleaſure of loving, and being beloved. To this tender union of ſouls, we can never apply the words of Democritus, that "the pleaſure of love is only a "ſhort epilepſy." He, without doubt, had that ſenſual pleaſure in his thought, which is ſo different from love, that the enjoyment may be without the paſſion, and the paſſion without the enjoyment. Their love will be conſtant. This I dare prophecy, and I know the cauſe: Their paſſion is not founded on the dazzling charms of beauty; they are both the friends of virtue: They love each other on this account; their love, therefore, will laſt as long as their virtue, and the continuance of that is ſecured by their union: For nothing can ſecure our perſeverance in the paths of wiſdom ſo effectually as having inceſſantly a loving and beloved example walking before us. Their felicity can never be diſturbed, unleſs by thoſe diſaſters and misfortunes from which their mutual tenderneſs cannot ſhelter them: But ſuppoſing theſe ſhould fall to their ſhare, they would then only partake of the common lot of mankind. Thoſe who have never taſted the tender delights of love are equally expoſed to diſappointment; and the lover is at leaſt a gainer, with reſpect to thoſe pleaſures which are of great account in the eſtimation of the value of life. Add to this, that love will greatly diminiſh the ſenſe of their misfortunes. It has the peculiar virtue

of

of rendering the ſufferings of two well-paired hearts leſs acute, and their delights more exquiſite. It would ſeem, as if, by communicating their diſtreſſes, each one felt but half their weight: While, on the contrary, their ſatisfactions are doubled by the participation. As a ſquadron of ſoldiers is with more difficulty defeated in proportion to its cloſeneſs, ſo the happy pair reſiſt the attacks of trouble and adverſity with ſo much the more ſtrength and ſucceſs, as they are firmly united.

LUST.

ON love of virtue reverence attends;
But ſenſual pleaſure in our ruin ends.

OSBERT, King of the Northumbrians, returning one day from the chace, called at the houſe of Bruen Brocard for ſome refreſhment. Brocard, who was a nobleman by birth, and ſuperintendant of the ſea-coaſt, chanced to be abſent upon duty. His lady, who entertained the King, being a perſon of great beauty, captivated the heart of the Monarch, who gave way to the impulſe of a ſudden and impure deſire. After dinner, he ſeduced her to a remote apartment, under pretence of having buſineſs of a ſecret nature, which he deſired ſhe would communicate to her huſband. The lady, ſuſpecting no ill deſign, retired with the King to receive his commands. As ſoon as they were alone, he confeſſed his paſſion, and ardently preſſed her to gratify his wiſhes. The lady, ſhocked at ſuch a declaration, told him plainly, "That ſhe loved her huſband; "and would neither diſhonour him, nor proſtitute her "own perſon, to gratify the greateſt Monarch on "earth." Finding his ſtrongeſt proteſtations, and warmeſt intreaties, could not ſhake her reſolution, and fearing ſo favourable an opportunity would never return,

turn, he violently raviſhed her. On Brocard's return, he found his wife bathed in tears; and being informed of the outrage committed on his honour, repaired immediately, with a body of his friends and relations, to court. Surrendering his land and place to the King, he renounced his homage, and declared he would never hold any thing of him as Lord for the future. From that time, he devoted his whole attention to revenge. He ſpirited up the Bernicians to a revolt, and inſtigated them to place Ella on the throne. A bloody war, and dreadful carnage, enſued. RAPIN.

LUXURY.

THAT which is ſplendor, ſumptuouſneſs, and magnificence, in people of quality, is, in private men, extravagance, folly, and impertinence.

Pray what were you made for? (ſays the Emperor Aurelius) for your pleaſures? Common ſenſe will not bear ſo ſcandalous an anſwer.

THERE is a ſingle paſſage in Herodotus, that might ſupply the place of many examples. When Cyrus had received an account, that the Lydians had revolted from him, he told Cræſus, with a good deal of emotion, that he had almoſt determined to make them all ſlaves. Cræſus begged him to pardon them: "But," ſays he, "that they may no more rebel, or be troubleſome to "you, command them to lay aſide their arms, to wear "long veſts and buſkins (*i. e.* to vie with each other "in the elegance and richneſs of their dreſs.) Order "them to ſing and play on the harp, let them drink "and debauch, and you'll ſoon ſee their ſpirits broken, "and themſelves changed from men to women, ſo "that they will no more rebel, or give you any uneaſineſs;" and the event anſwered the advice.

ENGLAND

ENGLAND is now a rich, victorious, polite, and ſcientific nation. Now, therefore, is the time that we ought to keep a more than ordinary watchful eye over our manners; and eſtabliſh a few needful reſtraints, to preſerve, *as long as we can*, ſome degree of induſtry, frugality, and fortitude alive among us, that the day may be late in which we are to ſink, for ſink we certainly ſhall, under our proſperity, as the nations of paſt ages have done before us.

WHAT is this ſubtile ſecret poiſon which thus lurks under the pomp of luxury, and the charms of pleaſure, and is capable of enervating, at the ſame time, both the whole ſtrength of the body, and the vigour of the mind? It is not very difficult to comprehend, why it has this terrible effect. When men are accuſtomed to ſoft and voluptuous life, can they be very fit for undergoing the fatigues and hardſhips of war? Are they qualified for ſuffering the rigour of the ſeaſons, for enduring hunger and thirſt, for paſſing whole nights without ſleep upon occaſion, for going through continual exerciſe and action, for facing danger, and deſpiſing death? The natural effect of voluptuouſneſs and delicacy, which are the inſeparable companions of luxury, is to render them ſubject to a multitude of falſe wants and neceſſities, to make their happineſs depend upon a thouſand trifling conveniencies and ſuperfluities, which they can no longer be without, and to give them an unreaſonable fondneſs for life, on account of a thouſand ſecret ties and engagements that endear it to them; and which, by ſtifling in them the great motives of glory, of zeal for their Prince, and love for their country, render them fearful and cowardly, and hinder them from expoſing themſelves to dangers which may in a moment deprive them of all thoſe things wherein they place their felicity.

MAGISTRATE.

MAGISTRATE.

IT is not the place that maketh the perſon, but the perſon that maketh the place honourable.

THE young people of Athens, dazzled with the glory of Themiſtocles, Cimon, and Pericles, and full of a wild ambition, after having received for ſome time the leſſons of the Sophiſts, who promiſed to make them great politicians, conceived themſelves capable of every thing, and aſpired at the higheſt employments. One of theſe, named Glauco, had taken it ſo ſtrongly into his head to enter upon the adminiſtration of public affairs, that none of his friends were able to divert him from a deſign ſo little conſiſtent with his age and capacity. Socrates, meeting him one day, very genteelly engaged him in a converſation upon the ſubject. "You "are deſirous then of a ſhare in the government of the "republic," ſaid Socrates. "True," replied Glauco. "You cannot have a more honourable deſign," anſwered Socrates: "For, if you ſucceed, you will "have it in your power to ſerve your friends effectu- "ally, to aggrandize your family, and to extend the "confines of your country. You will make yourſelf "known not only to Athens, but throughout all "Greece, and perhaps your renown, like that of The- "miſtocles, may ſpread abroad among the barbarous "nations." So ſmooth and inſinuating a prelude, was extremely pleaſing to the young man. He ſtaid willingly, and the converſation continued. "Since you "deſire to be eſteemed and honoured, no doubt your "view is to be uſeful to the public?" "Certainly." "Tell me then, I beſeech you, in the name of the "gods, what is the firſt ſervice you propoſe to render "the ſtate?" As Glauco ſeemed at a loſs, and meditated upon what he ſhould anſwer, "I preſume," continued Socrates, "it is to enrich it, that is to ſay, to

"augment

"augment its revenues." "My very thought." "You are well verſed then, undoubtedly, in the revenues of the ſtate, and know perfectly to what they amount; you have not failed to make them your particular ſtudy, in order that if a fund ſhould happen to fail, by any unforeſeen accident, you might be able to ſupply the deficiency by another." "I proteſt," replied Glauco, "that never entered into my thoughts." "At leaſt, you will tell me, to what the expences of the republic amount; for you muſt know the importance of retrenching ſuch as are ſuperfluous." "I own," ſays Glauco, "I am as little informed in this point as the other." "You muſt therefore refer your deſign of enriching the ſtate to another time; for it is impoſſible you ſhould do it whilſt you are unacquainted with its revenues and expences." "But," ſaid Glauco, "there is ſtill another means which you have not mentioned; a ſtate may be enriched by the ruin of its enemies." "You are in the right," replied Socrates; "but that depends upon its being the ſtrongeſt, otherwiſe it incurs the danger of loſing what it has. For which reaſon, he who talks of engaging in a war, ought to know the forces on both ſides, that if he finds his own party ſtrongeſt, he may boldly adviſe the war, and, if weakeſt, diſſuade the people from undertaking it. Now, do you know the ſtrength of our republic, and that of our enemies, by ſea and land? Have you a ſtate of them in writing? Be ſo kind as to let me ſee it." "I have it not at preſent," ſaid Glauco. "I ſee then," ſaid Socrates, "that we ſhall not preſently enter into a war, if you are charged with the government; for you have abundance of enquiries to make, and much pains to go through, before you will reſolve upon it."

He ran over ſeveral other articles, no leſs important, with which Glauco was equally unacquainted, till he brought him to confeſs, how ridiculous thoſe people were, who have the raſhneſs to intrude into government, without any other preparation for the ſervice of the public, than that of an high eſteem for themſelves,

ſelves, and an immoderate ambition of riſing to the firſt places and dignities. "Have a care, dear Glauco," ſaid Socrates, "leſt a too warm deſire of honours ſhould "deceive you into purſuits that may cover you with "ſhame, by ſetting your incapacity and ſlender abili-"ties in full light." Glauco improved from the wiſe admonitions of Socrates, and took time to inform himſelf, in private, before he ventured to appear in public. This is a leſſon for all ages, and may be very uſeful to perſons in all ſtations and conditions in life.

MAGNANIMITY.

MAGNANIMITY is ſufficiently defined by its name; yet we may ſay of it, that it is the good ſenſe of pride, and the nobleſt way of acquiring applauſe. It renders the ſoul ſuperior to the trouble, diſorder, and emotion, which the appearance of great danger might excite; and it is by this quality that heroes maintain their tranquillity, and preſerve the free uſe of their reaſon, in the moſt ſurpriſing and dreadful accidents.

It admires the ſame quality in its enemy; and fame, glory, conqueſts, deſire of opportunities to pardon and oblige their oppoſers, are what glow in the minds of the brave. Magnanimity and courage are inſeparable.

ALEXANDER, notwithſtanding his boundleſs ambition, was poſſeſſed of many excellent qualities. In a very difficult march, at the head of a ſmall body of horſe, when he purſued Darius, he met ſome Macedonians, who were carrying water in goat-ſkins upon mules. Theſe Macedonians, perceiving their Prince was almoſt parched with thirſt, occaſioned by the raging heat, the ſun being then at the meridian, immediately filled a helmet with water, and were running to preſent him with it: Alexander aſking, to whom they were carrying all that water? they replied, "We "were going to carry it to our children, but do not "let

"let your Majeſty be uneaſy, for if your life is but ſa-
"ved, we ſhall get children enough, in caſe we ſhould
"loſe theſe." At theſe words, Alexander takes the helmet, and, looking quite round him, he ſaw all his horſemen hanging down their heads, and, with eyes fixed earneſtly on the liquor he held, ſwallowed it, as it were, with their glances; upon which he returned it, with thanks, to thoſe who had offered it him, and did not drink ſo much as a ſingle drop, but ſaid, "There is not enough for my whole company; and, "ſhould I drink alone, it would make the reſt be thir-
"ſtier, and they will quite die away." The officers who were on horſeback round him, ſtruck, in the moſt ſenſible manner, with this wonderful temperance and magnanimity, intreated him with ſhouts to lead them where-ever he thought fit, and not ſpare them in any manner; that now they were not in the leaſt tired, nor felt the leaſt thirſt; and that as long as they ſhould be commanded by ſuch a King, they could not think themſelves mortal men. Such ſentiments as theſe, which ariſe from a generous and tender diſpoſition, reflect a greater honour on a Prince, than the greateſt victories and conqueſts. PLUT. IN ALEX.

ONE of the favourites of King Henry V. when Prince of Wales, having been indicted for ſome miſdemeanor, was condemned, notwithſtanding all the intereſt he could make in his favour; and he was ſo incenſed at the iſſue of the trial, that he ſtruck the judge on the bench. This magiſtrate, whoſe name was Sir William Gaſcoigne, acted with a ſpirit becoming his character. He inſtantly ordered the Prince to be committed to priſon: And young Henry, by this time, ſenſible of the inſult he had offered the laws of his country, ſuffered himſelf to be quietly conducted to gaol by the officers of juſtice. The King, (Henry IV.) who was an excellent judge of mankind, was no ſooner informed of this tranſaction, than he cried out, in a tranſport of joy, "Happy is the King who has a magiſtrate poſ-
"ſeſſed of courage to execute the laws; and ſtill more

" happy, in having a ſon who will ſubmit to ſuch chaſ-
" tiſement!" HIST. ENG.

THE love of liberty, and a true devotion to his cauſe, ſeems to have been implanted by nature in the breaſts of our forefathers; it ſhone in the perſon and characters of the Silures, a powerful, hardy, and warlike nation, who inhabited the counties of Hereford, Monmouth, and the adjacent provinces of South Wales. It ſhone particularly in the character and perſon of their Monarch Caractacus, a Prince of noble birth and an undaunted ſpirit. Though his forces were inferior to the Romans, who invaded his dominions, yet he defended himſelf with invincible bravery for nine years ſucceſſively: But being at laſt defeated in a pitched battle with Oſtorius, he fled to his mother-in-law Cartiſmundua, Queen of the Brigantines, who treacherouſly ſeized his perſon, and betrayed him to the Romans, by whom he was ſent, with the reſt of his family, in chains, to Rome. The behaviour of Caractacus, in that metropolis of the world, was truly great. When brought before the Emperor, he appeared with a manly, decent, and compoſed countenance, and addreſſed himſelf to Claudius in the following harangue:

" If, in my proſperity, the moderation of my con-
" duct had been equivalent to my birth and fortune, I
" ſhould have come into this city, not as a captive,
" but as a friend: Nor would you, Cæſar, have diſ-
" dained the alliance of a man born of illuſtrious an-
" ceſtors, and ruler over ſeveral nations. My preſent
" fate is to me diſhonourable, to you magnificently
" glorious. I once had horſes; I once had men; I
" once had arms; I once had riches: Can you wonder
" I ſhould part with them unwillingly? Although, as
" Romans, you may aim at univerſal empire, it does
" not follow, that all mankind muſt tamely ſubmit to
" be your ſlaves. If I had yielded without reſiſtance,
" neither the perverſeneſs of my fortune, nor the glo-
" ry of your triumph, had been ſo remarkable. Pu-
" niſh me with death, and I ſhall ſoon be forgotten.

" Suffer

"Suffer me to live, and I ſhall remain an everlaſting "monument of your clemency."

The manner in which this noble ſpeech was delivered, affected the whole audience, and made ſuch an impreſſion on the Emperor, that he ordered the chains of Caractacus and his family to be taken off*: And Agrippina, who was more than an equal aſſociate in the empire, not only received the captive Britons with great marks of kindneſs and compaſſion, but confirmed to them the enjoyment of their liberty. TACITUS.

MODESTY.

True modeſty is aſhamed of every thing that is criminal: Falſe modeſty of every thing that are unfaſhionable.

ADDISON.

MODESTY is not only an ornament, but alſo a guard to virtue. It is a kind of quick and delicate feeling in the ſoul, which makes her ſhrink and withdraw herſelf from every thing that has danger in it. It is ſuch an exquiſite ſenſibility, as warns her to ſhun the firſt appearance of every thing which is hurtful.

I cannot at preſent recollect either the place or time of what I am going to mention; but I have read ſomewhere in the hiſtory of ancient Greece, that the women of the country were ſeized with an unaccountable melancholy, which diſpoſed ſeveral of them to make away with themſelves. The ſenate, after having tried

* As every thing relating to ſo great a man deſerves notice, it would be injurious, not to mention the reflection he made on viewing the city, and admiring the beauties of Rome. "Nothing," ſays he, "ſurpriſes me ſo much, as "that the Romans, who have ſuch magnificent palaces of "their own, ſhould envy the wretched huts and cabins of "the Britons."

many expedients to prevent this ſelf-murder, which was ſo frequent among them, publiſhed an edict, that if any woman whatever, ſhould lay violent hands upon herſelf, her corpſe ſhould be expoſed naked in the ſtreet, and dragged about the city in the moſt public manner. This edict immediately put a ſtop to the practice which was before ſo common. We may ſee, in this inſtance, the ſtrength of female modeſty, which was able to overcome the violence even of madneſs and deſpair. The fear of ſhame, in the fair ſex, was, in thoſe days, more prevalent than that of death.

If modeſty has ſo great an influence over our actions, and is in many caſes ſo impregnable a fence to virtue; what can more undermine morality than that politeneſs which reigns among the unthinking part of mankind, and treats, as unfaſhionable, the moſt ingenuous part of our behaviour; which recommends impedence as good breeding, and keeps a man always in countenance, not becauſe he is innocent, but becauſe he is ſhameleſs.

Seneca thought modeſty ſo great a check to vice, that he preſcribes to us the practice of it in ſecret, and adviſes us to raiſe it in ourſelves upon imaginary occaſions, when ſuch as are real do not offer themſelves; for this is the meaning of his precept, that when we are by ourſelves, and in our greateſt ſolitudes, we ſhould fancy that Cato ſtands before us, and ſees every thing we do. In ſhort, if you baniſh modeſty out of the world, ſhe carries away with her half the virtue that is in it.

After thoſe reflections on modeſty, as it is a virtue, I muſt obſerve, that there is a vicious modeſty, which juſtly deſerves to be ridiculed, and which thoſe perſons very often diſcover, who value themſelves moſt upon a well-bed confidence. This happens, when a man is aſhamed to act up to his reaſon, and would not, upon any conſideration, be ſurpriſed in the practice of thoſe duties, for the performance of which he was ſent into the world. Many an impudent libertine would bluſh to be caught in a ſerious diſcourſe, and would ſcarce be able to ſhew his head, after having diſcloſed a religious

thought.

thought. Decency of behaviour, all outward ſhew of virtue, and abhorrence of vice, are carefully avoided by this ſet of ſhame-faced people, as what would diſparage their gaiety of temper, and infallibly bring them to diſhonour. This is ſuch a poorneſs of ſpirit, ſuch a deſpicable cowardice, ſuch a degenerate abject ſtate of mind, as one would think human nature incapable of, did we not meet with frequent inſtances of it in ordinary converſation.

There is another kind of vicious modeſty, which makes a man aſhamed of his perſon, his birth, his profeſſion, his poverty, or the like misfortunes, which it was not in his choice to prevent, and is not in his power to rectify. If a man appears ridiculous by any of the afore-mentioned circumſtances, he becomes much more ſo by being out of countenance for them. They ſhould rather give him occaſion to exert a noble ſpirit, and to palliate thoſe imperfections which are not in his power, by thoſe perfections which are; or, to uſe a very witty alluſion of an eminent author, he ſhould imitate Cæſar, who, becauſe his head was bald, covered that defect with laurels.

SPECTATOR.

OMENS.

Alas! you know the cauſe too well;
The ſalt is ſpilt, to me it fell:
Then, to contribute to my loſs,
The knife and fork were laid acroſs.
Laſt night, I vow to Heav'n 'tis true,
Bounce from the fire a coffin flew. GAY.

GOING yeſterday to dine with an old acquaintance, I had the misfortune to find his whole family very much dejected. Upon aſking him the occaſion of it, he told me, that his wife had dreamt a very ſtrange

ſtrange dream the night before, which they were afraid portended ſome misfortune to themſelves or to their children. At her coming into the room, I obſerved a ſettled melancholy in her countenance, which I ſhould have been troubled for, had I not heard from whence it proceeded. We were no ſooner ſat down, but, after having looked upon me a little while, "My dear," ſays ſhe, turning to her huſband, "you may now ſee "the ſtranger that was in the candle laſt night." Soon after this, as they began to talk of family-affairs, a little boy at the lower end of the table, told her, that he was to go into joining-hand on Thurſday: "Thurſ- "day!" ſays ſhe, "No, child, if it pleaſe God, you "ſhall not begin upon Childermas-day; tell your wri- "ting-maſter, that Friday will be ſoon enough." I was reflecting with myſelf on the oddneſs of her fancy, and wondering that any body would eſtabliſh it as a rule, to loſe a day in every week. In the midſt of theſe my muſings, ſhe deſired me to reach her a little ſalt upon the point of my knife, which I did in ſuch a trepidation and hurry of obedience, that I let it drop by the way; at which ſhe immediately ſtartled, and ſaid, it fell towards her. Upon this I looked very blank; and, obſerving the concern of the whole table, began to conſider myſelf, with ſome confuſion, as a perſon that had brought a diſaſter upon the family. The lady, however, recovering herſelf, after a little ſpace, ſaid to her huſband, with a ſigh, "My dear, misfor- "tunes never come ſingle." My friend, I found, acted but an under-part at his table, and being a man of more good nature than underſtanding, thinks himſelf obliged to fall in with all the paſſions and humours of his yoke-fellow: "Do you remember, child," ſays ſhe, "that the pigeon-houſe fell the very afternoon "that our careleſs wench ſpilt the ſalt upon the ta- "ble?" "Yes," ſay he, "my dear, and the next "poſt brought us an account of the battle of Almanza." The reader may gueſs at the figure I made, after having done all this miſchief. I diſpatched my dinner as ſoon as I could with my uſual taciturnity; when, to my utter confuſion, the lady ſeeing me quitting my knife

knife and fork, and laying them acroſs one another upon my plate, deſired me that I would humour her ſo far as to take them out of that figure, and place them ſide by ſide. What the abſurdity was which I had committed, I did not know, but I ſuppoſe there was ſome traditionary ſuperſtition in it; and therefore, in obedience to the lady of the houſe, I diſpoſed of my knife and fork in two parallel lines, which is a figure I ſhall always lay them in for the future, though I do not know any reaſon for it.

It is not difficult for a man to ſee, that a perſon has conceived an averſion for him. For my own part, I quickly found, by the lady's looks, that ſhe regarded me as a very odd kind of a fellow, with an unfortunate aſpect: For which reaſon, I took my leave immediately after dinner, and withdrew to my own lodgings. Upon my return home, I fell into a profound contemplation on the evils that attend thoſe ſuperſtitious follies of mankind; how they ſubject us to imaginary afflictions, and additional ſorrows, that do not properly come within our lot. As if the natural calamities of life were not ſufficient for it, we turn the moſt indifferent circumſtances into misfortunes, and ſuffer as much from trifling accidents, as from real evils. I have known the ſhooting of a ſtar ſpoil a night's reſt; and have ſeen a man in love grow pale, and loſe his appetite, upon the plucking of a merry thought. A ſcreech owl at midnight has alarmed a family, more than a band of robbers; nay, the voice of a cricket, hath ſtruck more terror, than the roaring of a lion. There is nothing ſo inconſiderable, which may not appear dreadful to an imagination filled with omens and prognoſtics. A ruſty nail, or crooked pin, ſhoots up into prodigies.

I remember I was once in a mixed aſſembly, that was full of noiſe and mirth, when, on a ſudden, an old woman unluckily obſerved there were thirteen of us in company. This remark ſtruck a panic terror into ſeveral who were preſent, inſomuch that one or two of the ladies were going to leave the room; but a friend of mine taking notice, that one of our female-compa-

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nions was big with child, affirmed there were fourteen in the room, and, that inſtead of portending one of the company ſhould die, it plainly foretold, one of them ſhould be born. Had not my friend found this experiment to break the omen, I queſtion not but half the women in the company would have fallen ſick that very night.

An old maid, that is troubled with the vapours, produces infinite diſturbances of this kind among her friends and neighbours. I know a maiden aunt of a great family, who is one of theſe antiquated Sybils, that forebodes and propheſies from one end of the year to the other. She is always ſeeing apparitions, and hearing death-watches; and was the other day almoſt frighted out of her wits, by the great houſe-dog, that howled in the ſtable at a time when ſhe lay ill of the tooch-ach. Such an extravagant caſt of mind, engages multitudes of people, not only in impertinent terror, but in ſupernumerary duties of life; and ariſes from that fear and ignorance which are natural to the ſoul of man. The horror with which we entertain the thoughts of death (or indeed of any future evil) and the uncertainty of its approach, fills a melancholy mind with innumerable apprehenſions and ſuſpicions, and conſequently diſpoſes it to the obſervation of ſuch groundleſs prodigies and predictions. For as it is the chief concern of wiſe men, to retrench the evils of life by the reaſonings of philoſophy; it is the employment of fools, to multiply them by the ſentiments of ſuperſtition.

For my own part, I ſhould be very much troubled, were I endowed with this divining quality, though it ſhould inform me truly of every thing that can befal me. I would not anticipate the reliſh of any happineſs, nor feel the weight of any miſery, before it actually arrives.

I know but one way of fortifying my ſoul againſt theſe gloomy preſages and terrors of mind; and that is, by ſecuring to myſelf the friendſhip and protection of that Being, who diſpoſes of events, and governs futurity. He ſees at one view, the whole thread of my exiſtence, not only that part of it which I have already

dy paſſed through, but that which runs forward into all the depths of eternity. When I lay me down to ſleep, I recommend myſelf to his care; when I awake, I give myſelf up to his direction. Amidſt all the evils that threaten me, I will look up to him for help, and queſtion not but he will either avert, or turn them to my advantage. Though I know neither the time nor the manner of the death I am to die, I am not at all ſolicitous about it; becauſe I am ſure that he knows them both, and that he will not fail to comfort and ſupport me under them. SPECTATOR.

PATIENCE.

A VIRTUOUS and well-diſpoſed perſon, like to good metal, the more he is fired, the more he is refined; the more he is oppoſed, the more he is approved: Wrongs may well try him and touch him, but cannot imprint in him any falſe ſtamp.

The man therefore who poſſeſſes this virtue (patience) in this ample ſenſe of it, ſtands upon an eminence, and ſees human things below him; the tempeſt indeed may reach him, but he ſtands ſecure and collected againſt it, upon the baſis of conſcious virtue, which the ſevereſt ſtorms can ſeldom ſhake, and never overthrow.

Reſign'd in ev'ry ſtate,
With patience bear, with prudence puſh your fate;
By ſuffering well, our fortune we ſubdue,
Fly when ſhe frowns, and when ſhe calls purſue.

OF all the philoſophers which the ſect of the Stoics ever produced, Epictetus is by far the moſt renowned. He is ſuppoſed to have been a native of Hierapolis in Phrygia, was for ſome time a ſlave, and belonged to Epaphroditus, one of Nero's life-guard. He reduced all his philoſophy to two points only, *viz.* *To ſuf-*

fer

fer evils with patience, and enjoy pleaſures with moderation, which he expreſſed with theſe two celebrated words, *bear and forbear*. Of the former he gave a memorable example. As his maſter was one day ſqueezing his leg, in order to torment him, Epictetus ſaid to him, very calmly, "You will break my leg;" which happening accordingly; "Did not I tell you," ſaid he, ſmiling, "that you would break my leg?"

ORIG. IN CELS. l. vii. SUID. p. 996.

PHILIP, King of Macedon, diſcovered great moderation, even when he was ſpoken to in ſhocking and injurious terms. At the cloſe of an audience which he gave to ſome Athenian ambaſſadors, who were come to complain of ſome act of hoſtility, he aſked whether he could do them any ſervice? "The greateſt ſervice "thou couldſt do us," ſaid Democharis, "will be to "hang thyſelf." Philip, though he perceived all the perſons preſent were highly offended at theſe words, made the following anſwer, with the utmoſt calmneſs of temper, "Go, tell your ſuperiors, that thoſe who "dare make uſe of ſuch inſolent language, are more "haughty and leſs peaceably inclined, than thoſe who "can forgive them." SENEC. DE IRA.

PATRIOTISM.

THE love of our country, does not import an attachment to any particular ſoil, climate, or ſpot of earth, where, perhaps, we firſt drew our breath, though thoſe natural ideas are often aſſociated with the moral ones, and, like external ſigns or ſymbols, help to aſcertain and bind them; but it imports an affection to that moral ſyſtem, or community, which is governed by the ſame laws and magiſtrates, and whoſe ſeveral parts are variouſly connected one with the other, and all united upon the bottom of a common intereſt.

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To purſue therefore our private intereſts, in ſubordination to the good of our country; to be examples in it of virtue, and obedient to the laws; to chuſe ſuch repreſentatives as we apprehend to be the beſt friends to its conſtitution and liberties; and, if we have the power, to promote ſuch laws as may improve and perfect it; readily to embrace every opportunity for advancing its proſperity; chearfully to contribute to its defence and ſupport; and, if need be, to die for it: Theſe are among the duties which every man, who has the happineſs to be a member of our free and Proteſtant conſtitution, owes to his country.

EDWARD the Third, King of England, after the battle of Creſſy, laid ſiege to Calais. He had fortified his camp in ſo impregnable a manner, that all the efforts of France proved ineffectual to raiſe the ſiege, or throw ſuccours into the city. The citizens, however, under the conduct of Count Vienne, their gallant governor, made an admirable defence. Day after day, the Engliſh effected many a breach, which they repeatedly expected to ſtorm by morning; but, when morning appeared, they wondered to behold new ramparts raiſed nightly, erected out of the ruins which the day had made. France had now put her ſickle into her ſecond harveſt ſince Edward, with his victorious army, ſat down before the town. The eyes of all Europe were intent on the iſſue. The Engliſh made their approaches and attacks without remiſſion, but the citizens were as obſtinate in repelling all their efforts. At length famine did more for Edward than arms. After the citizens had devoured the lean carcaſſes of their half-ſtarved cattle, they tore up old foundations, and rubbiſh, in ſearch of vermin: They fed on boiled leather, and the weeds of exhauſted gardens, and a morſel of damaged corn was accounted matter of luxury. In this extremity, they reſolved to attempt the enemy's camp. They boldly ſallied forth; the Engliſh joined battle, and, after a long and deſperate engagement, Count Vienne was taken priſoner; and the citizens, who ſurvived the ſlaughter, retired within the gates. On the captivity

vity of their governor, the command devolved upon Euſtace Saint Pierre, the mayor of the town, a man of mean birth, but of exalted virtue. Euſtace ſoon found himſelf under the neceſſity of capitulating, and offered to deliver to Edward the city, with all the poſſeſſions and wealth of the inhabitants, provided he permitted them to depart with life and liberty. As Edward had long ſince expected to aſcend the throne of France, he was exaſperated to the laſt degree againſt theſe people, whoſe ſole valour had defeated his warmeſt hopes; he therefore determined to take an exemplary revenge, though he wiſhed to avoid the imputation of cruelty. He anſwered, by Sir Walter Mauny, that they all deſerved capital puniſhment, as obſtinate traitors to him, their true and notable Sovereign; that, however, in his wonted clemency, he conſented to pardon the bulk of the plebeians, provided they would deliver up to him ſix of their principal citizens, with halters about their necks, as victims of due atonement for that ſpirit of rebellion with which they had enflamed the common people. All the remains of this deſolate city were convened in the great ſquare; and, like men arraigned at a tribunal from whence there was no appeal, expected, with throbbing hearts, the ſentence of their conqueror. When Sir Walter had declared his meſſage, conſternation and pale diſmay was impreſſed on every face: Each looked upon death as his own enevitable lot; for how ſhould they deſire to be ſaved at the price propoſed? Whom had they to deliver up, ſave parents, brothers, kindred, or valiant neighbours, who had ſo often expoſed their lives in their defence? To a long and dead ſilence, deep ſighs and groans ſucceeded; till Euſtace Saint Pierre, getting up to a little eminence, thus addreſſed the aſſembly: "My friends and fellow-citi-
"zens, you ſee the condition to which we are redu-
"ced; we muſt either ſubmit to the terms of our cruel
"and enſnaring conqueror, or yield up our tender in-
"fants, our wives and chaſte daughters, to the bloody
"and brutal luſts of the violating ſoldiery. We well
"knew what the tyrant intends by his ſpecious offer
"of mercy. It does not ſatiate his vengeance, to make
"

" us merely miſerable, he would alſo make us crimi-
" nal: He would make us contemptible; he will grant
" us life on no condition, ſave that of our being un-
" worthy of it. Look about you, my friends, and fix
" your eyes on the perſons whom you wiſh to deliver
" up as the victims of your own ſafety. Which of
" theſe would you appoint to the rack, the ax, or the
" halter? Is there any here who has not watched for
" you, who has not fought for you, who has not bled
" for you? Who, through the length of this inveterate
" ſiege, has not ſuffered fatigues and miſeries a thou-
" ſand times worſe than death, that you and yours
" might ſurvive to days of peace and proſperity? Is it
" your preſervers, then, whom you would deſtine to
" deſtruction? You will not, you cannot do it. Juſ-
" tice, honour, humanity, make ſuch a treaſon impoſ-
" ſible. Where then is your reſource? Is there any
" expedient left, whereby we may avoid guilt and in-
" famy on one hand, or the deſolation and horrors of
" a ſacked city on the other? There is, my friends,
" there is one expedient left; a gracious, an excellent,
" a god-like expedient! Is there any here to whom
" virtue is dearer than life! Let him offer himſelf an
" oblation for the ſafety of his people! He ſhall
" not fail of a bleſſed approbation from that Power,
" who offered up his only Son for the ſalvation of man-
" kind."

He ſpoke —— but an univerſal ſilence enſued. Each man looked around for the example of that virtue and magnanimity in others, which all wiſhed to approve in themſelves, though they wanted the reſolution. At length Saint Pierre reſumed:

" It had been baſe in me, my fellow-citizens, to
" promote any matter of damage to others, which I
" myſelf had not been willing to undergo in my own
" perſon. But I held it ungenerous to deprive any
" man of that preference and eſtimation, which might
" attend a firſt offer on ſo ſignal an occaſion: For I
" doubt not but there are many here as ready, nay,
" more zealous for his martyrdom, than I can be,
" however modeſty and the fear of imputed oſtenta-

" tion may with-hold them from being foremoſt in ex-
" hibiting their merits. Indeed, the ſtation to which
" the captivity of Lord Vienne, has unhappily raiſed
" me, imports a right to be the firſt in giving my life
" for your ſakes. I give it freely, I give it chearfully.
" Who comes next? Your ſon! exclaimed a youth,
" not yet come to maturity.—Ah, my child! cried
" Saint Pierre; I am then twice ſacrificed.—But, no,
" —I have rather begotten thee a ſecond time.—Thy
" years are few, but full, my ſon; the victim of vir-
" tue has reached the ut-moſt purpoſe and goal of mor-
" tality. Who next, my friends? This is the hour
" of heroes.—Your kinſman, cried John de Aire!
" Your kinſman, cried James Wiſſant! Your kinſman,
" cried Peter Wiſſant!—Ah, exclaimed Sir Walter
" Mauny, burſting into tears, why was I not a citizen
" of Calais?"

The ſixth victim was ſtill wanting, but was quickly ſupplied, by lot, from numbers, who were now emulous of ſo ennobling an example.

The keys of the city were then delivered to Sir Walter. He took the ſix priſoners into his cuſtody. He ordered the gates to be opened, and gave charge to his attendants to conduct the remaining citizens, with their families, through the camp of the Engliſh.

Before they departed, however, they deſired permiſſion to take their laſt adieu of their deliverers.—What a parting! what a ſcene! They crouded, with their wives and children, about Saint Pierre and his fellow-priſoners. They embraced, they clung around, they fell proſtrate before them. They groaned; they wept aloud; and the joint clamour of their mourning paſſed the gates of the city, and was heard throughout the camp.

At length, Saint Pierre and his fellow-victims appeared under the conduct of Sir Walter and his guard. All the tents of the Engliſh were inſtantly emptied. The ſoldiers poured from all parts, and arranged themſelves on each ſide, to behold, to contemplate, to admire this little band of *patriots* as they paſſed. They murmured their applauſe of that virtue which they could not but revere,

revere, even in enemies; and they regared thoſe ropes which they had voluntarily aſſumed about their necks, as enſigns of greater dignity than that of the Britiſh Garter.

As ſoon as they had reached the royal preſence, Mauny, ſays the King, are theſe the principal inhabitants of Calais? They are, ſays Mauny: They are not only the principal men of Calais; they are the principal men of France, my Lord, if virtue has any ſhare in the act of ennobling. Were they delivered peaceably, ſays Edward? Was there no reſiſtance, no commotion among the people? Not in the leaſt, my Lord. They are ſelf-delivered, ſelf-devoted, and come to offer up their ineſtimable heads, as an ample equivalent for the ranſom of thouſands.

The King, who was highly incenſed at the length and difficulty of the ſiege, ordered them to be carried away to immediate execution; nor could all the remonſtrances and entreaties of his courtiers divert him from his cruel purpoſe. But what neither a regard to his own intereſt and honour, what neither the dictates of juſtice, nor the feelings of humanity could effect, was happily accompliſhed by the more powerful influence of conjugal affection. The Queen, who was then big with child, being informed of the particulars reſpecting the ſix victims, flew into her huſband's preſence, threw herſelf on her knees before him, and, with tears in her eyes, beſought him not to ſtain his character with an indelible mark of infamy, by committing ſuch a horrid and barbarous deed. Edward could refuſe nothing to a wife whom he ſo tenderly loved, and eſpecially in her condition; and the Queen, not ſatisfied with having ſaved the lives of the ſix burghers, conducted them to her tent, where ſhe applauded their virtue, regaled them with a plentiful repaſt, and, having made them a preſent of money and cloaths, ſent them back to their fellow-citizens. RAPIN's HIST. ENG. ED. III.

A CORSICAN gentleman, who had been taken priſoner by the Genoeſe, was thrown into a dark dungeon, where he was chained to the ground. While he

was in this diſmal ſituation, the Genoeſe ſent a meſſage to him, that if he would accept of a commiſſion in their ſervice, he might have it. "No," ſaid he. "Were "I to accept of your offer, it would be with a deter- "mined purpoſe to take the firſt opportunity of re- "turning to the ſervice of my country. But I will "not accept it. For I would not have my country- "men even ſuſpect, that I could be one moment un- "faithful." And he remained in his dungeon.

I defy, ſays Paoli, (that living image of ancient virtue), Rome, Sparta, or Thebes, to ſhew me thirty years of ſuch patriotiſm as Corſica can boaſt. Though the affection between relations is exceedingly ſtrong in the Corſicans, they will give up their neareſt relations for the good of their country, and ſacrifice ſuch as have deſerted to the Genoeſe.

A criminal, ſaid he, was condemned to die. His nephew came to me, with a lady of diſtinction, that ſhe might ſolicit his pardon. The nephew's anxiety made him think that the lady did not ſpeak with ſufficient force and earneſtneſs. He therefore advanced, and addreſſed himſelf to me: "Sir, is it proper for me "to ſpeak?" as if he felt that it was unlawful to make ſuch an application. I bid him go on: "Sir," ſaid he, "with the deepeſt concern, may I beg the life of my "uncle? If it is granted, his relations will make a gift "to the ſtate of a thouſand zechins. We will furniſh "fifty ſoldiers in pay during the ſiege of Furiani. We "will agree that my uncle ſhall be baniſhed, and will "engage, that he ſhall never return to the iſland." I knew the nephew to be a man of worth, and I anſwered him: "You are acquainted with the circumſtances "of this caſe. Such is my confidence in you, that if you "will ſay, that giving your uncle a pardon, would be "juſt, uſeful, or honourable for Corſica, I promiſe you "it ſhall be granted." He turned about, burſt into tears, and left me, ſaying, *Non vorrei vendere l'onore della patria per mille zechini*, "I would not have the "honour of my country ſold for a thouſand zechins;" and his uncle ſuffered.

POLITENESS.

POLITENESS.

THERE are many accompliſhments, which, though they are comparatively trivial, and may be acquired by ſmall abilities, are yet of great importance in our common intercourſe with men. Of this kind is that general courteſy which is called politeneſs. I have heard it defined, "an artificial good nature:" but may we not more truly ſay, that good nature is a natural politeneſs. Art will make but an imperfect work, if the aſſiſtance of nature is wanting.

HONORIOUS is a perſon equally diſtinguiſhed by his birth and fortune. He has, naturally, good ſenſe, and that too hath been improved by a regular education. His wit is lively, and his morals without a ſtain. Is not this an amiable character? Yet Honorius is not beloved. He has, ſome way or other, contracted a notion, that it is beneath a man of honour, to fall below the very height of truth in any degree, or on any occaſion whatſoever. From this principle, he ſpeaks bluntly what he thinks, without regarding the company who are by: And he juſtifies this.

"You may think as you pleaſe," ſays he, "of my "addreſs: My countenance, my attitude, and all "thoſe artificial rules of behaviour, which are called "civility, I am in no pain about it: I leave theſe im- "portant trifles to our young ſenators, or effeminate "courtiers. I would have people judge of me by my "actions, and not by my gait, for I do not viſit my "friends to do honour to my dancing-maſter. As to "my manner of living with mankind, I reduce it to "this, to ſpeak the truth, to be ſerviceable to my fel- "low-creatures, and never to injure them. Theſe be- "ing my principles, I know how to conſtrain and de- "ny myſelf, if neceſſary, to do any uſeful ſervices. I "give my advice, when it is aſked, in affairs that

"come

" come within my knowledge: I freely employ my
" credit and influence, and ſometimes my purſe, to
" aſſiſt my friends, or whoever has need of them;
" but I think myſelf juſtly diſpenſed from a frivolous
" complaiſance, which can afford no ſolid advantage
" to thoſe who demand it. I ſeldom praiſe others, and
" would never have them praiſe me, becauſe praiſe is
" a kind of poiſon. I contradict the man who aſſerts
" a falſe fact, or advances a falſe principle; becauſe he
" muſt be a liar, or a deceiver, who will not confute
" a lie or an error: And this I do with a vehemence
" that adds weight to my reputation. The rank of
" the perſon I attack, encourages, inſtead of intimi-
" dating me; becauſe the more conſiderable the ad-
" verſary is, the more important it is to humble him.
" Damon is vain, I mortify his pride; Laura is a co-
" quette, I reproach her with her intrigues; Leander
" is a hypocrite, I pull off his maſk; Bertholda is ſilly
" and affected, I rally and mimic her; Cydaliſa de-
" lights in ſcandal, I lay open and expoſe her other
" faults, in order to cure her of this; Lyſimon affects
" to be thought learned, I examine and diſconcert
" him."

Honorius, in this portrait, has not belied the frankneſs of his character; but is not this frankneſs, for which he profeſſes ſuch a value, carried too far? It is not ſurely impoſſible to contradict with reſpect, and to pleaſe without adulation. But what is the conſequence of a continued courſe of this ſort of behaviour? Why, he has rendered himſelf dreaded as a monitor, inſtead of being eſteemed as a friend.

Garcia, on the contrary, came into the world under the greateſt diſadvantages. His birth was mean, and his fortune not to be mentioned: Yet, though he is ſcarce forty, he has acquired a handſome eſtate in the country, and lives on it with more reputation than moſt of his neighbours. While a ſervitor at the univerſity, he, by his aſſiduities, recommended himſelf to a noble Lord, and thereby procured a place of fifty pounds a-year in a public office. His behaviour there made him as many friends as there were perſons be-

longing

longing to that board: His readineſs in doing favours, gained him the hearts of his inferiors: His reſpect to thoſe in the higheſt characters in the office, procured him their good will; and the complacency he expreſſed towards his equals, and thoſe immediately above him, made them eſpouſe his intereſt with almoſt as much warmth as they did their own. By this management, in ten years time, he roſe to the poſſeſſion of an office which brought him in a thouſand pounds a-year ſalary, and near double as much in perquiſites. Affluence hath made no alteration in his manners. The ſame eaſineſs of diſpoſition attends him in that fortune to which it has raiſed him; and he is at this day the delight of all who know him, from an art he has of perſuading them, that their pleaſures and their intereſts are equally dear to him with his own. Who, if it were in his power, would refuſe what Honorius poſſeſſes? or who would not wiſh that poſſeſſion accompanied with Gracia's diſpoſitions? POLITE PHILOSOPHER.

PRIDE.

THERE is no affection of the mind ſo much blended in human nature, and wrought into our very conſtitution, as pride. It appears under a multitude of diſguiſes, and breaks out into ten thouſand different ſymptoms. Every one feels it in himſelf, and yet wonders to ſee it in his neighbour.

The ſame pride which makes a man haughtily inſult over his inferiors, forces him to cringe ſervilely before his ſuperiors. It is the very nature of this vice, founded on riches, poſts, credit, and uſeleſs ſciences, without perſonal merit or ſolid virtue, to render a man as ſupercilious to thoſe who are below him in fortune, as ſupple to thoſe in higher circumſtances.

ONE day when Alcibiades was boaſting of his wealth, and the great eſtates in his poſſeſſion, (which generally

ly blow up the pride of young people of quality), Socrates carried him to a geographical map, and aſked him to find Attica. It was ſo ſmall, it could ſcarce be diſcerned upon that draught; he found it, however, though with ſome difficulty. But, upon being deſired to point out his own eſtate there: It is too ſmall, ſays he, to be diſtinguiſhed in ſo little a ſpace. See then, replied Socrates, how much you are affected about an imperceptible point of land! This reaſoning might have been urged much farther ſtill. For what was Attica compared to all Greece, Greece to Europe, Europe to the whole world, and the world itſelf to the vaſt extent of the infinite orbs which ſurround it! What an inſect, what a nothing, is the moſt powerful Prince of the earth in the midſt of this abyſs of bodies and immenſe ſpaces, and how little of it does he occupy!

The BASKET-MAKER. A Peruvian Tale.

The Pride of Blood, or high Birth decried.

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow,
The reſt is all but leather and prunella. POPE.

IN the midſt of that vaſt ocean, commonly called the South-Sea, lie the iſlands of Solomon. In the centre of thoſe, lies one, not only diſtant from the reſt, which are immenſely ſcattered round it, but alſo larger beyond proportion. An anceſtor of the Prince, who now reigns abſolutely in this central iſland, has, through a long deſcent of ages, entailed the name of Solomon's Iſlands on the whole, by the effect of that wiſdom wherewith he poliſhed the manners of his people.

A deſcendant of one of the great men of this happy iſland, becoming a gentleman, to ſo improved a degree, as to deſpiſe the good qualities which had originally ennobled his family, thought of nothing, but how to ſupport and diſtinguiſh his dignity by the pride of an igno-

rant

rant mind, and a diſpoſition abandoned to pleaſure. He had a houſe on the ſea-ſide, where he ſpent great part of his time in hunting and fiſhing: But found himſelf at a loſs in purſuit of theſe important diverſions, by means of a long ſlip of marſh-land, overgrown with high reeds, that lay between his houſe and the ſea. Reſolving, at length, that it became not a man of his quality to ſubmit to reſtraints in his pleaſures, for the eaſe and conveniency of an obſtinate mechanic; and having often endeavoured, in vain, to buy out the owner, who was an honeſt poor baſket-maker, and whoſe livelihood depended on working up the flags of thoſe reeds, in a manner peculiar to himſelf, the gentleman took advantage of a very high wind, and commanded his ſervants to burn down the barrier.

The baſket-maker, who ſaw himſelf undone, complained of the oppreſſion in terms more ſuited to his ſenſe of the injury, than the reſpect due to the rank of the offender: And the reward this imprudence procured him, was the additional injuſtice of blows and reproaches, and all kinds of inſult and indignity.

There was but one way to a remedy, and he took it: For going to the capital, with the marks of his hard uſage upon him, he threw himſelf at the feet of the King, and procured a citation for his oppreſſor's appearance; who, confeſſing the charge, proceeded to juſtify his behaviour, by the poor man's unmindfulneſs of the ſubmiſſion due from the vulgar, to gentlemen of rank and diſtinction.

'But, pray, replied the King, what diſtinction of rank had the grandfather of your father, when, being a cleaver of wood in the palace of my anceſtors, he was raiſed from among thoſe vulgar you ſpeak of with ſuch contempt, in reward of an inſtance he gave of his courage and loyalty in defence of his maſter? Yet his diſtinction was nobler than yours: It was the diſtinction of ſoul, not of birth; the ſuperiority of worth, not of fortune! I am ſorry I have a gentleman in my kingdom, who is baſe enough to be ignorant, that eaſe and diſtinction of fortune, were beſtowed on him but to this end, that, being at reſt from all cares of providing for himſelf,

himſelf, he might apply his heart, head, and hand, fo
the public advantage of others.

Here the King, diſcontinuing his ſpeech, fixed a
eye of indignation on a ſullen reſentment of mien whic
he obſerved in the haughty offender, who muttered ou
his diſlike of the encouragement this way of thinkin
muſt give to the commonalty, who, he ſaid, were t
be conſidered as perſons of no conſequence, in compa
riſon of men who were born to be honoured. Wher
reflection is wanting, replied the King, with a ſmil
of diſdain, men muſt find their defects in the pain o
their ſufferings. Yanhumo, added he, turning to
captain of his galleys, ſtrip the injured and the injurer
and, conveying them to one of the moſt barbarous an
remoteſt of the iſlands, ſet them aſhore in the night
and leave them both to their fortune.

The place in which they were landed, was a marſh
under cover of whoſe flags the gentleman was in hope
to conceal himſelf, and give the ſlip to his companion
whom he thought it a diſgrace to be found with. Bu
the lights in the galley having given an alarm to th
ſavages, a conſiderable body of them came down, an
diſcovered, in the morning, the two ſtrangers in thei
hiding-place. Setting up a diſmal yell, they ſurround
ed them; and, advancing nearer and nearer, with
kind of clubs, ſeemed determined to diſpatch them
without ſenſe of hoſpitality or mercy.

Here the gentleman began to diſcover, that the ſu
periority of his blood was imaginary: For, between
conſciouſneſs of ſhame and cold, under the nakedne
he had never been uſed to; a fear of the event, fro
the fierceneſs of the ſavages approach; and the wan
of an idea whereby to ſoften or divert their aſperity
he fell behind the poor ſharer of his calamity; and
with an unſinewed, apprehenſive, unmanly ſneaking
neſs of mien, gave up the poſt of honour, and made
leader of the very man whom he had thought it a di
grace to conſider as a companion.

The baſket-maker, on the contrary, to whom th
poverty of his condition had made nakedneſs habitual
to whom a life of pain and mortification, repreſented
death

death as not dreadful; and whoſe remembrance of his ſkill in arts of which theſe ſavages were ignorant, gave him hopes of becoming ſafe, from demonſtrating that he could be uſeful, moved with bolder and more open freedom; and, having plucked a handful of the flags, ſat down without emotion, and making ſigns that he would ſhew them ſomething worthy their attention, fell to work with ſmiles and noddings; while the ſavages drew near, and gazed, in expectation of the conſequence.

It was not long before he had wreathed a kind of coronet, of pretty workmanſhip; and, riſing with reſpect and fearfulneſs, approached the ſavage who appeared the chief, and placed it gently on his head; whoſe figure, under this new ornament, ſo charmed and ſtruck his followers, that they threw down all their clubs, and formed a dance of welcome and congratulation round the author of ſo prized a favour.

There was not one but ſhewed the marks of his impatience to be made as fine as his Captain: So the poor baſket-maker had his hands full of employment: And the ſavages, obſerving one quite idle, while the other was ſo buſy in their ſervice, took up arms in the behalf of natural juſtice, and began to lay on arguments in favour of their purpoſe.

The baſket-maker's pity now effaced the remembrance of his ſufferings: So he aroſe and reſcued his oppreſſor, by making ſigns that he was ignorant of the art; but might, if they thought fit, be uſefully employed in waiting on the work, and fetching flags to his ſupply, as faſt as he ſhould want them.

This propoſition luckily fell in with a deſire the ſavages expreſſed, to keep themſelves at leiſure, that they might crowd round, and mark the progreſs of a work they took ſuch pleaſure in. They left the gentleman therefore to his duty in the baſket-maker's ſervice; and conſidered him, from that time forward, as one who was, and ought to be, treated as inferior to their benefactor.

Men, wives, and children, from all corners of the iſland, came in droves for coronets: And, ſetting the

gentleman to work to gather boughs and poles, made a fine hut to lodge the baſket-maker: And brought down daily from the country, ſuch proviſions as they lived upon themſelves; taking care to offer the imagined ſervant nothing, till his maſter had done eating.

Three months reflection, in this mortified condition, gave a new and juſt turn to our gentleman's improved ideas; inſomuch, that lying weeping, and awake, one night, he thus confeſſed his ſentiments in favour of the baſket-maker. I have been to blame, and wanted judgement to diſtinguiſh between accident and excellence. When I ſhould have meaſured nature, I but looked to vanity. The preference which fortune gives, is empty and imaginary: And I perceive, too late, that only things of uſe are naturally honourable. I am aſhamed, when I compare my malice, to remember your humanity: But if the gods ſhould pleaſe to call me to a repoſſeſſion of my rank and happineſs, I would divide all with you in atonement of my juſtly puniſhed arrogance.

He promiſed, and performed his promiſe: For the King, ſoon after, ſent the Captain who had landed them, with preſents to the ſavages; and ordered him to bring both back again. And it continues, to this day, a cuſtom in that iſland, to degrade all gentlemen who cannot give a better reaſon for their pride, than they were born to do nothing: And the word for this due puniſhment is, *Send him to the Baſket-maker's.*

GENT. MAG.

IF there be any thing which makes human nature appear ridiculous to beings of ſuperior faculties, it muſt be pride. They know ſo well the vanity of thoſe imaginary perfections that ſwell the heart of man, and of thoſe little ſupernumerary advantages, whether in birth, fortune, or title, which one man enjoys above another, that it muſt certainly very much aſtoniſh, if it does not very much divert them, when they ſee a mortal puffed up and valuing himſelf above his neighbours on any of theſe accounts, at the ſame time that he is obnoxious to all the common calamities of the ſpecies.

To

To ſet this thought in its true light, we will fancy, if you pleaſe, that yonder mole-hill is inhabited by reaſonable creatures, and that every piſmire (his ſhape and way of life only excepted) is endowed with human paſſions. How ſhould we ſmile to hear one give us an account of the pedigrees, diſtinctions, and titles that reign among them! Obſerve how the whole ſwarm divide, and make way for the piſmire that paſſes through them! You muſt underſtand he is an emmet of quality, and has better blood in his veins than any piſmire in the mole-hill. Do you not ſee how ſenſible he is of it, how ſlow he marches forward, how the whole rabble of ants keep their diſtance? Here you may obſerve one placed upon a little eminence, and looking down on a long row of labourers. He is the richeſt inſect on this ſide the hillock: He has a walk of half a yard in length, and a quarter of an inch in breadth; he keeps a hundred menial ſervants, and has at leaſt fifteen barley-corns in his granary. He is now chiding and beſlaving the emmet that ſtands before him, and who, for all that we can diſcover, is as good an emmet as himſelf.

But here comes an inſect of figure! Do not you take notice of a little white ſtraw that he carries in his mouth? That ſtraw, you muſt underſtand, he would not part with for the longeſt tract about the mole-hill: Did you but know what he has undergone to purchaſe it! See how the ants of all qualities and conditions ſwarm about him. Should this ſtraw drop out of his mouth, you would ſee all this numerous circle of attendants follow the next that took it up, and leave the diſcarded inſect, or run over his back, to come at his ſucceſſor.

If now you have a mind to ſee all the ladies of the mole-hill, obſerve, firſt, the piſmire that liſtens to the emmet on her left hand, at the ſame time that ſhe ſeems to turn away her head from him. He tells this poor inſect, that ſhe is a goddeſs; that her eyes are brighter than the ſun; that life and death are at her diſpoſal. She believes him, and gives herſelf a thouſand little airs upon it. Mark the vanity of the piſmire

on your left hand. She can ſcarce crawl with age; but you muſt know ſhe values herſelf upon her birth; and, if you mind, ſpurns at every one that comes within her reach. The little nimble coquet that is running along by the ſide of her, is a wit. She has broke many a piſmire's heart. Do but obſerve what a drove of lovers are running after her.

We will here finiſh this imaginary ſcene; but, firſt of all, to draw the parallel cloſer, will ſuppoſe, if you pleaſe, that death comes down upon the mole-hill, in the ſhape of a cock-ſparrow, who picks up, without diſtinction, the piſmire of quality and his flatterers, the piſmire of ſubſtance and his day-labourers, the white-ſtraw officer and his ſycophants, with all the goddeſſes, wits, and beauties of the mole-hill.

May we not imagine, that beings of ſuperior natures and perfections regard all the inſtances of pride and vanity, among our own ſpecies, in the ſame kind of view, when they take a ſurvey of thoſe who inhabit this earth: Or, in the language of an ingenious French poet, of thoſe piſmires that people this heap of dirt, which human vanity has divided into climates and regions.

GUARDIAN.

PRODIGALITY.

TO contract the deſires, is the grand principle of human happineſs: For when once a looſe is given to the deſire of ſuperfluities, you know no end. Your wiſhes are vague and unlimited. You can ſet no bounds. The gratification of one inordinate purſuit paves the way for another; and no ſooner is the preſent vain wiſh indulged, than a future imaginary neceſſity ariſes, equally importunate.

A little is enough for all the neceſſities, for all the innocent delights of nature; and it may be juſtly aſſerted, that without œconomy, how large ſoever an eſtate is, there will ſtill be a deficiency.

You

Your portion is not large indeed,
But then how little do you need;
For nature's calls are few.
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may ſuffice,
And make that little do.

LUCULLUS, the Roman General, though juſtly admired for his bravery, juſtice, and clemency, yet is deſervedly cenſured for his extravagance and prodigality. Cicero and Pompey, meeting him one day in the city, told him, they intended doing themſelves the pleaſure of ſupping with him that night; but it ſhall be upon this condition, added they, that you have nothing extraordinary on our account. To which he ſeemingly agreed; but gueſs their ſurpriſe, when they ſat down to an entertainment that coſt no leſs than fifty thouſand crowns. What aſtoniſhed them the more was, the ſhortneſs of the time in which it was prepared: But this, it ſeems, was little more than his ordinary diet. This ſuperfluous pomp and magnificence will not be thought incredible, if we compare it with that of Peter de Ruere, after he was made Cardinal by the Pope his kinſman: For within the ſpace of two years which he lived at Rome, he expended, in feaſts and entertainments, no leſs than four hundred thouſand crowns.

FREN. ACAD.

HOW very different, but how much more commendable, was the conduct of Cyrus, King of Perſia, who, having condeſcended to the intreaties of one of his friends, to take a dinner with him, and being deſired to name his viands, and where he would have his table ſpread, made this unexpected anſwer: "It is my "pleaſure," ſaid the King, "that you prepare this "banquet on the ſide of the river, and that one loaf "of bread be all the diſhes!"

APH. ANTIENTS.

AS this laſt example may be thought a contrary extreme, eſpecially by thoſe who do not know that bread

vegetables were the ordinary food of the Perſians, I will give you an inſtance of the contempt of extravagance and prodigality, in the conduct of the celebrated Dean Swift. A certain lady ſent him an invitation to dinner: But, having heard that he was not eaſily pleaſed, ſhe had taken a month to provide for it. When the time came, every delicacy which could be purchaſed the lady prepared, even to profuſion. The Dean was ſcarce ſeated, when ſhe began to make a ceremonious harangue; in which ſhe told him, that ſhe was ſincerely ſorry that ſhe had not a more tolerable dinner, ſince ſhe was apprehenſive there was not any thing there fit for him to eat; in ſhort, that it was a bad dinner. "P—x take you," ſaid the Dean, "why did you not "get a better then? ſure you had time enough! but "ſince you ſay it is ſo bad, I'll e'en go home and eat a "herring." Accordingly he departed, and left her juſtly confuſed at her folly, which had ſpoilt all the pains and expence ſhe had been at.

BUT to give an example perfectly worthy of imitation in every reſpect, I muſt relate the following anecdote.

Lord Carteret, in his Lieutenancy, being very fond of Dr Delany, who was indeed worthy of univerſal eſteem, came one day quite unattended, and told the Doctor, he was come to dine with him. He thanked his excellency for the honour he conferred on him, and invited him to walk in his beautiful gardens; which his excellency did with great good humour. They took a turn or two, when the ſervant came to inform them, that dinner was upon the table. The Doctor had generally ſomething ſuitable to the ſeaſon for himſelf and his mother, to whom he behaved with true filial tenderneſs and reſpect.

The Doctor made the old lady do the honours of his table; for which, nor for the entertainment, he never made the leaſt apology, but told his Lordſhip, that

To ſtomachs cloy'd with coſtly fare,
Simplicity alone was rare.

This demeanor of his was infinitely agreeable to Lord Carteret, who, though a courtier, hated ceremony when he ſought pleaſure, which is indeed inconſiſtent with it. His excellency, after the cloth was taken away, and the bottle introduced (when, conſequently, the lady departed) told the Doctor, "That "he always believed him to be a well-bred man, "but never had ſo clear a demonſtration of it, as "he had this day ſeen. Others," ſaid he, "whom "I have tried the ſame experiment on, have met me "in as much confuſion, as if I came to arreſt them for "high treaſon; nay, they would not give me a mo-"ment of their converſation, which, and not their din-"ner, I ſought, but hurry from me, and then if I had "any appetite, deprive me of it, by their fulſome apo-"logies for defects, and by their unneceſſary profu-"ſion." MEMOIRS of MRS. L. PILK. vol. iii.

PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY:

An ALLEGORY.

PROSPERITY and adverſity, the daughters of Providence, were ſent to the houſe of a rich Phœnician merchant, named Velaſco, whoſe reſidence was at Tyre, the capital city of that kingdom.

Proſperity, the elder, was beautiful as the morning, and cheerful as the ſpring: But Adverſity was ſorrowful and ill-favoured.

Velaſco had two ſons, Felix and Uranio. They were both bred to commerce, though liberally educated, and had lived together from their infancy in the ſtricteſt harmony and friendſhip. But love, before whom all the affections of the ſoul are as the traces of a ſhip upon the ocean, which remain only for a moment, threatened in an evil hour or ſet them at variance; for both were become enamoured with the beauties of Proſperity. The nymph, like one of the daughters of

of men, gave encouragement to each by turns; but to avoid a particular declaration, ſhe avowed a reſolution never to marry, unleſs her ſiſter, from whom ſhe ſaid it was impoſſible for her to be long ſeparated, was married at the ſame time.

Velaſco, who was no ſtranger to the paſſions of his ſons, and who dreaded every thing from their violence, to prevent conſequences, obliged them by his authority to decide their pretenſions by lots; each previouſly engaging in a ſolemn oath to marry the nymph that ſhould fall to his ſhare. The lots were accordingly drawn; and Proſperity became the wife of Felix, and Adverſity of Uranio.

Soon after the celebration of theſe nuptials, Velaſco died, having bequeathed to his eldeſt ſon Felix the houſe wherein he dwelt, together with the greateſt part of his large fortune and effects.

The huſband of Proſperity was ſo tranſported with the gay diſpoſition and enchanting beauties of his bride, that he cloathed her in gold and ſilver, and adorned her with jewels of ineſtimable value. He built a palace for her in the wood; he made rivers in his gardens, and beautified their banks with temples and pavilions. He entertained at his table the nobles of the land, delighting their ears with muſic, and their eyes with magnificence. But his kindred he beheld as ſtrangers, and the companions of his youth paſſed by him unregarded. His brother alſo became hateful in his ſight, and in proceſs of time, he commanded the doors of his houſe to be ſhut againſt him.

But as the ſtream flows from its channel and loſes itſelf among the valleys, unleſs confined by mounds: So alſo will the current of fortune be diſſipated, unleſs bounded by œconomy. In a few years the eſtate of Felix waſted by extravagance, his merchandize failed him by neglect, and his effects were ſeized by the mercileſs hands of creditors. He applied himſelf for ſupport to the nobles and great men whom he had feaſted and made preſents to; but his voice was as the voice of a ſtranger, and they remembered not his face. The friends whom he had neglected derided him in

their

their turn, his wife alſo inſulted him, and turned her back upon him and fled. Yet was his heart ſo bewitched with her ſorceries, that he purſued her with entreaties, till by her haſte to abandon him, her maſk fell off, and diſcovered to him a face as withered and deformed, as before it had appeared youthful and engaging.

What became of him afterwards, tradition does not relate with certainty. It is believed that he fled into Egypt, and lived precariouſly on the ſcanty benevolence of a few friends, who had not totaly deſerted him, and that he died in a ſhort time, wretched and an excile.

Let us now return to Uranio, who, as we have already obſerved, had been driven out of doors by his brother Felix. Adverſity, though hateful to his heart, and a ſpectre to his eyes, was the conſtant attendant upon his ſteps: And to aggravate his ſorrow, he received certain intelligence that his richeſt veſſel was taken by a Sardinian pirate; that another was loſt upon the Lybian Syrtes; and, to complete all, that the banker with whom the greateſt part of his ready money was entruſted, had deſerted his creditors and retired into Sicily. Collecting therefore the ſmall remains of his fortune, he bade adieu to Tyre, and, led by Adverſity through unfrequented roads and foreſts overgrown with thickets, he came at laſt to a ſmall village at the foot of a mountain. Here they took up their abode for ſome time; and Adverſity, in return for all the anxiety he had ſuffered, ſoftening the ſeverity of her looks, adminiſtered to him the moſt faithful counſel, weaning his heart from the immoderate love of earthly things, and teaching him to revere the gods, and to place his whole truſt and happineſs in their government and protection. She humanized his ſoul, made him modeſt and humble, taught him to compaſſionate the diſtreſſes of his fellow-creatures, and inclined him to relieve them.

"I am ſent," ſaid ſhe, "by the gods to thoſe only "whom they love: For I not only train them up by "my ſevere diſcipline to future glory, but alſo pre-

"pare

" pare them to receive with a greater reliſh all ſuch
" moderate enjoyments, as are not inconſiſtent with
" this probationary ſtate. As the ſpider, when a
" failed, ſeeks ſhelter in its inmoſt web, ſo the mind
" which I afflict, contracts its wandering thoughts
" and flies for happineſs to itſelf. It was I who raiſed
" the characters of Cato, Socrates, and Timoleon to
" ſo divine a height, and ſet them up as guides and
" examples to every future age. Proſperity, my
" ſmiling but treacherous ſiſter, too frequently de-
" vers thoſe whom ſhe has ſeduced to be ſcourged by
" her cruel followers, Anguiſh and Deſpair: While
" Adverſity never fails to lead thoſe who will be in-
" ſtructed by her, to the bliſsful habitations of Tran-
" quillity and Content."

Uranio liſtened to her words with great attention; and as he looked earneſtly on her face, the deformity of it ſeemed inſenſibly to decreaſe. By gentle degrees his averſion to her abated; and at laſt he gave himſelf wholly up to her counſel and direction. She would often repeat to him the wiſe maxims of the philoſopher, " That thoſe who want the feweſt things " approach neareſt to the gods, who want nothing." She admoniſhed him to turn his eyes to the many thouſands beneath him, inſtead of gazing on the few who live in pomp and ſplendor; and in his addreſſes to the gods, inſtead of ſupplicating for riches and popularity, to pray only for a virtuous mind, a quiet ſtate, an unblameable life, and a death full of good hopes.

Finding him to be every day more and more compoſed and reſigned, though neither enamoured of her face, nor delighted with her ſociety, ſhe at laſt addreſſed him in the following manner:

" As gold is purged and refined from droſs by the
" fire, ſo is Adverſity ſent by Providence to try and
" improve the virtue of mortals. The end obtained
" my taſk is finiſhed; and I now leave you to go and
" give an account of my charge. Your brother, whoſe
" lot was Proſperity, and whoſe condition you
" much envied, after having experienced the error of
" his

" his choice, is at laſt releaſed by death from the moſt " wretched of lives. Happy has it been for Uranio, " that his lot was Adverſity, whom, if he remembers " as he ought, his life will be honourable, and his " death happy."

As ſhe pronounced theſe words ſhe vaniſhed from his ſight. But though her features at that moment, inſtead of inſpiring their uſual horror, ſeemed to diſplay a kind of languiſhing beauty; yet, as Uranio, in ſpite of his utmoſt efforts, could never prevail on himſelf to love her, he neither regreted her departure, or wiſhed for her return. But though he rejoiced in her abſence, he treaſured up her counſels in his heart, and grew happy by the practice of them.

He afterwards betook himſelf again to merchandize; and having in a ſhort time acquired a competency ſufficient for the real enjoyments of life, he retreated to a little farm which he had bought for that purpoſe, and where he determined to continue the remainder of his days. Here he employed his time in planting, gardening, and huſbandry, in quelling all diſorderly paſſions, and informing his mind by the leſſons of Adverſity. He took great delight in a little cell or hermitage in his garden, which ſtood under a tuft of trees, encompaſſed with eglantine, and honey-ſuckles. Adjoining to it was a cold bath, formed by a ſpring iſſuing from a rock, and over the door written in large characters the following inſcription:

Beneath this moſs-grown roof, within this cell,
Truth, Liberty, Content, and Virtue dwell.
Say, you who dare this happy place diſdain,
What ſplendid palace boaſts ſo fair a train?

He lived to a good old age; and died honoured and lamented.

WORLD.

PROVIDENCE.

PROVIDENCE.

The Juſtice of PROVIDENCE in the Diſtribution of Riches.

To whom can riches give repute or truſt,
Content or pleaſure: But the good and juſt. Pope.

CHREMYLUS, who was an old and a good man and withal exceeding poor, being deſirous to leave ſome riches to his ſon, conſults the oracle of Apollo upon the ſubject. The oracle bid him follow the firſt man he ſhould ſee upon his going out of the temple. The perſon he chanced to ſee was to appearance an old, ſordid, blind man, but upon his following him from place to place, he at laſt found, by his own confeſſion, that he was Plutus, the God of Riches, and that he was juſt come out of the houſe of a miſer. Plutus further told him, that when he was a boy he uſed to declare, that as ſoon as he came to age he would diſtribute wealth to none but virtuous and juſt men; upon which, Jupiter conſidering the pernicious conſequences of ſuch a reſolution, took his ſight away from him, and left him to ſtroll about the world in the blind condition wherein Chremylus beheld him. With much ado Chremylus prevailed upon him to go to his houſe, where he met an old woman in a tattered raiment, who had been his gueſt for many years, and whoſe name was Poverty. The old woman refuſing to turn out as eaſily as he would have her, he threatned to baniſh her not only from his own houſe, but out of all Greece, if ſhe made any more words upon the matter. Poverty on this occaſion, pleads her cauſe very notably, and repreſents to her old landlord, that ſhould ſhe be driven out of the country, all their trades, arts and ſciences would be driven out with her; and that if every one

was rich, they would never be ſupplied with thoſe pomps, ornaments, and conveniences of life which made riches deſirable. She likewiſe repreſented to him the ſeveral advantages which ſhe beſtowed upon her votaries, in regard to their ſhape, their health, and their activity, by preſerving them from gouts, dropſies, unwieldineſs, and intemperance. But whatever ſhe had to ſay for herſelf, ſhe was at laſt forced to troop off. Chremylus immediately conſidered how he might reſtore Plutus to his ſight; and in order to do it, conveyed him to the temple of Eſculapius, who was famous for cures and miracles of this nature. By this means the Deity recovered his eyes, and begun to make a right uſe of them, by enriching every one that was diſtinguiſhed by piety towards the gods, and juſtice towards men; and at the ſame time by taking away his gifts from the impious and undeſerving. This produced ſeveral merry incidents, till, in the laſt act, Mercury deſcends with great complaints from the gods, that ſince the good men were grown rich they had received no ſacrifices, which is confirmed by a prieſt of Jupiter, who enters with a remonſtrance, that ſince theſe late innovations, he was reduced to a ſtarving condition, and could not live upon his office. Chremylus, who in the beginning of the play was religious in his poverty, concludes with a propoſal, which was reliſhed by all the good men who were now grown rich as well as himſelf, *i. e.* that they ſhould carry Plutus in ſolemn proceſſion to the temple, and inſtal him in the place of Jupiter. This allegory inſtructed the Athenians in two points, firſt, as it vindicated the conduct of Providence in its ordinary diſtribution of wealth; and in the next place, as it ſhewed the great tendency of riches to corrupt the morals of thoſe who poſſeſſed them.

SPECTATOR.

The JUSTICE of PROVIDENCE.

All nature is but art unknown to thee,
All chance, direction which thou can'ſt not ſee;
All diſcord, harmony, not underſtood,
All partial evil, univerſal Good:
And ſpite of pride, in erring reaſon's ſpite,
One truth is clear,—Whatever is, is right. POPE

BOZALDAB, Caliph of Egypt, had dwelt ſecure for many years in the ſilken pavilions of pleaſure and had every morning anointed his head with the o of gladneſs, when his only ſon Aboram, for whom h had crouded his treaſures with gold, extended his d minions with conqueſts, and ſecured them with in pregnable fortreſſes, was ſuddenly wounded, as he w hunting, with an arrow from an unknown hand, a expired in the field.

Bozaldab, in the diſtraction of grief and deſpair, re fuſed to return to his palace, and retired to the gloom eſt grotto in the neighbouring mountains: He there rol ed himſelf on the duſt, tore away the hairs of his hoar head, and daſhed the cup of conſolation, that Patience o fered him, to the ground. He ſuffered not his miniſtre to approach his preſence; but liſtened to the ſcrea of the melancholy birds of midnight, that flit throug the ſolitary vaults and echoing chambers of the pyra mids. "Can that God be benevolent," he cried, "wi "thus wounds the ſoul, as from an ambuſh, with une "pected ſorrows, and cruſhes his creatures in a m "ment with irremediable calamity? Ye lying Iman "prate to us no more of the juſtice and the kindne "of an all-directing and all-loving Providence! H "whom ye pretend reigns in Heaven, is ſo far fro "protecting the miſerable ſons of men, that he perp "tually delights to blaſt the ſweeteſt flowerets in t "garden of hope; and, like a malignant giant, to be dow

" down the ſtrongeſt towers of happineſs with the iron
" mace of his anger. If this being poſſeſſed the good-
" neſs and the power with which flattering prieſts have
" inveſted him, he would doubtleſs be inclined and en-
" abled to baniſh thoſe evils which render the world a
" dungeon of diſtreſs, a vale of vanity and woe.—I
" will continue in it no longer!"

At that moment he furiouſly raiſed his hand, which deſpair had armed with a dagger, to ſtrike deep into his boſom; when ſuddenly thick flaſhes of lightning ſhot through the cavern, and a being of more than human beauty and magnitude, arrayed in azure robes, crowned with amaranth, and waving a branch of palm in his right-hand, arreſted the arm of the trembling and aſtoniſhed Caliph, and ſaid, with a majeſtic ſmile, " Follow me to the top of this mountain."

" Look from hence, ſaid the awful conductor, I am
" Caloc, the angel of Peace; look from hence into the
" valley."

Bozaldab opened his eyes and beheld a barren, ſultry, and ſolitary iſland, in the midſt of which ſat a pale, meagre, and ghaſtly figure: It was a merchant juſt periſhing with famine, and lamenting that he could find neither wild berries nor a ſingle ſprig in this forlorn uninhabited deſart; and begging the protection of Heaven againſt the tygers that would now certainly deſtroy him, ſince he had conſumed the laſt fuel he had collected to make nightly fires to affright them. He then caſt a caſket of jewels on the ſand, as trifles of no uſe; and crept feeble and trembling to an eminence, where he was accuſtomed to ſit every evening to watch the ſetting ſun, and to give a ſignal to any ſhip that might haply approach the iſland.

" Inhabitant of Heaven," cried Bozaldab, " ſuffer
" not this wretch to periſh by the fury of wild beaſts."
" Peace, ſaid the angel, and obſerve."

He looked again, and beheld a veſſel arrived at the deſolate iſle. What words can paint the rapture of the ſtarving merchant, when the Captain offered to tranſport him to his native country, if he would reward him with half the jewels of his caſket. No ſooner had this

pitileſs commander received the ſtipulated ſum, then h
held a conſultation with the crew, and they agreed t
ſeize the remaining jewels, and leave the unhapp
exile in the ſame helpleſs and lamentable condition i
which they diſcovered him. He wept and trembled
intreated and implored in vain.

" Will Heaven permit ſuch injuſtice to be practiſed,
exclaimed Bozaldab? " Look again, ſaid the ange
" and behold the very ſhip in which, ſhortſighted
" thou art, thou wiſhedſt the merchant might embar
" daſhed in pieces on a rock; doſt thou not hear th
" cries of the ſinking ſailors? Preſume not to dire
" the Governor of the univerſe in his diſpoſal of event
" The man whom thou haſt pitied ſhall be taken fro
" this dreary ſolitude, but not by the method tho
" would'ſt preſcribe. His vice was avarice, by whi
" he became not only abominable but wretched; h
" fancied ſome mighty charm in wealth, which, lik
" the want of Abdiel, would gratify every wiſh, an
" obviate every fear. This wealth he has now bee
" taught not only to deſpiſe, but abhor: He ca
" his jewels upon the ſand, and confeſſed them to b
" uſeleſs; he offered part of them to the mariner
" and perceived them to be pernicious; he has no
" learned, that they are rendered uſeful or vain, goo
" or evil, only by the ſituation and temper of th
" poſſeſſor. Happy is he whom diſtreſs has taught wi
" dom! But turn thine eyes to another and more in
" tereſting ſcene."

The Caliph inſtantly beheld a magnificent palace, a
dorned with ſtatues of his anceſtors wrought in jaſper
the ivory doors of which, turning on hinges of th
gold of Golconda, diſcovered a throne of diamonds, ſu
rounded with the rajas of fifty nations, and with am
baſſadors in various habits and of different comple
ions; on which ſat Aboram, the much-lamented ſo
of Bozaldab, and by his ſide a Princeſs fairer than a
Houri.

" Gracious Alla!—It is my ſon," cried the Calip
" O let me hold him to my heart?" " Thou canſt n
" graſp an unſubſtantial viſion," replied the angel: "
"

" am now ſhewing thee what would have been the de-
" ſtiny of thy ſon, had he continued longer on the
" earth." " And why," returned Bozaldab, " was
" he not permitted to continue? Why was I not ſuffer-
" ed to be a witneſs of ſo much felicity and power?"
" Conſider the ſequel," replied he, " that dwells in the
" fifth Heaven." Bozaldab looked earneſtly, and ſaw
he countenance of his ſon, on which he had been uſed
o behold the placid ſmile of ſimplicity, and the vivid
luſhes of health, now diſtorted with rage, and now
ixed in the inſenſibility of drunkenneſs: It was again
nimated with diſdain, it became pale with apprehen-
ion, and appeared to be withered by intemperance;
is hands were ſtained with blood, and he trembled by
urns with fury and terror. The palace ſo lately ſhine-
ng with oriental pomp, changed ſuddenly into the cell
f a dungeon, where his ſon lay ſtretched out on a cold
avement, gagged and bound, and his eyes put out.
oon after, he perceived the favourite Sultana, who be-
ore was ſeated by his ſide, enter with a bowl of poi-
on, which ſhe compelled Aboram to drink, and after-
ards married the ſucceſſor to his throne.

" Happy," ſaid Caloc, " is he whom Providence
has by the angel of death ſnatched from guilt! from
whom that power is with-held, which, if he had poſ-
ſeſſed, would have accumulated upon himſelf yet
reater miſery than it could make upon others."

" It is enough," cried Bozaldab; " I adore the in-
crutable ſchemes of omniſcience!—From what dread-
l evil has my ſon been reſcued, by a death which I
ſhly bewailed as unfortunate and premature! A death
f innocence and peace, which has bleſſed his memory
pon earth, and tranſmitted his ſpirit to the ſkies."

" Caſt away the dagger," replied the heavenly meſ-
nger, " which thou waſt preparing to plunge into
thine own heart. Exchange complaint for ſilence,
and doubt for adoration. Can a mortal look down,
without giddineſs and ſtupefaction, into the vaſt abyſs
of eternal wiſdom? Can a mind that ſees not infi-
nitely, perfectly comprehend any thing among an
infinity of objects, mutually relative? Can the chan-

" nels, which thou commandeſt to be cut to receive
" the annual inundation of the Nile, contain the wa-
" ters of the ocean? Remember that perfect happineſs
" cannot be conferred on a creature; for perfect hap-
" pineſs is an attribute as incommunicable as perfect
" power and eternity."

The angel, while he was ſpeaking thus, ſtretched out his pinions to fly back to the empyreum, and the flutter of his wings was like the ruſhing of a cataract.

ADVENTURER.

PRUDENCE.

PRUDENCE is an ev'nneſs of ſoul,
A ſteady temper which no cares controul,
No paſſions ruffle, no deſires inflame;
Still conſtant to itſelf, and ſtill the ſame.

A Gentleman, whom I ſhall call Mr Foreſight, was poſſeſſed of a genteel income, and while a bachelor kept a chariot and four footmen, beſides ſix ſaddle horſes. He did not exceed, but went to the utmoſt ſtretch of his income: But, when he married the beautiful Clarinda (who brought him a handſome fortune) he diſmiſſed two of his footmen, four of the ſaddle horſes, and his chariot; and kept only a chair for the uſe of his lady. Embroidered cloaths and laced linen were quite laid aſide: He was married in a plain drugget, and, from that time forward, in all the accommodations of life, never coveted any thing beyond cleanlineſs and conveniency. When any of his acquaintance aſked him the reaſon of this ſudden change, he would anſwer, " In a ſingle life I could eaſily compute my
" wants, and provide againſt them; but the condition
" of life I am now engaged in is attended with a thou-
" ſand unforeſeen caſualties, as well as with a great
" ma

" many diſtant but unavoidable expences. The hap-
" pineſs or miſery in this world of a future progeny
" will probably depend upon my good or ill huſbandry.
" I ſhall never think I have diſcharged my duty till I
" have laid up a proviſion for three or four children at
" leaſt." " But pr'ythee, Sir," ſays a pert coxcomb
hat ſtood by, " why ſhouldſt thou reckon thy chickens
" before——" Upon which he cut him ſhort, and re-
plied, " It is no matter; a brave man can never want
" heirs, while there is one man of worth living." This
recautious way of reaſoning and acting, has proved,
o Mr Foreſight and his lady, an uninterrupted ſource of
elicity; wedlock ſits light and eaſy upon them; and
hey are at preſent happy in two ſons and a daughter,
who, a great many years hence, will feel the good ef-
ects of their parents prudence.

HOW ſingular, in the age we live in, is the diſcreet
ehaviour of young Sophia, and how amiable does ſhe
ppear in the eyes of wiſe men? Her lover, a little be-
ore marriage, acquainted her, that he intended to lay
ut a thouſand pounds for a preſent in jewels; but, be-
ore he did it, deſired to know what ſort would be moſt
greeable to her. " Sir," replied Sophia, " I thank
you for your kind and generous intentions, and only
beg they may be executed in another manner: Be
pleaſed only to give me the money, and I will try to
lay it out to a better advantage. I am not," continu-
d ſhe, " in the leaſt fond of thoſe expenſive trifles;
neither do I think the wearing of diamonds can be
any addition, nor the abſence of them any diminut
on to my happineſs. I ſhould be aſhamed to appear
in public for a few days in a dreſs which does not be-
come me at all times. Beſides, I ſee, by that mo-
deſt plain garb of yours, that you are not yourſelf af-
fected with the gaiety of apparel. When I am your
wife, my only care will be to keep my perſon clean
and neat for you, and not to make it fine for others."
he gentleman, tranſported with this excellent turn of
nd in his miſtreſs, preſented her with the money in
w gold. She purchaſed an annuity with it; and out

of

of the income of which, at every revolution of her wedding-day, ſhe makes her huſband ſome pretty preſent, as a token of her gratitude, and a freſh pledge of her love: Part of it ſhe yearly diſtributes among her indigent and beſt-deſerving neighbours, and the ſmall remainder ſhe lays out in ſomething uſeful for herſelf and the children.

RELIGION.

IT is a great diſgrace to religion, to imagine it is an enemy to mirth and cheerfulneſs, and a ſevere exacter of penſive looks and ſolemn faces. The true ſpirit of religion cheers as well as compoſes the ſoul. It is not the buſineſs of virtue to exterpate the affections of the mind, but to regulate them.

The greateſt and wiſeſt of men in all ages and countries were renowned for their piety and virtue. Thoſe in our own nation, that have been unqueſtionably the moſt eminent for learning and knowledge, were likewiſe the moſt eminent for their adherence to the Chriſtian religion. I might produce very ſhining examples from among the clergy; but becauſe prieſt-craft is the common cry of every cavilling empty ſcribbler, I ſhall ſhew that thoſe laymen who have exerted a more than ordinary genius in their writings, and were the glory of their times, were men whoſe hopes were filled with immortality, and the proſpect of future rewards, and men who lived in a dutiful ſubmiſſion to all the doctrines of revealed religion.

MR ADDISON, ſo deſervedly celebrated for an uncommon accuracy in thinking and reaſoning, has given abundant proof of his belief of Chriſtianity and his zeal againſt infidels of all kinds in his evidences of the Chriſtian religion. All his writings on religious ſubjects diſcover

diſcover a ſtrong, maſculine, and ſteady piety; and his amiable conduct in every part of his life gives us the moſt convincing proof that what he wrote were the genuine ſentiments of his mind. But his virtue ſhone out brighteſt at the point of death; for, after a long and manly, but vain ſtruggle with his diſtempers, he diſmiſſed his phyſicians, and with them all hopes of life: But with his hopes of life he diſmiſſed not his concern for the living, but ſent for a youth nearly related, and finely accompliſhed, yet not above being the better for good impreſſions from a dying friend. He came: But life now glimmering in the ſocket, the dying friend was ſilent. After a decent and proper pauſe, the youth ſaid, "Dear Sir! you ſent for me: I believe, and "hope you have ſome commands; I ſhall hold them "moſt ſacred:" May diſtant ages not only hear, but feel, the reply! forcibly graſping the youth's hand, he ſoftly ſaid, *See in what peace a Chriſtian can die.* He ſpoke with difficulty, and ſoon expired. Through divine grace how great is man! through divine mercy how ſtingleſs death! who would not thus expire? CONJECTURES ON ORIGINAL COMPOSITION, p. 103.

RELIGION and SUPERSTITION contraſted.

I HAD lately a very remarkable dream, which made ſo ſtrong an impreſſion on me, that I remember it every word; and, if you are no better employed, you may read the relation of it as follows.

Methought I was in the midſt of a very entertaining ſet of company, and extremely delighted in attending to a lively converſation: When, on a ſudden, I perceived one of the moſt ſhocking figures imagination can frame, advancing towards me. She was dreſſed in black, her ſkin was contracted into a thouſand wrinkles, her eyes deep ſunk in her head, and her complexion pale and livid as the countenance of death. Her looks were filled with terror and unrelenting ſeve-

rity,

rity, and her hands armed with whips and ſcorpions. As ſoon as ſhe came near, with a horrid frown, and a voice that chilled my very blood, ſhe bade me follow her. I obeyed; and ſhe led me through rugged paths, beſet with briars and thorns, into a deep ſolitary valley. Wherever ſhe paſſed, the fading verdure withered beneath her ſteps, her peſtilential breath infected the air with malignant vapours, obſcured the luſtre of the ſun; and involved the fair face of Heaven in univerſal gloom. Diſmal howlings reſounded through the foreſt; from every baleful tree the night-raven uttered his dreadful note, and the proſpect was filled with deſolation and horror. In the midſt of this tremendous ſcene, my execrable guide addreſſed me in the following manner.

"Retire with me, O raſh unthinking mortal! from "the vain allurements of a deceitful world, and learn, "that pleaſure was not deſigned the portion of human "life. Man was born to mourn, and to be wretched: "This is the condition of all below the ſtars; and "whoever endeavours to oppoſe it, acts in contradic- "tion to the will of Heaven. Fly then from the fatal "inchantments of youth and ſocial delight, and here "conſecrate the ſolitary hours to lamentation and "woe. Miſery is the duty of all ſublunary beings; "and every enjoyment is an offence to the Deity; "who is to be worſhipped only by the mortification of "every ſenſe of pleaſure, and the everlaſting exerciſe "of ſighs and tears."

This melancholy picture of life quite ſunk my ſpirits, and ſeemed to annihilate every principle of joy within me. I threw myſelf beneath a blaſted yew, where the winds blew cold and diſmal round my head, and dreadful apprehenſions chilled my heart. Here I reſolved to lie till the hand of death, which I impatiently invoked, ſhould put an end to the miſeries of a life ſo deplorably wretched. In this ſad ſituation I eſpied on one hand of me a deep muddy river, whoſe heavy waves rolled on in ſlow ſullen murmurs. Here I determined to plunge; and was juſt upon the brink, when I found myſelf ſuddenly drawn back. I turned about, and

and was ſurpriſed by the ſight of the loveliest object I had ever beheld. The moſt engaging charms of youth and beauty appeared in all her form; effulgent glories ſparkled in her eyes, and their awful ſplendors were ſoftened by the gentleſt looks of compaſſion and peace. At her approach, the frightful ſpectre who had before tormented me, vaniſhed away, and with her all the horrors ſhe had cauſed. The gloomy clouds brightened into cheerful ſunſhine, the groves recovered their verdure, and the whole region looked gay and blooming as the garden of Eden. I was quite tranſported at this unexpected change, and reviving pleaſure began to glad my thoughts; when, with a look of inexpreſſible ſweetneſs, my beauteous deliverer thus uttered her divine inſtructions.

"My name is Religion. I am the offſpring of Truth "and Love, and the parent of Benevolence, Hope "and Joy. That monſter, from whoſe power I have "freed you, is called Superſtition: She is the child of "Diſcontent, and her followers are Fear and Sorrow. "Thus, different as we are, ſhe has often the inſolence "to aſſume my name and character, and ſeduces unhappy mortals to think us the ſame, till ſhe, at length, "drives them to the borders of deſpair, that dreadful "abyſs into which you were juſt going to ſink."

"Look round, and ſurvey the various beauties of "this globe, which Heaven has deſtined for the ſeat "of human race; and conſider whether a world thus "exquiſitely framed, could be meant for the abode of "miſery and pain. For what end has the laviſh hand "of Providence diffuſed ſuch innumerable objects of "delight, but that all might rejoice in the privilege of "exiſtence, and be filled with gratitude to the beneficent author of it? Thus to enjoy the bleſſings he has "ſent, is virtue and obedience! and, to reject them "merely as means of pleaſure, is pitiable ignorance, "or abſurd perverſeneſs. Infinite goodneſs is the "ſource of created exiſtence. The proper tendency "of every rational being, from the higheſt order of "raptured ſeraphs, to the meaneſt rank of men, is, "to riſe inceſſantly from lower degrees of happineſs

"to

" to higher. They have each faculties assigned them
" for various orders of delights."

" What!" cried I, " is this the language of Reli-
" gion? does she lead her votaries through flowery
" paths, and bid them pass an unlaborious life? Where
" are the painful toils of virtue, the mortifications of
" penitents, and the self-denying exercises of saints
" and heroes?"

" The true enjoyments of a reasonable being," an-
swered she mildly, " do not consist in unbounded in-
" dulgence, or luxurious ease; in the tumult of pas-
" sions, the languor of indolence, or the flutter of light
" amusements. Yielding to immoral pleasure corrupts
" the mind; living to animal and trifling ones, debas-
" es it; both in their degrees disqualify it for its ge-
" nuine good, and consign it over to wretchedness.
" Whoever would be really happy, must make the dili-
" gent and regular exercise of his superior powers his
" chief attention; adoring the perfections of his Maker,
" expressing good-will to his fellow-creatures, and cul-
" tivating inward rectitude. To his lower faculties he
" must allow such gratifications as will, by refreshing
" him, invigorate his nobler pursuits. In the regions
" inhabited by angelic natures, unmingled felicity for-
" ever blooms; joy flows there with a perpetual and
" abundant stream, nor needs there any mound to
" check its course. Beings conscious of a frame of
" mind originally diseased, as all the human race have
" cause to be, must use the regimen of a stricter self-
" government. Whoever has been guilty of voluntary
" excesses, must patiently submit both to the painful
" workings of nature, and needful severities of medi-
" cine, in order to his cure. Still he is entitled to a mo-
" derate share of whatever alleviating accommodation
" this fair mansion of his merciful parent affords, con-
" sistent with his recovery. And, in proportion as his
" recovery advances, the liveliest joy will spring from
" his secret sense of an amended and improving heart.
" So far from the horrors of despair is the condition
" even of the guilty.—Soudder, poor mortal, at the

" though

" thought of the gulph into which thou waſt juſt now
" going to plunge.

" While the moſt faulty have every encouragement
" to amend, the more innocent ſoul will be ſupported
" with ſtill ſweeter conſolations under all its experi-
" ence of human infirmities, ſupported by the gladden-
" ing aſſurances, that every ſincere endeavour to out-
" grow them, ſhall be aſſiſted, accepted, and reward-
" ed. To ſuch a one the lowlieſt ſelf-abaſement is but
" a deep-laid foundation for the moſt elevated hopes;
" ſince they who faithfully examine and acknowledge
" what they are, ſhall be enabled, under my conduct,
" to become what they deſire. The Chriſtian and the
" hero are inſeparable; and to the aſpirings of un-
" aſſuming truſt and filial confidence, are ſet no bounds.
" To him who is animated with a view of obtaining
" approbation from the Sovereign of the univerſe, no
" difficulty is unſurmountable. Secure in this purſuit
" of every needful aid, his conflict with the ſevereſt
" pains and trials, is little more than the vigorous ex-
" erciſes of a mind in health. His patient dependence
" on that Providence which looks through all eternity,
" his ſilent reſignation, his ready accommodation of his
" thoughts and behaviour to its inſcrutable ways, is at
" once the moſt excellent ſort of ſelf denial, and a
" ſource of the moſt exalted tranſports. Society is the
" true ſphere of human virtue. In ſocial, active life,
" difficulties will perpetually be met with; reſtraints
" of many kinds will be neceſſary; and ſtudying to be-
" have right in reſpect of theſe, is a diſcipline of the
" human heart, uſeful to others, and improving to it-
" ſelf. Suffering is no duty, but where it is neceſſary
" to avoid guilt, or to do good; nor pleaſure a crime,
" but where it ſtrengthens the influence of bad incli-
" nations, or leſſens the generous activity of virtue.
" The happineſs allotted to man in his preſent ſtate,
" is indeed faint and low, compared with his immortal
" proſpects, and noble capacities: But yet whatever
" portion of it the diſtributing hand of Heaven offers to
" each individual, is a needful ſupport and refreſhment

" for the preſent moment, ſo far as it may not hinder
" the attaining his final deſtination.

" Return then with me from continual miſery, to
" moderate enjoyment and grateful alacrity; return
" from the contracted views of ſolitude, to the proper
" duties of a relative and dependant being. Religion
" is not confined to cells and cloſets, nor reſtrained to
" ſullen retirement. Theſe are the gloomy doctrines
" of Superſtition, by which ſhe endeavours to break
" thoſe chains of benevolence and ſocial affection that
" link the welfare of every particular with that of the
" whole. Remember, that the greateſt honour you
" can pay the Author of your being, is ſuch a cheerful
" behaviour as diſcovers a mind ſatisfied with its diſ-
" penſations."

Here my preceptreſs pauſed; and I was going to ex-preſs my acknowledgments for her diſcourſe, when a ring of bells from the neighbouring village, and the new riſen ſun darting his beams through my windows, awaked me.

RAMBLER.

REVENGE.

WHOEVER arrogates to himſelf the right of ven-geance, ſhews how little he is qualified to decide his own claims, ſince he certainly demands what he would think unfit to be granted to another.

Of him that hopes to be forgiven it is indiſpenſibly required, that he forgive. It is therefore ſuperfluous to urge any other motive. On this great duty eter-nity is ſuſpended, and to him that refuſes to practiſe it, the throne of mercy is inacceſſible, and the Saviour of men has been born in vain.

ALIVERDI, generaliſſimo of the armies of Abas the Great, King of Perſia, and his prime miniſter, was a good a General and as able a politician, as he was ami-

able in the capacity of a courtier. From the conſtant ſerenity of his countenance, it was judged that nothing could ruffle the calmneſs of his heart; and virtue diſplayed itſelf in him ſo gracefully and ſo naturally, that it was ſuppoſed to be the effect of his happy temper. An extraordinary incident made the world to do him juſtice, and place him in the rank he deſerved.

One day as he was ſhut up in his cloſet, beſtowing on affairs of ſtate the hours which other men devote to ſleep, a courier quite out of breath came in and told him, that an Armenian, followed by a poſſe of friends, had in the night ſurpriſed his palace at Amandabat, deſtroyed all the moſt valuable furniture in it, and would have carried off his wife and children, doubtleſs to make ſlaves of them, had not the domeſtics, when the firſt fright was over, made head againſt him. The courier added, that a bloody ſkirmiſh enſued, in which his ſervants had the advantage at laſt; that the Armenian's friends were all killed upon the ſpot, but that their leader was taken alive. "I thank thee, Offalli," * cried Aliverdi, "for affording me the means to revenge ſo enormous an attempt. What! whilſt I make a ſacrifice of my days and my repoſe to the good of Perſia; while, through my cares and toils, the meaneſt Perſian ſubject lives ſecure from injuſtice and violence, ſhall an audacious ſtranger come to injure me in what is moſt dear to me! let him be thrown into a dungeon, give him a quantity of wretched food ſufficient to preſerve him for the torments to which I deſtine him." The courier withdrew, charged with theſe orders to them who had the Armenian in cuſtody.

But Aliverdi, growing cool again, cried out, "What is it, O God, that I have done! is it thus I "maintain the glory of ſo many years? Shall one ſingle "moment eclipſe all my virtue! that ſtranger has "cruelly provoked me; but what impelled him to "it? No man commits evil merely for the pleaſure of "doing it: There is always a motive, which paſſion

* The prophet moſt revered by the Perſians next to Mahomet.

" or prejudice preſents to us under the maſk of equity
" and it muſt needs be ſome motive of this kind tha
" blinded the Armenian to the dreadful conſequence
" of his attempt. Doubtleſs, I muſt have injured th
" wretch!"

He diſpatches immediately an expreſs to Amandaba with an order under his own hand, not to make th priſoner feel any other hardſhip than the privation o liberty. Tranquil, after this act of moderation, h applied himſelf again to public buſineſs, till he ſhoul have leiſure to ſift this particular caſe to the bottom From the ſtrict inquiries he ordered to be made, h learned, that one of his inferior officers had done ver conſiderable damage to the Armenian, conſidering th mediocrity of his fortune; and that he himſelf ha ſlighted the complaints brought againſt him. Eaſed b this diſcovery, he called for the Armenian, whoſe coun tenance expreſſed more confuſion than terror, and pa ſed this ſentence upon him:

" Vindictive ſtranger, there were ſome grounds fo
" thy reſentment; thou didſt think I had juſtly incurre
" thy hatred; I forgive thee the injury thou haſt don
" to me. But thou haſt carried thy vengeance to ex
" ceſs; thou haſt attacked a man whom thou oughte
" to reſpect; nay, thou haſt attempted to make th
" vengeance fall upon innocent heads, and therefore
" ought to puniſh thee. Go then and reflect in ſoli
" tude on the wretchedneſs of a man that gives fu
" ſwing to his paſſions. Thy puniſhment, which juſ
" tice requires of me, will be ſufficiently tempered b
" my clemency; and thy repentance may permit m
" to ſhorten the term."

On SICKNESS.

Our life is nothing but our death begun;
As tapers waſte the inſtant they take fire.

YOUNG.

IT has been obſerved by many writers, that nothing makes a more ridiculous figure in a man's life, than the diſparity we often find in him ſick and well. Thus one of an unfortunate conſtitution is perpetually exhibiting a miſerable example of the weakneſs of his mind, or of his body in their turns. I have had frequent opportunities of late to conſider myſelf in theſe different views, and hope I have received ſome advantage by it. If what Mr Waller ſays be true, that

The ſoul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.

then ſurely ſickneſs, contributing no leſs than old age to the ſhaking down this ſcaffolding of the body, may diſcover the incloſed ſtructure more plainly.——Sickneſs is a ſort of early old age; it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly ſtate, and inſpires us with the thoughts of a future, better than a thouſand volumes of philoſophers and divines. It gives ſo warning a concuſſion to thoſe props of our vanity, our ſtrength and youth, that we think of fortifying ourſelves within, when there is ſo little dependence on our outworks. Youth, at the very beſt, is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and ſmoother manner than age: It is like a ſtream that nouriſhes a plant upon its bank, and cauſes it to flouriſh and bloſſom to the ſight, but at the ſame time is undermining it at the root in ſecret. My youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me; it has afforded me ſeveral proſpects of my danger, and given me an advantage not very common to young men, that the attractions of the world have not dazzled me very much; and

I began where moſt people end, with a full conviction of the emptineſs of all ſorts of ambition, and the unſatisfactory nature of all human pleaſures.

When a ſmart fit of ſickneſs tells me this ſcurvy tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I am even as unconcerned as was that honeſt Hibernian, who (being in bed in the great ſtorm ſome years ago, and told the houſe would tumble over his head) made anſwer, "What care I for the houſe? I am only a lodger." I fancy it is the beſt time to die when one is in the beſt humour, and ſo exceſſively weak as I now am, I may ſay with conſcience, that I am not at all uneaſy at the thought that many men, whom I never had any eſteem for, are likely to enjoy this world after me. When I reflect what an inconſiderable little atom every ſingle man is, with reſpect to the whole creation, methinks it is a ſhame to be concerned at the removal of ſuch a trivial animal as I am. In the morning after my exit the ſun will riſe as bright as ever, the flowers ſmell as ſweet, the plants ſpring as green, the world will proceed in its old courſe, people will laugh as heartily, and marry as faſt as they were uſed to do: "The memory "of man" (as it is elegantly expreſſed in the wiſdom of Soloman) "paſſeth away as the remembrance of a "gueſt that tarrieth but one day." There are reaſons enough, in the fourth chapter of the ſame book, to make any young man contented with the proſpect of death. "For honourable age is not that which ſtand- "eth in length of time, or is meaſured by number of "years. But wiſdom is the grey hair to men, and an "unſpotted life is old age. He was taken away "ſpeedily, leſt that wickedneſs ſhould alter his under- "ſtanding, or deceit beguile his ſoul."

GUARDIAN

On ſpending TIME.

Time in advance behind him hides his wings,
And ſeems to creep decrepid with his age:
Behold him when paſt by, what then is ſeen
But his broad pinions fleeter than the wind. YOUNG.

WE all of us complain of the ſhortneſs of time, ſaith Seneca, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives, ſays he, are ſpent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpoſe, or in doing nothing that we ought to do: We are always complaining our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them. That noble philoſopher has deſcribed our inconſiſtency with ourſelves in this particular, by all thoſe various turns of expreſſion and thought which are peculiar to his writings.

I often conſider mankind as wholly inconſiſtent with itſelf in a point that bears ſome affinity to the former. Though we ſeem grieved at the ſhortneſs of life, in general, we are wiſhing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be at age, then to be a man of buſineſs, then to make up an eſtate, then to arrive at honours, then to retire. Thus, although the whole of life is allowed by every one to be ſhort, the ſeveral diviſions of it appear long and tedious. We are for lengthening our ſpan in general, but would fain contract the parts of which it is compoſed. The uſurer would be very well ſatisfied to have all the time annihilated that lies between the preſent moment and next quarter day. The politician would be contented to loſe three years in his life, could he place things in the poſture which he fancies they will ſtand in after ſuch a revolution of time. The lover would be glad to ſtrike out of his exiſtence all the moments that are to paſs away before the happy meeting. Thus, as faſt as our time runs, we ſhould be very glad in moſt parts of our lives that it ran much faſter than it does. Several hours of the

day

day hang upon our hands, nay we wiſh away whole years, and travel through time as through a country filled with many wild and empty waſtes, which we would fain hurry over, that we may arrive at thoſe ſeveral little ſettlements or imaginary points of reſt which are diſperſed up and down in it.

If we divide the life of moſt men into twenty parts, we ſhall find that at leaſt nineteen of them are meer gaps and chaſms, which are neither filled with pleaſure nor buſineſs. I do not however include in this calculation, the life of thoſe men who are in a perpetual hurry of affairs, but of thoſe only who are not always engaged in ſcenes of action; and I hope I ſhall not do an unacceptable piece of ſervice to thoſe perſons, if I point out to them certain methods for the filling up of their empty ſpaces of life. The methods I ſhall propoſe to them are as follows:

The firſt is the exerciſe of virtue, in the moſt general acceptation of the word. That particular ſcheme which comprehends the ſocial virtues, may give employment to the moſt induſtrious temper, and find a man buſineſs more than the moſt active ſtation of life. To adviſe the ignorant, relieve the needy, comfort the afflicted, are duties that fall in our way almoſt every day of our lives. A man has frequent opportunities of mitigating the fierceneſs of a party; of doing juſtice to the character of a deſerving man; of ſoftening the envious, quieting the angry, and rectifying the prejudiced; which are all of them employments ſuited to a reaſonable nature, and bring great ſatisfaction to the perſon who can buſy himſelf in them with diſcretion.

There is another kind of virtue that may find employment for thoſe retired hours in which we are altogether left to ourſelves, and deſtitute of company and converſation; I mean that intercourſe and communication which every reaſonable creature ought to maintain with the great Author of his being. The man who lives under an habitual ſenſe of the divine preſence, keeps up a perpetual cheerfulneſs of temper, and enjoys every moment the ſatisfaction of thinking himſelf in company with his deareſt and beſt of friends. The time

time never lies heavy upon him: It is impoſſible for him to be alone. His thoughts and paſſions are the moſt buſied at ſuch hours, when thoſe of other men are the moſt inactive. He no ſooner ſteps out of the world, but his heart burns with devotion, ſwells with hope, and triumphs in the conſciouſneſs of that preſence which every where ſurrounds him; or, on the contrary, pours out its fears, its ſorrows, its apprehenſions, to the great ſupporter of his exiſtence.

I have here only conſidered the neceſſity of a man's being virtuous, that he may have ſomething to do; but if we conſider further, that the exerciſe of virtue is not only an amuſement for the time it laſts, but that its influence extends to thoſe parts of our exiſtence which lie beyond the grave, and that our whole eternity is to take its colour from thoſe hours which we here employ in virtue or vice, the argument redoubles upon us, for putting in practice this method of paſſing away our time.

When a man has but a little ſtock to improve, and has opportunities of turning it all to good account, what ſhall we think of him if he ſuffers nineteen parts of it to lie dead, and perhaps employs even the twentieth to his ruin or diſadvantage? But becauſe the mind cannot be always in its fervours, nor ſtrained up to a pitch of virtue, it is neceſſary to find out proper employments for it in its relaxations.

The next method therefore that I would propoſe to fill up our time, ſhould be uſeful and innocent diverſions. I muſt confeſs I think it is below reaſonable creatures to be altogether converſant in ſuch diverſions as are merely innocent, and have nothing elſe to recommend them, but that there is no hurt in them. Whether any kind of gaming has even thus much to ſay for itſelf, I ſhall not determine; but I think it is very wonderful to ſee perſons of the beſt ſenſe paſſing away a dozen hours together in ſhuffling and dividing a pack of cards, with no other converſation but what is made up of a few game phraſes, and no other ideas but thoſe of black or red ſpots ranged together in different figures.

Would

Would not a man laugh to hear any one of this ſpecies complaining that life is ſhort.

The ſtage might be made a perpetual ſource of the moſt noble and uſeful entertainments, were it under proper regulations.

But the mind never unbends itſelf ſo agreeably as in the converſation of a well choſen friend. There is indeed no bleſſing of life that is any way comparable to the enjoyment of a diſcreet and virtuous friend. It eaſes and unloads the mind, clears and improves the underſtanding, engenders thought and knowledge, animates virtue and good reſolutions, ſooths and allays the paſſions, and finds employment for moſt of the vacant hours of life.

Next to ſuch an intimacy with a particular perſon one would endeavour after a more general converſation with ſuch as are capable of edifying and entertaining thoſe with whom they converſe, which are qualities that ſeldom go aſunder.

There are many other uſeful amuſements of life which one would endeavour to multiply, that we might on all occaſions, have recourſe to ſomething rather than ſuffer the mind to lie idle, or run adrift with any paſſion that chances to ariſe in it.

A man that has a taſte for muſic, painting, or architecture, is like one that has another ſenſe when compared with ſuch as have no reliſh of thoſe arts. The floreſt, and planter, the gardener, the huſbandman when they are only as accompliſhments to the man of fortune, are great reliefs to a country life, and many ways uſeful to thoſe who are poſſeſſed of them.

SPECTATOR.

TEMPERANCE

TEMPERANCE.

'Tis to thy rules, O Temperance! that we owe
All pleaſures which, from health or ſtrength, can flow:
Vigour of body, purity of mind,
Unclouded reaſon, ſentiment refin'd. CHANDLER.

THERE is a ſtory in the Arabian Night Tales, of a King who had long languiſhed under an ill habit of body, and had taken abundance of remedies to no purpoſe. At length, ſays the fable, a phyſician cured him by the following method: He took an hollow ball of wood, and filled it with ſeveral drugs; after which he cloſed it ſo artificially that nothing appeared. He likewiſe took a mall, and after having hollowed the handle, and that part which ſtrikes the ball, he encloſed in them ſeveral drugs after the ſame manner as in the ball itſelf. He then ordered the Sultan, who was his patient, to exerciſe himſelf early in the morning with theſe rightly prepared inſtruments, till ſuch time as he ſhould ſweat. When, as the ſtory goes, the virtue of the medicaments perſpiring through the wood, had ſo good an influence on the Sultan's conſtitution, that they cured him of an indiſpoſition which all the compoſitions he had taken inwardly had not been able to remove. This eaſtern allegory is finely contrived to ſhew us how beneficial bodily labour is to health, and that exerciſe is the moſt effectual phyſic. I ſhall in this place recommend another great preſervative of health, which in many caſes produces the ſame effects as exerciſe, and may, in ſome meaſure, ſupply its place, where opportunities of exerciſe are wanting. The preſervative I am ſpeaking of is temperance, which has thoſe particular advantages above all other means of health, that it may be practiſed by all ranks and conditions, at any ſeaſon, or in any place. It is a kind of regimen into which every man may put himſelf without interruption to buſineſs, expence of money, or loſs of time. If exerciſe

exerciſe throws off all ſuperfluities, temperance pre-
vents them; if exerciſe clears the veſſels, tempe-
rance neither ſatiates nor overſtrains them; if exer-
ciſe riſes proper ferments in the humours, and pro-
motes the circulation of the blood, temperance give
nature her full play, and enables her to exert herſe
in all her force and vigour; if exerciſe diſſipates
growing diſtemper, temperance ſtarves it.

Phyſic, for the moſt part, is nothing elſe but the ſub-
ſtitute of exerciſe or temperance. Medicines are in-
deed abſolutely neceſſary in acute diſtempers, that can-
not wait the ſlow operations of theſe two great inſtru-
ments of health; but did men live in an habitual courſ
of exerciſe and temperance, there would be but litt
occaſion for them. Accordingly we find that thoſ
parts of the world are the moſt healthy, where the
ſubſiſt by the chace; and that men live longeſt whe
their lives were employed in hunting, and when the
had little food beſides what they caught. Bliſtering
cupping, and bleeding are ſeldom of uſe but to the id
and intemperate; as all thoſe inward applications whic
are ſo much in practice among us, are for the moſt pa
nothing elſe but expedients to make luxury conſiſte
with health. The apothecary is perpetually employe
in countermining the cook and the vintner. It is ſai
of Diogenes, that, meeting a young man who was g
ing to a feaſt, he took him up in the ſtreet and carrie
him home to his friends, as one who was running int
imminent danger, had not he prevented him. Wh
would the philoſopher have ſaid, had he been preſe
at the gluttony of a modern meal? Would not he hav
thought the maſter of a family mad, and have begge
his ſervants to tie down his hands, had he ſeen him d
vour fowl, fiſh, and fleſh; ſwallow oil and vinega
wines and ſpices; throw down ſallads of twenty diffe
rent herbs, ſauces of an hundred ingredients, confe
tions and fruits of numberleſs ſweets and flavours
What unnatural motions and counterferments muſt ſuc
medley of intemperance produce in the body? For m
part, when I behold a faſhionable table ſet out in all i
magnificence, I fancy that I ſee gouts and dropſie
ſeve

fevers and lethargies, with other innumerable diſtempers lying in ambuſcade among the diſhes.

Nature delights in the moſt plain and ſimple diet. Every animal, but man, keeps to one diſh. Herbs are the food of this ſpecies, fiſh of that, and fleſh of a third. Man falls upon every thing that comes in his way, not the ſmalleſt fruit of excreſcence of the earth, ſcarce a berry or a muſhroom, can eſcape him.

It is impoſſible to lay down any determinate rule for temperance, becauſe what is luxury in one may be temperance in another; but there are few that have lived any time in the world who are not judges of their own conſtitutions, ſo far as to know what kinds and what proportions of food do beſt agree with them. Were I to conſider my readers as my patients, and to preſcribe ſuch a kind of temperance as is accommodated to all perſons, and ſuch as is particularly ſuited to our climate and way of living, I would copy the following rules of a very eminent phyſician. Make your whole repaſt out of one diſh. If you indulge in a ſecond, avoid drinking any thing ſtrong until you have finiſhed your meal; at the ſame time abſtain from all ſauces, or at leaſt from ſuch as are not the moſt plain and ſimple. A man could not well be guilty of gluttony, if he ſtuck to theſe few obvious and eaſy rules. In the firſt caſe there would be no variety of taſtes to ſolicit his palate, and occaſion exceſs; nor in the ſecond any artificial provocatives to relieve ſatiety, and create a falſe appetite. Were I to preſcribe a rule for drinking, it ſhould be formed upon a ſaying, quoted by ſir William Temple; "The firſt glaſs for myſelf, the ſecond for my friends, the third for good humour, and the fourth for mine enemies." But becauſe it is impoſſible for one who lives in the world to diet himſelf always in ſo philoſophical a manner, I think every man ſhould have his days of abſtinence, according as his conſtitution will permit. Theſe are great reliefs to nature, as they qualify it for ſtruggling with hunger and thirſt, whenever any diſtemper or duty of life may put it upon ſuch difficulties; and at the ſame time give it an opportunity of extricating itſelf from its oppreſſions, and recovering the ſeveral tones and ſprings of its diſtended

ſtended veſſels. Beſides, that abſtinence well time
often kills a ſickneſs in embrio, and deſtroys the fir
ſeeds of an indiſpoſition. It is obſerved by two or thre
ancient authors, that Socrates, notwithſtanding he live
in Athens during the great plague, which has made ſ
much noiſe through all ages, and has been celebrate
at different times by ſuch eminent hands. I ſay, no
withſtanding that he lived in the time of this devourin
peſtilence, he never caught the leaſt infection, whic
thoſe writers unanimouſly aſcribe to that uninterrupte
temperance which he always obſerved.

And here I cannot but mention an obſervation whic
I have often made, upon reading the lives of the philo
ſophers, and comparing it with any ſeries of Kings o
great men of the ſame number. If we conſider the
ancient ſages, a great part of whoſe philoſophy conſiſ
ed in a temperate and abſtemious courſe of life, on
would think the life of a philoſopher, and the life of
man, were of two different dates: For we find the ge
nerality of theſe wiſe men were nearer an hundre
than ſixty years of age at the time of their reſpectiv
deaths.

SPECTATOR.

TREACHERY.

OF all the vices to which human nature is ſubjec
treachery is the moſt infamous and deteſtable
being compounded of fraud, cowardice, and reveng
The greateſt wrongs will not juſtify it, as it deſtroy
thoſe principles of mutual confidence and ſecurity b
which ſociety can only ſubſiſt. The Romans, a brav
and generous people, diſdained to practiſe it towar
their declared enemies; Chriſtianity teaches us to fo
give injuries: But to reſent them under the diſguiſe
friendſhip and benevolence argues a degeneracy, whic
common humanity and juſtice muſt bluſh at.

ELFRID

ELFRIDA was the daughter of Ordgar, count of Devon, and though educated in a private manner, was ſo beautiful, that the fame of her charms reached the ears of Edgar, King of England. In order to ſatisfy himſelf whether her beauty anſwered the report he had heard of it, he ſent Ethelwold his favourite, who, under pretext of a viſit to her father, got a ſight of the daughter. As he was then young and ſuſceptible of the impreſſions of a fair face, he was ſo captivated with Elfrida's charms, that he proved falſe to his truſt, and made his addreſſes to the lady. On his return to the King, he deſcribed her in ſuch a manner as convinced Edgar, that ſhe was neither a proper object for his curioſity or affections. Having thus diverted the King's thoughts from Elfrida, he took an opportunity to repreſent to him that ſhe would prove an advantageous match to himſelf, though by no means worthy of a monarch; and having obtained his conſent to demand her in marriage, ſucceeded in his ſuit. Ethelwold had not long enjoyed the fruits of his treachery, before the whole myſtery was revealed to the King. Edgar, however, diſſembled his reſentment, till he had ocular demonſtration of his perfidy. For this purpoſe he found ſome pretence for travelling near Ethelwold's houſe, and declared his intention of viſiting a lady who was ſo much cried up for her beauty. The Earl poſted away with the news to his wife, at the ſame time adviſing her to uſe all the methods ſhe could to conceal her graces from the eyes of an amorous monarch, who would ſatiate his deſires at the expence of her chaſtity. Elfrida, being by theſe means acquainted with the wrong done to herſelf, as well as to the King, was filled with reſentment, and, inſtead of following her huſband's advice, made uſe of every art to ſet her charms out to the greateſt advantage, and to make herſelf appear the more amiable. His interview ſerved only to convince the King that his favourite had abuſed his confidence. He diſſembled his reſentment, and ſent Ethelwold a little while after to ſecure the coaſt of Northumberland againſt the Danes, and in his way thither he was found murdered. No ſteps were taken to find out the authors of this

crime; but Elfrida as ſoon as decency would per
was married to the King. HIST. ENGL. EDG

TRUTH AND SINCERITY.

I ſtill ſhall hate that man as hell,
Who this can think, and that can tell. FRANC

TRUTH and reality have all the advantages of
pearance, and many more. If the ſhew of
thing be good for any thing, I am ſure ſincerity is
ter: For why does any man diſſemble, or ſeem to
that which he is not, but becauſe he thinks it goo
have ſuch a quality as he pretends to? For to co
terfeit and diſſemble, is to put on the appearanc
ſome real excellency. Now the beſt way in the w
for a man to ſeem to be any thing, is really to be w
he would ſeem to be. Beſides that it is many time
troubleſome to make good the pretence of a good qua
as to have it; and if a man has it not, it is ten to
but he is diſcovered to want it, and then all his p
and labour to ſeem to have it is loſt. There is ſo
thing unnatural in painting, which a ſkilful eye will e
ly diſcern from native beauty, and complexion.

It is hard to perſonate and act a part long; for wh
truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be
deavouring to return, and will peep out and be
herſelf one time or other. Therefore if any man th
it convenient to ſeem good, let him be ſo indeed,
then his goodneſs will appear to every body's ſatis
tion; ſo that upon all accounts ſincerity is true wiſd
Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integ
hath many advantages over all the fine and artif
ways of diſſimulation and deceit; it is much the pla
and eaſier, much the ſafer and more ſecure wa
dealing in the world; it has leſs of trouble and diff
ty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and
zard in it; it is the ſhorteſt and neareſt way to our
carr

carrying us thither in a ſtreight line, and will hold out and laſt longeſt. The arts of deceit and cunning do continually grow weaker and leſs effectual and ſerviceable to them that uſe them; whereas integrity gains ſtrength by uſe, and the more and longer any man practiſeth it, the greater ſervice it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging thoſe with whom he hath to do, to repoſe the greateſt truſt and confidence in him, which is an unſpeakable advantage in the buſineſs and affairs of life.

Truth is always conſiſtent with itſelf, and need nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and ſits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troubleſome, and ſets a man's invention upon a rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a falſe foundation, which continually ſtands in need of props to ſhore it up, and proves at laſt to be more chargeable, than to have raiſed a ſubſtantial building at firſt upon a true and ſolid foundation; for ſincerity is firm and ſubſtantial, and there is nothing hollow and unſound in it, and becauſe it is plain and open, fears no diſcovery: Of which the crafty man is always in danger, and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his pretences are ſo tranſparent, that he that runs may read them; he is the laſt man that finds himſelf to be found out, and whilſt he takes it for granted that he makes fools of others, he renders himſelf ridiculous.

Add to all this, that ſincerity is the moſt compendious wiſdom, and an excellent inſtrument for the ſpeedy diſpatch of buſineſs; it creates confidence in thoſe we have to deal with, ſaves the labour of many enquiries, and brings things to an iſſue in few words: It is like travelling in a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man ſooner to their journey's end than byways, in which men often loſe themſelves. In a word, whatſoever convenience may be thought to be in falſehood and diſſimulation, it is ſoon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, becauſe it brings a man under an everlaſting jealouſy and ſuſpicion, ſo that he is not believed when he ſpeaks truth, nor truſted when perhaps he

he means honeſtly. When a man hath once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is ſet faſt, and nothing will then ſerve his turn, neither truth nor falſehood.

And I have often thought, that God hath in his great wiſdom hid from men of falſe and diſhoneſt minds, the wonderful advantages of truth and integrity, to the proſperity even of our worldly affairs; thoſe men are ſo blinded by their covetouſneſs and ambition, that they cannot look beyond a preſent advantage, nor forbear to ſeize upon it, though by ways ever ſo indirect; they cannot ſee ſo far as to the remoteſt conſequences of a ſteady integrity, and the vaſt benefit and advantages which it will bring a man at laſt. Were but this ſort of men wiſe and clear-ſighted enough to diſcern this, they would be honeſt out of very knavery, not out of any love to honeſty and virtue, but with a crafty deſign to promote and advance more effectually their own intereſts; and therefore the juſtice of the divine Providence hath hid this trueſt point of wiſdom from their eyes, that bad men might not be upon equal terms with the juſt and upright, and ſerve their own wicked deſigns by honeſt and lawful means.

Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and ſhould never have occaſion to converſe more with mankind, never more need their good opinion or good word, it were then no great matter (ſpeaking as to the concernments of this world) if a man ſpent his reputation all at once and ventured it at one throw: But if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of converſation whilſt he is in it, let him make uſe of truth and ſincerity in all his words and actions; for nothing but this will laſt and hold out to the end: All other arts will fail, but truth and integrity will carry a man through and bear him out to the laſt.

SPECTATOR.

VICE

VICE AND VIRTUE.

THE gratifications of vice are turbulent and unnatural, generally ariſing from the relief of paſſions, intolerable, and iſſuing in tormenting reflections; often irritated by diſappointment, and always inflamed by enjoyment, and yet ever cloyed with repetition.

The pleaſures of virtue are calm and natural; flowing from the exerciſe of kind affections or delightful reflexions in conſeqnence of them; not only agreeable in the proſpect, but in the preſent feeling; they never ſatiate, or loſe the reliſh; nay, rather the admiration of virtue grows ſtronger every day; and not only is the deſire but the enjoyment heightened by every other new gratification; and, unlike to moſt others, it is increaſed, not diminiſhed by ſympathy and communication. In fine, the ſatisfactions of virtue may be purchaſed without a bribe, and poſſeſſed in the humbleſt as well as the moſt triumphant fortune; they can bear the ſtricteſt review, do not change with circumſtances, nor grow old with time. Force cannot rob, nor fraud cheat us of them; and, crown all, inſtead of abating, they enhance every other pleaſure.

AN eminent citizen, who had lived in good faſhion and credit, was by a train of accidents, and by an unavoidable perplexity in his affairs, reduced to a low condition. There is a modeſty uſually attending faultleſs poverty, which made him rather chuſe to reduce his manner of living to his preſent circumſtances, than ſollicit his friends, in order to ſupport the ſhew of an eſtate, when the ſubſtance was gone. His wife, who was a woman of ſenſe and virtue, behaved herſelf on this occaſion with uncommon decency, and never appeared ſo amiable in his eyes as now. Inſtead of upbraiding him with the ample fortune ſhe had brought, or the many great offers ſhe had refuſed for his ſake, ſhe redoubled all the inſtances of her affection, while her

her huſband was continually pouring out his heart to her in complaints, that he had ruined the beſt woman in the world. He ſometimes came home at a time when ſhe did not expect him, and ſurpriſed her in tears; which ſhe endeavoured to conceal, and always put on an air of cheerfulneſs to receive him. To leſſen their expence, their eldeſt daughter (whom I ſhall call Amanda) was ſent into the country, to the houſe of an honeſt farmer, who had married a ſervant of the family. This young woman was apprehenſive of the ruin which was approaching, and had privately engaged a friend in the neighbourhood to give her an account of what paſſed from time to time in her father's affairs. Amanda was in the bloom of her youth and beauty, when the Lord of the manor, who often called in at the farmer's houſe as he followed his country ſports, fell paſſionately in love with her. He was a man of great generoſity, but from a looſe education had contracted a hearty averſion to marriage. He therefore entertained a deſign upon Amanda's virtue, which at preſent he thought fit to keep private. The innocent creature who never ſuſpected his intentions, was pleaſed with his perſon; and, having obſerved his growing paſſion for her, hoped, by ſo advantageous a match, ſhe might quickly be in a capacity of ſupporting her impoveriſhed relations. One day as he called to ſee her, he found her in tears over a letter ſhe had juſt received from her friend, which gave an account that her father had lately been ſtripped of every thing by an execution. The lover, who with ſome difficulty found out the cauſe of her grief, took this occaſion to make her a propoſal. It is impoſſible to expreſs Amanda's confuſion when ſhe found his pretenſions were not honourable. She was now deſerted of all her hopes, and had no power to ſpeak; but ruſhing from him in the utmoſt diſturbance locked herſelf up in her chamber. He immediately diſpatched a meſſenger to her father with the following letter:

"SIR,

"I HAVE heard of your misfortune, and have offered your daughter, if ſhe will live with me, to ſettle

on her four hundred pounds a year, and to lay down the ſum for which you are now diſtreſſed. I will be ſo ingenuous as to tell you, that I do not intend marriage; but if you are wiſe, you will uſe your authority with her not to be too nice, when ſhe has an opportunity of ſaving you and your family, and of making herſelf happy.

I am, &c."

This letter came to the hands of Amanda's mother; ſhe opened and read it with great ſurpriſe and concern. She did not think it proper to explain herſelf to the meſſenger; but deſiring him to call again the next morning, ſhe wrote to her daughter as follows:

"Deareſt child,

"YOUR father and I have juſt now received a letter from a gentleman who pretends love to you, with a propoſal that inſults our misfortunes, and would throw us to a lower degree of miſery than any thing which is come upon us. How could this barbarous man think that the tendereſt of parents would be tempted to ſupply their want, by giving up the beſt of children to infamy and ruin? It is a mean and cruel artifice to make this propoſal at a time when he thinks our neceſſities muſt compel us to any thing; but we will not eat the bread of ſhame; and therefore we charge thee not to think of us, but to avoid the ſnare which is laid for thy virtue. Beware of pitying us: It is not ſo bad as you have perhaps been told. All things will yet be well, and I ſhall write my child better news.

"I have been interrupted. I know not how I was moved to ſay things would mend. As I was going on I was ſtartled by a noiſe of one that knocked at the door, and had brought us an unexpected ſupply of a debt which has long been owing. Oh! I will now tell thee all. It is ſome days I have lived almoſt without ſupport, having conveyed what little money I could raiſe to your poor father.—Thou wilt weep to think where he is, yet be aſſured he will ſoon be at liberty.

That

That cruel letter would have broke his heart, but I have concealed it from him. I have no companion at present beſides little Fanny, who ſtands watching my looks as I write, and is crying for her ſiſter; ſhe ſays, ſhe is ſure you are not well, having diſcovered that my preſent trouble is about you. But do not think I would thus repeat my ſorrows to grieve thee. No, it is to intreat thee not to make them inſupportable, by adding what would be worſe than all. Let us bear cheerfully an affliction, which we have not brought on ourſelves, and remember there is a power who can better deliver us out of it, than by the loſs of thy innocence. Heaven preſerve my dear child.

Thy affectionate mother——."

The meſſenger, notwithſtanding he promiſed to deliver this letter to Amanda, carried it firſt to his maſter, who, he imagined, would be glad to have an opportunity of giving it into her hands himſelf. His maſter was impatient to know the ſucceſs of his propoſal, and therefore broke open the letter privately, to ſee the contents. He was not a little moved at ſo true a picture of virtue in diſtreſs; but at the ſame time was infinitely ſurpriſed to find his offers rejected. However he reſolved not to ſuppreſs the letter, but carefully ſealed it up again, and carried it to Amanda. All his endeavours to ſee her were in vain, till ſhe was aſſured he brought a letter from her mother. He would not part with it but upon condition that ſhe would read it without leaving the room. While ſhe was peruſing it he fixed his eyes on her face with the deepeſt attention; her concern gave a new ſoftneſs to her beauty, and when ſhe burſt into tears, he could no longer refrain from bearing a part in her ſorrow, and telling her that he too had read the letter, and was reſolved to make reparation for having been the occaſion of it. My reader will not be diſpleaſed to ſee the ſecond epiſtle which he now wrote to Amanda's mother.

" MADAM,

"MADAM,

"I AM full of ſhame, and will never forgive myſelf, if I have not your pardon for what I lately wrote. It was far from my intention to add trouble to the afflicted; nor could any thing but my being a ſtranger to you, have betrayed me into a fault, for which, if I live, I ſhall endeavour to make you amends as a ſon. You cannot be unhappy while Amanda is your daughter: Nor ſhall be, if any thing can prevent it, which is in the power of,

Madam,
Your moſt obedient,
Humble ſervant——."

This letter he ſent by his ſteward, and ſoon after went up to town himſelf to complete the generous act he had now reſolved on. By his friendſhip and aſſiſtance Amanda's father was quickly in a condition of retrieving his perplexed affairs. To conclude, he married Amanda, and enjoyed the double ſatisfaction of having reſtored a worthy family to their former proſperity, and of making himſelf happy by an alliance to their virtues.

THE following letter is written with ſuch an air of ſincerity, and affords ſo worthy an example to every perſon in the ſame circumſtances and under the ſame temptation, that I cannot reſiſt the pleaſure of adding it to this collection. It is from a young lady of ſmall fortune to a gentleman who had made a declaration of his paſſion for her; but the inequality of their fortunes made him think he could not anſwer it to the world, if he purſued his deſigns by way of marriage, and therefore had made propoſals of gaining her upon other terms.

"SIR,

"AFTER very much perplexity in myſelf, and revolving how to acquaint you with my own ſentiments, and expoſtulate with you concerning yours, I have choſen

ſen this way*, by which means I can be at once reveal-
ed to you, or, if you pleaſe, lie concealed. If I do
not within a few days find the effect which I hope from
this, the whole affair ſhall be buried in oblivion. But,
alas! what am I going to do, when I am about to tell
you that I love you? But after I have done ſo, I am to
aſſure you, that with all the paſſion which ever entered
a tender heart, I know I can baniſh you from my ſight
for ever, when I am convinced that you have no incli-
nations towards me but to my diſhonour. But, alas
Sir, why ſhould you ſacrifice the real and eſſential hap-
pineſs of life, to the opinion of a world, that moves up-
on no other foundation but profeſſed error and preju-
dice? You all can obſerve that riches alone do not
make you happy, and yet give up every thing elſe
when it ſtands in competition with riches. Since the
world is ſo bad that religion is left to us ſilly women,
and you men act generally upon principles of profit
and pleaſure, I will talk to you without arguing from
any thing but what may be moſt to your advantage, as
a man of the world. And I will lay before you the
ſtate of the caſe, ſuppoſing that you had it in your
power to make me your miſtreſs or your wife, and
hope to convince you that the latter is more for your
intereſt, and will contribute more to your pleaſure.

" We will ſuppoſe then the ſcene was laid, and you
were now in expectation of the approaching evening
wherein I was to meet you, and be carried to what
convenient corner of the town you thought fit to conſum-
mate all which your wanton imagination has promiſed
you in the poſſeſſion of one who is in the bloom of youth
and in the reputation of innocence: You would ſoon
have enough of me, as I am ſprightly, young, gay, and
airy. When fancy is ſated, and finds all the promiſe
it made itſelf falſe, where is now the innocence which
charmed you? The firſt hour you are alone you will
find that the pleaſure of a debauchée is only that of a de-
ſtroyer; he blaſts all the fruit he taſtes, and where the
brute has been devouring, there is nothing left worthy

* This letter is publiſhed in the Spectator, No. 199.

the reliſh of man. Reaſon reſumes her place after imagination is cloyed; and I am, with the utmoſt diſtreſs and confuſion, to behold myſelf the cauſe of uneaſy reflections to you, to be viſited by ſtealth, and dwell for the future with the two companions (the moſt unfit for each other in the world) ſolitude and guilt. I will not inſiſt upon the ſhameful obſcurity we ſhould paſs our time in, nor run over the little ſhort ſnatches of freſh air and free commerce which all people muſt be ſatisfied with, whoſe actions will not bear examination, but leave them to your reflections, who have ſeen of that life of which I have but a mere idea.

"On the other hand, if you can be ſo good and generous as to make me your wife, you may promiſe yourſelf all the obedience and tenderneſs with which gratitude can inſpire a virtuous woman. Whatever gratifications you may promiſe yourſelf from an agreeable perſon, whatever compliances from an eaſy temper, whatever conſolations from a ſincere friendſhip, you may expect as the due of your generoſity. What at preſent in your ill view you promiſe yourſelf from me, will be followed by diſtaſte and ſatiety; but the tranſports of a virtuous love are the leaſt part of its happineſs. The raptures of innocent paſſion are but like lightning to the day, they rather interrupt than advance the pleaſure of it. How happy then is that life to be, where the higheſt pleaſures of ſenſe are but the loweſt parts of its felicity?

"Now am I to repeat to you the unnatural requeſt of taking me in direct terms. I know there ſtands between me and that happineſs, the haughty daughter of a man who can give you ſuitably to your fortune. But if you weigh the attendance and behaviour of her who comes to you in partnerſhip of your fortune, and expects an equivalent with that of her who enters your houſe as honoured and obliged by that permiſſion, whom of the two will you chuſe? You, perhaps, will think fit to ſpend a day abroad in the common entertainments of men of ſenſe and fortune; ſhe will think herſelf ill uſed in that abſence, and contrive at home an expence proportioned to the appearance which you make in the

world. She is in all things to have a regard to the for-
tune which ſhe brought you, I to the fortune to whic
you introduced me. The commerce between you tw
will eternally have the air of a bargain, between u
of a friendſhip: Joy will ever enter into the room wit
you, and kind wiſhes attend my benefactor when h
leaves it. Aſk yourſelf, how would you be pleaſed t
enjoy for ever the pleaſure of having laid an immediat
obligation on a grateful mind? ſuch will be your caſ
with me. In the other marriage you will live in a con
ſtant compariſon of benefits, and never know the hap
pineſs of conferring or receiving any.

"It may be you will, after all, act rather in th
prudential way, according to the ſenſe of the ordinar
world. I know not what I think or ſay, when tha
melancholy reflection comes upon me; but ſhall onl
add more, that it is in your power to make me you
grateful wife, but never your abandoned miſtreſs.

T.

The CHOICE of HERCULES
Tranſlated from the GREEK.

NOW had the ſon of Jove mature, attain'd
The joyful prime, when youth elate and ga
Steps into life, and follows unreſtrain'd
Where paſſion leads, or prudence points the way
In the pure mind, at thoſe ambiguous years,
Or vice, rank weed, firſt ſtrikes her pois'nous roo
Or haply virtue's op'ning bud appears
By juſt degrees, fair bloom of faireſt fruit;
For, if on youth's untainted thought impreſt,
The gen'rous purpoſe ſtill ſhall warm the manly breaſ

As on a day, reflecting on his age
For higheſt deeds now ripe, Alcides ſought
Retirement; nurſe of contemplation ſage;
Step following ſtep, and thought ſucceeding thought

Mutin

Muſing, with ſteady pace the youth purſu'd
His walk; and, loſt in meditation, ſtray'd
Far in a lonely vale, with ſolitude
Converſing; while intent his mind ſurvey'd
The dubious path of life: Before him lay
Here virtue's rough aſcent, there pleaſure's flow'ry way.

Much did the view divide his wavering mind:
Now glow'd his breaſt with generous thirſt of fame;
Now love of eaſe to ſofter thoughts inclin'd
His yielding ſoul, and quench'd the riſing flame.
When, lo! far off two female forms he ſpies;
Direct to him their ſteps they ſeem to bear:
Both large and tall, exceeding human ſize;
Both, far exceeding human beauty, fair.
Graceful, yet each with different grace they move:
This, ſtriking ſacred awe; that, ſofter, winning love.

The firſt, in native dignity ſurpaſs'd;
Artleſs and unadorn'd ſhe pleas'd the more.
Health o'er her looks a genuine luſtre caſt;
A veſt more white than new-fall'n ſnow ſhe wore.
Auguſt ſhe trod, yet modeſt was her air;
Serene her eye, yet darting heav'nly fire.
Still ſhe drew near; and nearer, ſtill more fair,
More mild appear'd: Yet ſuch as might inſpire
Pleaſure corrected with an awful fear;
Majeſtically ſweet, and amiably ſevere.

The other dame ſeem'd ev'n of fairer hue:
But bold her mien, unguarded rov'd her eye:
And her flufh'd cheeks confeſs'd at nearer view
The borrow'd bluſhes of an artful dye.
All ſoft and delicate, with airy ſwim
Lightly ſhe danc'd along; her robe betray'd
Through the clear texture every tender limb,
Height'ning the charms it only ſeem'd to ſhade:
And as it flow'd adown, ſo looſe and thin,
Her ſtature ſhew'd more tall, more ſnowy-white her ſkin.

Oft with a ſmile ſhe view'd herſelf aſkance;
Ev'n on her ſhade a conſcious look ſhe threw;
Then all around her caſt a careleſs glance,
To mark what gazing eyes her beauty drew.
As they came near, before that other maid
Approaching decent, eagerly ſhe preſs'd
With haſty ſtep; nor of repulſe afraid,
With freedom bland the wand'ring youth addreſs'd
With winning fondneſs on his neck ſhe hung;
Sweet as the honey-dew flow'd her inchanting tongue

" Dear Hercules, whence this unkind delay?
" Dear youth, what doubts can thus diſtract thy mind?
" Securely follow, where I lead the way;
" And range through wilds of pleaſure unconfin'd
" With me retire, from noiſe, and pain, and care
" Embath'd in bliſs, and wrapt in endleſs eaſe.
" Rough is the road to fame, through blood and war;
" Smooth is my way, and all my paths are peace
" With me retire, from toils and perils free;
" Leave honour to the wretch! pleaſures were made for thee.

" Then will I grant thee all thy ſoul's deſire;
" All that may charm thine ear, and pleaſe thy ſight
" All that thy thought can frame, or wiſh require,
" To ſteep thy raviſh'd ſenſes in delight.
" The ſumptuous feaſt, enhanc'd with muſic's ſound
" Fitteſt to tune the melting ſoul to love;
" Rich odours, breathing choiceſt ſweets around;
" The fragrant bow'r, cool fountain, ſhady grove
" Freſh flow'rs to ſtrew thy couch, and crown thy head
" Joy ſhall attend thy ſteps, and eaſe ſhall ſmooth thy bed

" Theſe will I freely, conſtantly, ſupply;
" Pleaſures, nor earn'd with toil, nor mix'd with woe;
" Far from thy reſt repining want ſhall fly,
" Nor labour bathe in ſweat thy careful brow.
" Mature the copious harveſt ſhall be thine,
" Let the laborious hind ſubdue in ſoil.

" Leav

" Leave the raſh ſoldier ſpoils of war to win;
" Won by the ſoldier, thou ſhalt ſhare the ſpoil.
" Theſe ſofter cares my bleſs'd allies employ,
" Ne pleaſures to invent, to wiſh, and to enjoy."

Her winning voice the youth attentive caught.
He gaz'd impatient on the ſmiling maid;
Still gaz'd and liſten'd, then her name beſought.
" My name, fair youth, is Happineſs, ſhe ſaid.
" Well can my friends this envy'd truth maintain:
" They ſhare my bliſs; they beſt can ſpeak my praiſe.
" Though Slander call me Sloth—Detraction vain!
" Heed not what Slander, vain detracter, ſays;
" Slander, ſtill prompt true merit to defame,
" To blot the brighteſt worth, and blaſt the faireſt name."

By this, arriv'd the fair majeſtic maid.
(She, all the while, with the ſame modeſt pace,
Compos'd, advanc'd), " Know, Hercules, ſhe ſaid,
" With manly tone, thy birth of heav'nly race;
" Thy tender age that lov'd inſtruction's voice,
" Promis'd thee generous, patient, brave, and wiſe,
" When manhood ſhould confirm thy glorious choice.
" Now expectation waits to ſee thee riſe.
" Riſe, youth! exalt thyſelf, and me: Approve
" Thy high deſcent from Heav'n, and dare be worthy Jove.

" But what truth prompts, my tongue ſhall not diſguiſe.
" The ſteep aſcent muſt be with toils ſubdu ;
" Watchings and cares muſt win the lofty prize
" Propos'd by Heav'n; true bliſs, and real good.
" Honour rewards the brave and bold alone,
" She ſpurns the timorous, indolent, and baſe.
" Danger and toil ſtand ſtern before her throne,
" And guard (ſo Jove commands) the ſacred place.
" Who ſeeks her, muſt the mighty coſt ſuſtain,
" And pay the price of fame; labour, and care, and pain.

" Wouldſt thou engage the gods peculiar care,
" O Hercules, th' immortal pow'rs adore
" With a pure heart, with ſacrifice and pray'r,
" Attend their altars, and their aid implore.
" Or wouldſt thou gain thy country's loud applauſe,
" Lov'd as her father, as her God ador'd;
" Be thou the bold aſſerter of her cauſe,
" Her voice in council; in the fight, her ſword.
" In peace, in war, purſue thy country's good,
" For her bare thy bold breaſt, and pour thy generous blood.

" Wou'dſt thou to quell the proud, and lift th'oppreſt,
" In arts of war, and matchleſs ſtrength excel,
" Firſt conquer thou thyſelf. To eaſe, to reſt,
" To each ſoft thought of pleaſure, bid farewel.
" The night alternate, due to ſweet repoſe,
" In watches waſte, in painful march the day.
" Congeal'd, amidſt the rigorous winter's ſnows,
" Scorch'd by the ſummer's thirſt-inflaming ray,
" Thy harden'd limbs ſhall boaſt ſuperior might,
" Vigour ſhall brace thine arm reſiſtleſs to the fight."

" Hear'ſt thou what monſters then thou muſt engage,
" What danger, gentle youth, ſhe bids thee prove?
" (Abrupt, ſays Sloth). Ill fit thy tender age
" Tumult and wars, fit age for joy and love.
" Turn, gentle youth, to me, to love and joy!
" To theſe I lead. No monſters here ſhall ſtay
" Thine eaſy courſe; no cares thy peace annoy;
" I lead to bliſs, a nearer, ſmoother way.
" Short is my way, fair, eaſy, ſmooth, and plain,
" Turn, gentle youth, with me eternal pleaſures reign."

" What pleaſures, vain miſtaken wretch, are thine
" (Virtue with ſcorn reply'd), who ſleep'ſt in eaſe
" Inſenſate; whoſe ſoft limbs the toil decline
" That ſeaſons bliſs, and makes enjoyment pleaſe;
" Draining the copious bowl ere thirſt require,
" Taſting ere hunger to the feaſt invite,
" Where taſteleſs joys anticipate deſire;
" Whom luxury ſupplies with appetite;

" Ye

" Yet nature loathes, and you employ in vain
" Variety and art to conquer her diſdain.

" The ſparkling nectar, cool'd with ſummer-ſnows,
" The dainty board with choiceſt viands ſpread,
" To thee are taſteleſs all! ſincere repoſe
" Flies from thy flow'ry couch, and downy bed.
" For thou art only tir'd with indolence;
" Nor is thy ſleep with toil and labour bought;
" Th' imperfect ſleep, that lulls thy languid ſenſe
" In dull oblivious interval of thought,
" That kindly ſteals th' unactive hours away,
" From the long ling'ring ſpace, that lengthens out the day.

" From bounteous nature's unexhauſted ſtores
" Flows the pure fountain of ſincere delight:
" Averſe to her you waſte the joyleſs hours,
" Sleep drowns thy days, and riot rules thy nights.
" Immortal though thou art, indignant Jove
" Hurl'd thee from Heav'n, th' immortals bleſsful place,
" For ever baniſh'd from the realms above,
" To dwell on earth with man's degenerate race;
" Fitter abode! on earth alike diſgrac'd;
" Rejected by the wiſe, and by the fool embrac'd.

" Fond wretch, that vainly weeneſt all delight,
" To gratify the ſenſe reſerv'd for thee!
" Yet the moſt pleaſing object to the ſight,
" Thine own fair action never didſt thou ſee.
" Though lull'd with ſofteſt ſounds thou lieſt along,
" Soft muſic, warbling voices, melting lays,
" Ne'er didſt thou hear more ſweet than ſweeteſt ſong,
" Charming the ſoul, thou ne'er didſt hear thy praiſe!
" No——to thy revels let the fool repair;
" To ſuch go ſmooth thy ſpeech, and ſpread thy tempting ſnare.

" Vaſt happineſs enjoy thy gay allies!
" A youth of follies, an old age of cares:

" Young

" Young, yet enervate; old, yet never wiſe;
" Vice waſtes their vigour, and their mind impair
" Vain, idle, delicate in thoughtleſs eaſe,
" Reſerving woes for age, their prime they ſpend
" All wretched, hopeleſs in the evil days,
" With ſorrow to the verge of life they tend.
" Griev'd with the preſent, of the paſt aſham'd;
" They live, and are deſpis'd; they die, nor more ar
nam'd.

" But with the gods, and god-like men, I dwell;
" Me, his ſupreme delight, th' Almighty ſire
" Regards, well pleas'd. Whatever works excel,
" All, or divine, or human, I inſpire.
" Counſel with ſtrength, and induſtry with art,
" In union meet conjoin'd, with me reſide.
" My dictates arm, inſtruct, and mend the heart,
" The ſureſt policy, the wiſeſt guide.
" With me true friendſhip dwells; ſhe deigns to bin
" Thoſe generous ſouls alone, whom I before have join'd

" Nor need my friends the various coſtly feaſt;
" Hunger to them th' effects of art ſupplies.
" Labour prepares their weary limbs to reſt;
" Sweet is their ſleep; light, cheerful, ſtrong, the
riſe.
" Through health, through joy, through pleaſure an
renown,
" They tread my paths; and, by a ſoft deſcent,
" At length to age, all gently ſinking down,
" Look back with tranſport on a life well ſpent.
" In which no hour flew unimprov'd away,
" In which ſome generous deed diſtinguiſh'd ev'ry day

" And when, the deſtin'd term at length compleat,
" Their aſhes reſt in peace, eternal fame
" Sounds wide their praiſe; triumphant over fate,
" In ſacred ſong, for ever lives their name.
" This, Hercules, is happineſs! obey
" My voice, and live. Let thy celeſtial birth
" Liſt and enlarge thy thoughts. Behold the way
" That lead to fame, and raiſes thee from earth

" Immortal

"Immortal! Lo, I guide thy ſteps. Ariſe,
"Purſue the glorious path, and claim thy native ſkies."

Her words breathe fire celeſtial, and impart
New vigour to his ſoul, that ſudden caught
The generous flame; with great intent his heart
Swells full, and labours with exalted thought.
The miſt of error from his eyes diſpell'd,
Through all her fraudful arts, in cleareſt light
Sloth in her native form he now beheld;
Unveil'd ſhe ſtood, confeſs'd before his ſight.
Falſe Siren!—all her vaunted charms, that ſhone
So freſh erewhile, and fair, now wither'd, pale, and gone.

No more the roſy bloom in ſweet diſguiſe
Maſks her diſſembled looks; each borrow'd grace
Leaves her wan cheek; pale ſickneſs clouds her eyes,
Livid and ſunk, and paſſions dim her face.
As when fair Iris has a while diſplay'd
Her wat'ry arch, with gaudy painture gay;
While yet we gaze, the glorious colours fade,
And from our wonder gently ſteal away:
Where ſhone the beauteous phantom erſt ſo bright,
Now lowers the low-hung cloud, all gloomy to the ſight.

But virtue more engaging all the while
Diſclos'd new charms; more lovely, more ſerene,
Beaming ſweet influence. A milder ſmile
Soften'd the terrors of her lofty mien.
"Lead, Goddeſs, I am thine! (tranſported cry'd
"Alcides). O propitious pow'r, thy way
"Teach me! poſſeſs my ſoul; be thou my guide.
"From thee, O never, never let me ſtray!"
While ardent thus the youth his vows addreſs'd,
With all the goddeſs fill'd, already glow'd his breaſt.

The heav'nly maid, with ſtrength divine endu'd
His daring ſoul; there all her pow'rs combin'd.
Firm conſtancy, undaunted fortitude,
Enduring patience, arm'd his mighty mind.

Unmov'd

Unmov'd in toils, in dangers undiſmay'd,
By many a hardy deed and bold emprize,
From fierceſt monſters, through her pow'rful aid,
He freed the earth; through her, he gain'd the ſkies.
'Twas virtue plac'd him in the bleſs'd abode,
Crown'd with eternal youth, among the gods a god.

WEALTH.

A WISE man will deſire no more than what he may get juſtly, uſe ſoberly, diſtribue cheerfully, and leave contentedly. He that is in ſuch a condition as places him above contempt, and below envy, cannot, by an enlargement of his fortune, be made really more rich, or more happy than he is.

The greateſt pleaſure wealth can afford is that of doing good.

PYTHIUS, a Lydian Prince, a man immenſely rich, and yet one of the moſt penurious wretches in the world, having diſcovered a gold mine of ineſtimable value near Celene, a city of Phrygia, his heart was ſo ſet upon working it, that there was nothing but delving and refining day and night, without ſo much as allowing himſelf or the workmen, though almoſt all the city was employed by him, liberty to provide for the neceſſaries of life. One day being abſent from home, his ſubjects went with tears in their eyes to the Princeſs his wife, laid their complaints before her, and implored her aſſiſtance. Commiſerating the hardſhips they underwent, ſhe made uſe of a very extraordinary method to work upon her huſband, and to give him a clear ſenſe and a kind of palpable demonſtration of the folly and injuſtice of his conduct. She ſent for ſome of the moſt exquiſite artiſts among the gold-ſmiths, and gave them a particular account of her huſband's diet, with orders to provide an entertainment, all in gold, according to that bill of fare. By the time the colla-

tion

tion was prepared, home comes the Prince, hungry and tired, and orders ſupper immediately. The word was no ſooner ſpoke than in comes a golden table, on which was placed as the firſt courſe a great variety of delicacies all of the ſame metal. Pythius was ſtruck with admiration at the workmanſhip: But, my dear, ſays he, after a little pauſe, let us have ſomewhat to eat as well as to look at. The ſecond courſe was ordered. It was brought in, but conſiſted of nothing but gold in the form of various kinds of food. It was removed, and the third courſe appeared, after the ſame manner. This mockery put the Prince in a pet, and he told his wife, with ſome degree of warmth, that he did not want gold but meat. "Why true," ſays ſhe, "the end of having gold and ſilver is not merely to be "looked upon, but to be employed and made uſe of. "Why then do you neglect the buſineſs of huſbandry, "and the tillage of your lands, by employing all your "people in digging and refining of gold; is not this "the direct way to bring a famine upon yourſelf and "country?" Pythius was convinced of his error, and for the future reſerved only a fifth part of his people for the buſineſs of mining. Plutarch has preſerved this fact in a treatiſe wherein he has collected a great many others, to prove the ability and induſtry of ladies. We have the ſame diſpoſition of mind ingeniouſly rediculed in a fabulous ſtory in the example of Midas, King of Phrygia, for whom every thing he touched was turned into gold, according to the requeſt which he himſelf had made to the Gods, and who by that means was in danger of periſhing with hunger.

VALERIUS Publicola, by the conſent of all the Roman people, was the greateſt man of his age, and the moſt accompliſhed in every kind of virtue. I ſhall mention only one of them here, far ſuperior to all his moſt noble exploits of war. This Roman, ſo worthy of praiſe, who, ſupported by three other patricians, had delivered Rome from the tyranny and oppreſſion of the Tarquins, and cauſed their eſtates to be ſold by auction, who had been four times Conſul, who by two ſignal victories,

victories, the one over the Hetrurians, the other over the Sabines, had twice in his latter years deſerved the honour of a triumph; who, with ſuch favourable occaſions, might have amaſſed great riches, even by methods exempt from injuſtice and reproach, did not ſuffer avarice, ſo capable of dazzling the eyes and corrupting the heart, to enſnare him. Contented with the moderate fortune he had received from his anceſtors, he uſed no endeavours to augment it. He believed that he had enough for bringing up his family nobly, and for giving his children an education worthy of their birth: Convinced that true riches do not conſiſt in poſſeſſing great treaſures, but in knowing how to have few wants: And that the moſt precious and moſt noble inheritance that a father can give his children, is glory acquired by great actions, and the examples of virtue which he leaves them. However, at the time of his deceaſe, his little ſtock of wealth was ſo far expended as not to be ſufficient to defray the expence of his funeral, which was celebrated with magnificence at the charge of the public, "*Moritur, gloria ingenti, copiis familia-*
"*ribus adeo exiguis, ut funeri ſumptus deeſſet: De pub-*
"*lico elatus.*"

What praiſe, what greatneſs of ſoul was this! He dies, poor as the pooreſt in reſpect of fortune; more great, more rich, than the richeſt in virtue and glory. What a misfortune is it for our age, that examples of this kind are ſo rare, or rather not at all! the greateſt men endeavour to preſerve their memories by titles and riches, which they ardently purſue, in order to leave them to heirs who are often little qualified to keep them alive and repreſent them.

The Roman ladies renewed, in reſpect for Publicola, what they had done before for Junius Brutus, and went all into mourning, which they wore during a year, as much affected with his death as they would have been with that of their neareſt relation. PLUT. IN PUPLIC. LIV. b. ii. c. 19.

WE ſcarce find examples of this nature elſewhere. At Rome, before ſhe was corrupted and debauched by ambition,

ambition, wealth, and luxury, private perſons did not divide their intereſts from thoſe of the public. They conſidered the loſſes of the ſtate as their own. They ſhared in its misfortunes, as if they had been perſonal and domeſtic. Such a diſpoſition conſtituted the force of the ſtate, united all its parts firmly together, and compoſed a whole not to be ſhaken, and invinſible. Theſe ſentiments, perpetuated in every houſe by living examples, formed the whole city and commonwealth of Rome, in a manner into one and the ſame family, of which even the women made a part, though ſtrangers to government, every where elſe. How much ought we to think this contributed to inculcate the ſame ſentiments early into children, and to form them for zealous citizens, from their moſt tender years! This is what moſt merits obſervation in the conſtitution of the Roman commonwealth, becauſe what formed its peculiar and diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic.

WHAT has been ſaid in praiſe of Publicola, with regard to his diſintereſtedneſs and contempt of wealth, might with equal truth be applied to many other perſons, both Greeks and Romans; but I will only mention that illuſtrious Senator Menenius Agrippa. He had been Conſul, had defeated the enemies of his country, and had obtained the honour of a triumph. But ſuch was his zeal and public ſpirit, that with all his merit and glorious atchievements he died poor, not leaving enough to bury him. Every individual laid a tax upon himſelf, with joy, which amounted to a conſiderable ſum. The Senate, prompted by a noble jealouſy, conſidered it as an indignity to the ſtate, that a man of ſuch merit ſhould be interred by the alms of private perſons, and judged that it was but juſt, that the expence ſhould be defrayed out of the public treaſury; an order for that purpoſe was immediately given the queſtors, who ſpared nothing that could give the funeral pomp of Menenius all the ſplendor and magnificence worthy his rank and virtue. The people, piqued in their turn, abſolutely refuſed to take back the money which they

had given, which the queſtors would have returned. To end the diſpute, they made a preſent of it to the children of Menenius.

Is it in the reader's power not to admire all we have juſt related. What a luſtre does poverty eſpecially reflect in this place, in the midſt of this fine train of virtues and glorious actions, that attract the praiſes and occaſion the regret of an whole people! Have riches in their moſt glaring magnificence, any thing that comes near it?

But notwithſtanding what has been ſaid, we may and no doubt we ought, to ſeek ſuch a meaſure of wealth, as is neceſſary to ſupply all our real wants, to raiſe us above ſervile dependence, and to provide us with ſuch conveniencies, as are ſuited to our rank and condition in life. To be regardleſs of this meaſure of wealth, is to expoſe ourſelves to all the temptations of poverty and corruption, to forfeit our natural independency and freedom, to degrade, and conſequently to render the rank we hold, and the character we ſuſtain in ſociety uſeleſs, if not contemptible. When theſe important ends are ſecured, we ought not to murmur or repine that we poſſeſs no more; yet we are not ſecluded by any obligation moral or divine from ſeeking more, in order to give us that happieſt, and moſt god-like of all powers, the power of doing good. A ſupine indolence in this reſpect is both abſurd and criminal. Abſurd, as it robs us of an inexhauſted fund of the moſt refined and durable enjoyments; and criminal, as it renders us ſo far uſeleſs to the ſociety to which we belong. On the contrary, let it be conſidered, how poor and inconſiderable a thing wealth is, if it be diſjoined from real uſe, or from ideas of capacity in the poſſeſſor to do good from independency, generoſity, proviſion for a family or friends, and ſocial communication with others. By this ſtandard, let its true value be fixed; let its miſapplication, or unbenevolent enjoyment be accounted ſordid and infamous; and nothing worthy or eſtimable be aſcribed to the mere poſſeſſion of it, which is not borrowed from its generous uſe.

WORLD

WORLD.

AS there is no proſperous ſtate of life without its calamities, ſo there is no adverſity without its benefits. Aſk the great and powerful, if they do not feel the pangs of envy and ambition. Enquire of the poor and needy, if they have not taſted the ſweets of quiet and contentment. Even under the pains of body, the infidelity of friends, or the miſconſtructions put upon our laudable actions, our minds (when for ſome time accuſtomed to theſe preſſures) are ſenſible of ſecret flowings of comfort, the preſent reward of a pious reſignation. The evils of this life appear like rocks and precipices, rugged and barren at a diſtance, but at our nearer approach, we find little fruitful ſpots, and refreſhing ſprings, mixed with the harſhneſs and deformities of nature.

Happy are they, who, labouring under any kind of affliction, can ſay with Job, "When he hath tried me "I ſhall come forth as gold."

Let a man live but two or three years without affliction, and he is almoſt good for nothing: He cannot pray nor meditate, nor keep his heart fixed upon ſpiritual things, but let God ſmite him in his child, health, or eſtate, now he can find his tongue and affections again; now he awakes and falls to his duty in earneſt; now God has twice as much honour from him as he had before. Now, ſaith God, this amendment pleaſeth me; this rod was well beſtowed; I have diſappointed him to his great benefit and advantage. And thus God chides himſelf friends with his people again.

The VISION of MIRZA.

ON the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the cuſtom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having waſhed myſelf, and offered up my morning

devotions, I aſcended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to paſs the reſt of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myſelf on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and, paſſing from one thought to another, ſurely, ſaid I, man is but a ſhadow, and life a dream. Whilſt I was thus muſing, I caſt my eyes towards the ſummit of a rock that was not far from me, where I diſcovered one in the habit of a ſhepherd, with a little muſical inſtrument in his hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The ſound of it was exceeding ſweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpreſſibly melodious, and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard: They put me in mind of thoſe heavenly airs that are played to the departed ſouls of good men upon their firſt arrival in Paradiſe, to wear out the impreſſions of the laſt agonies, and qualify them for the pleaſures of that happy place. My heart melted away in ſecret raptures.

I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius; and that ſeveral had been entertained with that muſic, who had paſſed by it, but never heard that the muſician had before made himſelf viſible. When he had raiſed my thoughts by thoſe tranſporting airs which he played, to taſte the pleaſures of his converſation, as I looked upon him like one aſtoniſhed, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he ſat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a ſuperior nature; and as my heart was entirely ſubdued by the captivating ſtrains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius ſmiled upon me with a look of compaſſion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once diſpelled all the fears and apprehenſions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, "Mirza," ſaid he, "I have heard thee in thy ſoliloquies: Follow me."

He then led me to the higheſt pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, "Caſt thy eyes eaſtward,"

ward," ſaid he, "and tell me what thou ſeeſt." "I ſee," ſaid I, "a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it." "The valley that thou ſeeſt," ſaid he, "is the vale of miſery, and the tide of water that thou ſeeſt, is part of the great tide of eternity. "What is the reaſon," ſaid I, "that the tide I ſee riſes out of a thick miſt at one end, and again loſes itſelf in a thick miſt at the other?" "What thou ſeeſt," ſaid he, "is that portion of eternity which is called time, meaſured out by the ſun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its conſummation. Examine now," ſaid he, "this ſea that is bounded with darkneſs at both ends, and tell me what thou diſcovereſt in it." "I ſee a bridge," ſaid I, "ſtanding in the midſt of the tide." "The bridge thou ſeeſt," ſaid he, "is human life; conſider it attentively." Upon a more leiſurely ſurvey of it, I found, that it conſiſted of threeſcore and ten entire arches, with ſeveral broken arches, which, added to thoſe that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me, that this bridge conſiſted at firſt of a thouſand arches; but that a great flood ſwept away the reſt, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it: "But tell me further," ſaid he, "what thou diſcovereſt on it." I ſee multitudes of people paſſing over it, ſaid I, and a black cloud hanging on each end of it. As I looked more attentively, I ſaw ſeveral of the paſſengers dropping through the bridge, into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon further examination perceived that there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the paſſengers no ſooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide and immediately diſappeared. Theſe hidden pit-falls were ſet very thick at the entrance of the bridge, ſo that throngs of people no ſooner broke through the cloud than many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay cloſer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

There were indeed ſome perſons, but their number was very ſmall, that continued a kind of hobbling

march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and ſpent with ſo long a walk.

I paſſed ſome time in the contemplation of this wonderful ſtructure, and the great variety of objects which it preſented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to ſee ſeveral dropping unexpectedly in the midſt of mirth and jollity, and catching at every thing that ſtood by them to ſave themſelves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful poſture, and in the midſt of a ſpeculation ſtumbled and fell out of ſight. Multitudes were very buſy in the purſuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often when they thought themſelves within the reach of them, their footing failed and down they ſunk. In this confuſion of objects, I obſerved ſome with ſcimiters in their hands, and others with urinals, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thruſting ſeveral perſons on trap-doors which did not ſeem to lie in their way, and which they might have eſcaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

The genius ſeeing me indulge myſelf in this melancholy proſpect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it: "Take thine eyes off the bridge," ſaid he, "and tell me if thou ſeeſt any thing thou doſt not comprehend." Upon looking up, "What mean," ſaid I, "thoſe great flight of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and ſettling upon it from time to time? I ſee vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and among many other feathered creatures, ſeveral little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches." "Theſe," ſaid the genius, "are envy, avarice, ſuperſtition, deſpair, love, with the like cares and paſſions that infeſt human life."

I here fetched a deep ſigh, "Alas," ſaid I, "man was made in vain! how is he given away to miſery and mortality! tortured in life and ſwallowed up in death! The genius being moved with compaſſion towards me, bid me quit ſo uncomfortable a proſpect. "Look no more," ſaid he, "on man in the firſt ſtage of his exiſtence, in his ſetting out for eternity; but caſt

caſt thine eye on that thick miſt into which the tide bears the ſeveral generations of mortals that fall into it. I directed my ſight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius ſtrengthened it with any ſupernatural force or diſſipated part of the miſt that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I ſaw the valley opening at the farther end, and ſpreading forth into an immenſe ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midſt of it, and dividing into two equal parts. The clouds ſtill reſted on one half of it, inſomuch that I could diſcover nothing in it: But the other appeared to me a vaſt ocean planted with innumerable iſlands, that were covered with fruits and flowers; and interwoven with a thouſand little ſhining ſeas that ran among them. I could ſee perſons dreſſed in glorious habits with garlands upon their heads, paſſing among the trees, lying down by the ſides of fountains, or reſting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confuſed harmony of ſinging birds, falling waters, human voices, and muſical inſtruments. Gladneſs grew in me upon the diſcovery of ſo delightful a ſcene. I wiſhed for the wings of an eagle that I might fly away to thoſe happy ſeats; but the genius told me there was no paſſage to them, except through the gates of death that I ſaw opening every moment upon the bridge. "The iſlands," ſaid he, "that lie ſo freſh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears ſpotted as far as thou canſt ſee, are more in number than the ſand on the ſea-ſhore; there are myriads of iſlands behind thoſe which thou here diſcovereſt, reaching further than thine eye, or even thine imagination can extend itſelf. Theſe are the manſions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are diſtributed among theſe ſeveral iſlands, which abound with pleaſures of different kinds and degrees, ſuitable to the reliſhes and perfections of thoſe who are ſettled in them; every iſland is a paradiſe accommodated to its reſpective inhabitants. Are not theſe, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miſerable, that gives thee opportunities

ties of earning ſuch a reward? Is death to be feared that will convey thee to ſo happy an exiſtence? Think not man was made in vain, who has ſuch an eternity reſerved for him. I gazed with inexpreſſible pleaſure on theſe happy iſlands. "At length," ſaid I, "ſhew me now, I beſeech thee, the ſecrets that lie hid under thoſe dark clouds, which cover the ocean on the other ſide of the rock of adamant." The genius making me no anſwer, I turned about to addreſs myſelf to him a ſecond time, but I found that he had left me; I then turned again to the viſion which I had been ſo long contemplating; but inſtead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy iſlands, I ſaw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, ſheep, and camels grazing upon the ſides of it.

ALMET, the Derviſe, who watched the ſacred lamp in the ſepulchre of the prophet, as he one day roſe up from the devotions of the morning, which he had performed at the gate of the temple with his body turned towards the eaſt and his forehead on the earth, ſaw before him a man in ſplendid apparel attended by a long retinue, who gazed ſtedfaſtly at him with a look of mournful complacence, and ſeemed deſirous to ſpeak, but unwilling to offend.

The Derviſe, after a ſhort ſilence, advanced, and, ſaluting him with the calm dignity which independence confers upon humility, requeſted that he would reveal his purpoſe.

"Almet," ſaid the ſtranger, "thou ſeeſt before thee a man, whom the hand of proſperity has overwhelmed with wretchedneſs. Whatever I once deſired as the means of happineſs, I now poſſeſs; but I am not yet happy, and therefore I deſpair. I regret the lapſe of time, becauſe it glides away without enjoyment; and as I expect nothing in the future but the vanities of the paſt, I do not wiſh that the future ſhould arrive. Yet I tremble leſt it ſhould be cut off; and my heart ſinks when I anticipate the moment in which eternity ſhall cloſe over the vacuity of my life, like the ſea upon the path of a ſhip, and leave no traces of

of my exiſtence more durable than the furrow which remains after the waves have united. If in the treaſuries of thy wiſdom, there is any precept to obtain felicity, vouchſafe it to me: For this purpoſe I am come; a purpoſe which yet I feared to reveal, leſt, like all the former, it ſhould be diſappointed." Almet liſtened with looks of aſtoniſhment and pity, to this complaint of a being in whom reaſon was known to be a pledge of immortality: But the ſerenity of his countenance ſoon returned; and, ſtretching out his hand towards heaven, "Stranger," ſaid he, "the knowledge which I have received from the prophet, I will communicate to thee."

As I was ſitting one evening at the porch of the temple penſive and alone, mine eye wandered among the multitude that was ſcattered before me; and while I remarked the wearineſs and ſollicitude which was viſible in every countenance, I was ſuddenly ſtruck with a ſenſe of their condition. "Wretched mortals," ſaid I, "to what purpoſe are ye buſy? If to produce happineſs, by whom is it enjoyed? Do the linens of Egypt, and the ſilks of Perſia, beſtow felicity on thoſe who wear them, equal to the wretchedneſs of yonder ſlaves whom I ſee leading the camels that bring them? Is the fineneſs of the texture, or the ſplendor of the tints, regarded with delight by thoſe, to whom cuſtom has rendered them familiar? Or can the power of habit render others inſenſible of pain, who live only to traverſe the deſert; a ſcene of dreadful uniformity, where a barren level is bounded only by the horizon; where no change of proſpect, or variety of images, relieves the traveller from a ſenſe of toil and danger, of whirlwinds which in a moment may bury him in the ſand, and of thirſt which the wealthy have given half their poſſeſſions to allay? Do thoſe on whom hereditary diamonds ſparkle with unregarded luſtre gain from the poſſeſſion, what is loſt by the wretch who ſeeks them in the mine; who lives excluded from the common bounties of nature; to whom even the viciſſitude of day and night is not known, who ſighs in perpetual darkneſs, and whoſe life is one mournful alternative of

inſenſibility

inſenſibility and labour? If thoſe are not happy who poſſeſs, in proportion as thoſe are wretched who beſtow, how vain a dream is the life of man! and, if there is, indeed, ſuch difference in the value of exiſtence, how ſhall we acquit of partiality the hand by which this difference has been made?

While my thoughts thus multiplied, and my heart burned within me, I became ſenſible of a ſudden influence from above. The ſtreets and the crouds of Mecca diſappeared; I found myſelf ſitting on the declivity of a mountain, and perceived at my right hand an angel, whom I knew to be Azoran, the miniſter of reproof. When I ſaw him, I was afraid. I caſt mine eye upon the ground, and was about to deprecate his anger, when he commanded me to be ſilent. "Almet," ſaid he, "thou haſt devoted thy life to meditation, that thy counſel might deliver ignorance from the mazes of error, and deter preſumption from the precipice of guilt; but the book of nature thou haſt read without underſtanding. It is again open before thee; look up, conſider it and be wiſe."

I looked up, and beheld an incloſure, beautiful as the gardens of Paradiſe, but of a ſmall extent. Through the middle there was a green walk; at the end a wild deſert; and beyond impenetrable darkneſs. The walk was ſhaded with trees of every kind, that were covered at once with bloſſoms and fruit; innumerable birds were ſinging in the branches; the graſs was intermingled with flowers, which impregnated the breeze with fragrance, and painted the path with beauty: On one ſide flowed a gentle tranſparent ſtream, which was juſt heard to murmur over the golden ſands that ſparkled at the bottom; and on the other were walks and bowers, fountains, grottos, and caſcades, which diverſified the ſcene with endleſs variety, but did not conceal the bounds.

While I was gazing in a tranſport of delight and wonder on this enchanting ſpot, I perceived a man ſtealing along the walk with a thoughtful and deliberate pace: His eyes were fixed upon the earth, and his arms croſſed on his boſom; he ſometimes ſtarted, as if

if a ſudden pang had ſeized him; his countenance expreſſed ſollicitude and terror; he looked round with a ſigh, and having gazed a moment on the deſert that lay before him, he ſeemed as if he wiſhed to ſtop, but was impelled forward by ſome inviſible power: His features, however, ſoon ſettled again into a calm melancholy; his eye was again fixed on the ground; and he went on as before, with apparent reluctance, but without emotion. I was ſtruck with this appearance; and turning haſtily to the angel was about to enquire what could produce ſuch infelicity in a being ſurrounded with every object that could gratify every ſenſe; but he prevented my requeſt: "The book of nature," ſaid he, "is before thee; look up, and conſider it and be wiſe." I looked, and beheld a valley between two mountains that were craggy and barren; on the path there was no verdure, and the mountains afforded no ſhade; the ſun burned in the zenith, and every ſpring was dried up; but the valley terminated in a country that was pleaſant and fertile, ſhaded with woods and adorned with buildings. At a ſecond view, I diſcovered a man in this valley, meagre indeed and naked, but his countenance was cheerful, and his deportment active; he kept his eye fixed upon the country before him, and looked as if he would have run, but that he was reſtrained, as the other had been impelled, by ſome ſecret influence: Sometimes, indeed, I perceived a ſudden expreſſion of pain, and ſometimes he ſtepped ſhort, as if his foot was pierced by the aſperities of the way; but the ſprightlineſs of his countenance inſtantly returned, and he preſſed forward without appearance of repining or complaint.

I turned again toward the angel, impatient to enquire from what ſecret ſource happineſs was derived, in a ſituation ſo different from that in which it might have been expected; but he again prevented my requeſt: "Almet," ſaid he, "remember what thou haſt ſeen, and let this memorial be written upon the tablets of thy heart. Remember, Almet, that the world in which thou art placed, is but the road to another; and that happineſs depends not upon the path, but the end:

The

The value of this period of thy exiſtence, is fixed by hope and fear. The wretch who wiſhed to linger in the garden, who looked round upon its limits with terror, was deſtitute of enjoyment, becauſe he was deſtitute of hope, and was perpetually tormented by the dread of loſing that which yet he did not enjoy: The ſong of the birds had been repeated till it was not heard, and the flowers had ſo often recurred that their beauty was not ſeen; the river glided by unnoticed; and he feared to lift his eye to the proſpect, leſt he ſhould behold the waſte that circumſcribed it. But he that toiled through the valley was happy, becauſe he looked forward with hope. Thus, to the ſojourner upon earth, it is of little moment whether the path he treads be ſtrewed with flowers or with thorns, if he perceives himſelf to approach thoſe regions, in compariſon of which the thorns and the flowers of this wilderneſs loſe their diſtinction, and are both alike impotent to give pleaſure or pain.

"What then has eternal wiſdom unequally diſtributed? That which can make every ſtation happy, and without which every ſtation muſt be wretched, is acquired by virtue; and virtue is poſſible to all. Remember, Almet, the viſion which thou haſt ſeen; and let my words be written on the tablet of thy heart, that thou mayeſt direct the wanderer to happineſs, and juſtify God to men."

While the voice of Azoran was yet ſounding in my ear, the proſpect vaniſhed from before me, and I found myſelf again ſitting at the porch of the temple. The ſun was going down, the multitude was retired to reſt, and the ſolemn quiet of midnight concurred with the reſolution of my doubts to complete the tranquility of my mind.

Such, my ſon, was the viſion which the prophet vouchſafed me, not for my ſake only but for thine. Thou haſt ſought felicity in temporal things; and, therefore, thou art diſappointed. Let not inſtruction be loſt upon thee, as the ſeal of Mahomet in the well of Aris: But go thy way, let thy flock cloath the naked, and thy table feed the hungry; deliver the

poor

poor from oppreſſion, and let thy converſation be above. Thus ſhalt thou rejoice in hope, and look forward to the end of life as the conſummation of thy felicity.

Almet, in whoſe breaſt devotion kindled as he ſpake, returned into the temple, and the ſtranger departed in peace.

The Speech of Seneca, *the Philoſopher, to* Nero, *complaining of the envy of his enemies, and requeſting the emperor to reduce him back to his former narrow circumſtances, that he might no longer be an object of their malignity.*

[The ſubſtance is taken from Corn. Tacitus, Annal. 14.]

MAY it pleaſe the imperial Majeſty of Cæſar favourably to accept the humble ſubmiſſions and grateful acknowledgments of the weak, though faithful guide of his youth *.

It is now a great many years ſince I firſt had the honour of attending your imperial Majeſty as preceptor. And your bounty has rewarded my labours with ſuch affluence, as has drawn upon me, what I had reaſon to expect, the envy of many of thoſe perſons, who are always ready to preſcribe to their Prince where to beſtow, and where to with-hold his favours. It is well known that your illuſtrious anceſtor, Auguſtus, beſtowed on his deſerving favourites, Agrippa and Mæcenas, honours and emoluments ſuitable to the dignity of the benefactor, and to the ſervices of the receivers: Nor has his conduct been blamed. My employment about your imperial Majeſty has, indeed, been purely domeſtic: I have neither headed your armies nor aſſiſted at your councils. But you know, Sir, (though there are ſome

* Seneca was one of Nero's preceptors; and the Emperor ſeemed, during the firſt part of his reign, to have profited much by his inſtructions. The egregious follies and enormous unprovoked cruelties he afterwards committed, of which his ordering Seneca to put himſelf to death is among the moſt flagrant, ſeem hardly otherwiſe accountable, than by ſuppoſing that he loſt the uſe of his reaſon.

who do not ſeem to attend to it) that a Prince may be ſerved in different ways, ſome more, others leſs conſpicuous, and that the latter may be, to him, as valuable as the former.

"But what," ſay my enemies, "ſhall a private perſon of equeſtrian rank, and a provincial by birth, be advanced to an equality with the Patricians? ſhall an upſtart, of no name nor family, rank with thoſe who can, by the ſtatues which make the ornament of their palaces, reckon backward a line of anceſtors long enough to tire out the Faſti *? ſhall a philoſopher, who has writ, for others, precepts of moderation, and contempt of all that is external, himſelf live in affluence and luxury? ſhall he purchaſe eſtates, and lay out money at intereſt? ſhall he build palaces, plant gardens, and adorn a country, at his own expence, and for his own pleaſure?"

Cæſar has given royally, as became imperial magnificence. Seneca has received what his Prince beſtowed: Nor did he ever aſk: He is only guilty of—not refuſing. Cæſar's rank places him above the reach of invidious malignity. Seneca is not, nor can be, high enough to deſpiſe the envious. As the overloaded ſoldier or traveller would be glad to be relieved of his burden, ſo I, in this laſt ſtage of the journey of life, now that I find myſelf unequal to the lighteſt cares, beg that Cæſar would kindly eaſe me of the trouble of my unweildy wealth. I beſeech him to reſtore to the imperial treaſury, from whence it came, what is to me ſuperfluous and cumbrous. The time and the attention which I am now obliged to beſtow on my villa and my gardens, I ſhall be glad to apply to the regulation of my mind. Cæſar is in the flower of life: Long may he be equal to the toils of government: His goodneſs will grant to his worn-out ſervant leave to retire. It will not be derogatory from Cæſar's greatneſs to have it ſaid, that he beſtowed favours on ſome, who, ſo far from being intoxicated with them, ſhewed—that they could be happy when (at their own requeſt) diveſted of them.

* The Faſti, or Calendars, or, if you pleaſe, Almanacks of the ancients, had as our Almanacks, tables of Kings, Conſuls, &c.

Romulu

Romulus *and* Remus *being ſent by their grandfather* Numitor *from* Alba *at the head of a colony, to ſeek a new ſettlement, quarrelled about the choice of a ſpot where they ſhould fix and build them a city;* Romulus *chuſing mount* Palatine, *and* Remus *mount* Aventine. Remus *is ſaid to have loſt his life in this diſpute. The city was therefore built on mount* Palatine, *and, in compliment to its founder, called* Rome. *As* Romulus *had not taken upon him the chief command of the colony for any longer time than while the city was building, he, as ſoon as the work was finiſhed, ſubmitted the form of its future government to the choice of the people, and calling the citizens together, harangued them in words to this effect.*

IF all the * ſtrength of cities lay in the height of their ramparts or the depth of their ditches, we ſhould have great reaſon to be in fear for that which we have now built. Are there, in reality, any walls too high to be ſcaled by a valiant enemy? and of what uſe are ramparts in inteſtine diviſions? they may ſerve for a defence againſt ſudden incurſions from abroad; but it is by courage and prudence chiefly, that the invaſions of foreign enemies are repelled; and by unanimity, ſobriety, and juſtice, that domeſtic ſeditions are prevented. Cities, fortified by the ſtrongeſt bulwarks, have been often ſeen to yield to force from without, or to tumults from within. An exact military diſcipline, and a ſteady obſervance of civil polity, are the ſureſt barriers againſt theſe evils. But there is ſtill another point of great importance to be conſidered: The proſperity of ſome riſing colonies, and the ſpeedy ruin of others, have in great meaſure been owing to their form of government. Was there but one manner of ruling ſtates and cities that could make them happy, the

* Rome, properly ſpeaking, ſays Mr Hooke, was at firſt but a very ſorry village, whereof even the principal inhabitants followed their own ploughs; and until it was rebuilt, after burning of it by the Gauls, did not deſerve the name of a city. Such were the beginnings of the captial of the world!

choice would not be difficult: But I have learnt that of the various forms of government among the Greeks and Barbarians, there are three which are highly extolled by those who have experienced them; and yet that no one of these is in all respects perfect, but each of them has some innate and incurable defect. Chuse you then in what manner this city shall be governed. Shall it be by one man? shall it be by a select number of the wisest among us? or shall the legislative power be in the people? As for me, I shall submit to whatever form of administration you shall please to establish. As I think myself not unworthy to command, so neither am I unwilling to obey. Your having chosen me to be the leader of this colony, and your calling the city after my name, are honours sufficient to content me; honours of which, living or dead, I can never be deprived.

HOOK's ROM. HIST.

Romulus *was chosen King; and* Rome *was governed by Kings for upwards of* 240 *years, till the expulsion of* Tarquin II. *which was occasioned by his son* Sextus *ravishing* Lucretia, *the wife of* Collatinus, *a noble* Roman. Lucretia, *upon receiving this injury, sent for her husband, who was then in the camp at* Ardea *with* Tarquin, *and for several of his friends, and having informed them of the outrage she had received, and engaged them to revenge it, stabb'd herself to the heart, and died before them. The* Romans *had long groaned under the tyranny and cruelties of the* Tarquins, *and were therefore glad to lay hold on so flagrant and outrageous an insult to shake off their yoke. The famous* Junius Brutus, *who for some reasons had masked himself, and concealed great talents under the appearance of idiotism, suddenly threw off his disguise; and going near to the dying lady, drew the ponyard out of her bosom, and shewing it all bloody to the assembly, to their great astonishment thus addressed them.*

YES, noble lady, I swear by this blood, which was once so pure, and which nothing but royal villany could have polluted, that I will pursue Lucius Tar-

quin

quinius the proud, his wicked wife, and their children, with fire and ſword; nor will I ever ſuffer any of that family, or of any other whatſoever, to be King in Rome: Ye gods, I call you to witneſs this my oath!—there, Romans, turn your eyes to that ſad ſpectacle—the daughter of Lucretius, Collatinus's wife—ſhe died by her own hand. See there a noble lady, whom the luſt of a Tarquin reduced to the neceſſity of being her own executioner, to atteſt her innocence. Hoſpitality entertained by her as a kinſman of her huſband's, Sextus, the perfidius gueſt, became her brutal raviſher. The chaſte, the generous Lucretia could not ſurvive the inſult. Glorious woman! but once only treated as a ſlave, ſhe thought life no longer to be endured. Lucretia, a *woman*, diſdained a life that depended on a tyrant's will; and ſhall we, ſhall *men* with ſuch an example before our eyes, and after five-and-twenty years of ignominious ſervitude, ſhall we, through a fear of *dying*, defer one ſingle inſtant to aſſert our liberty? No, Romans, now is the time; the favourable moment we have ſo long waited for is come. Tarquin is not at Rome. The Patricians are at the head of the enterprize. The city is abundantly provided with men, arms, and all things neceſſary. There is nothing wanting to ſecure the ſucceſs, if our own courage does not fail us. And ſhall thoſe warriors, who have ever been ſo brave when foreign enemies were to be ſubdued, or when conqueſts were to be made to gratify the ambition and avarice of Tarquin, be then only cowards, when they are to deliver themſelves from ſlavery? ſome of you are perhaps intimidated by the army which Tarquin now commands. The ſoldiers, you imagine, will take the part of their General. Baniſh ſo groundleſs a fear. The love of liberty is natural to all men. Your fellow-citizens in the camp feel the weight of oppreſſion with as quick a ſenſe as you that are in Rome: They will a eagerly ſeize the occaſion of throwing off the yoke. But let us grant there may be ſome among them, who, through baſeneſs of ſpirit or a bad education, will be diſpoſed to favour the tyrant. The number of theſe can be but ſmall,

and we have means ſufficient in our hands to reduce them to reaſon. They have left us hoſtages more dear to them than life. Their wives, their children, their fathers, their mothers, are here in the city. Courage, Romans, the gods are for us; thoſe gods, whoſe temples and altars the impious Tarquin has profaned by ſacrifices and libations made with polluted hands, polluted with blood, and with numberleſs unexpatiated crimes committed againſt his ſubjects. Ye gods, who protected our forefathers, ye Genii, who watch for the preſervation and glory of Rome, do you inſpire us with courage and unanimity in this glorious cauſe, and we will to our laſt breath defend your worſhip from all profanation. HOOK's ROM. HIST.

After the expulſion of the Tarquins, Rome *was governed by two Conſuls, who held their office during the ſpace only of a year, at the concluſion of which new ones were choſen by the Senate and people. After ſome time, the people found themſelves very much oppreſſed by the* Patricians, *who engroſſed the full power of the ſtate, and by various extortions, ſuch as lending them money at exorbitant intereſt, and the like, had got poſſeſſion of all their lands, and often ſeized their perſons, impriſoned, or uſed them as ſlaves, (the laws permitting it in caſe of the non-payment of their debts) in a barbarous manner. Unable to bear this cruel treatment, a number of them at the inſtigation of* Sicinnius Bellutus, *and another* Junius Brutus, *took an opportunity, when the ſtate had great need of their aſſiſtance, to deſert their Generals, and retired to a hill three miles from* Rome. *In this exigence a deputation was ſent to them from the Senate, perſuading them, with many fair promiſes to return. At the head of this deputation were* T. Lartius, Menenius, Agrippa, *and* M. Valerius, *all three in great eſteem; and of whom two had governed the republic, and commanded her armies in quali-*

of dictator. When they were introduced to the camp of the malecontents, and had given an account of their commiſſion, Junius Brutus, *perceiving his comrades continued in a profound ſilence, and that none of them attempted to make himſelf an advocate in the cauſe, ſtepped forward, and thus addreſſed them.*

ONE would imagine, fellow-ſoldiers, by this deep ſilence, that you are ſtill awed by that ſervile fear in which the Patricians and your creditors kept you ſo long. Every man conſults the eyes of the reſt, to diſcover whether there be more reſolution in others than he finds in himſelf; and not one of you has the courage to ſpeak in public, that which is the conſtant ſubject of your private converſation. Do you not know that you are free? this camp, theſe arms, do not they convince you that you are no longer under tyrants? and if you could ſtill doubt it, would not this ſtep which the Senate has taken be ſufficient to ſatisfy you? thoſe Patricians, ſo haughty and imperious, now ſend to court us; they no longer make uſe either of proud commands or cruel threats; they invite us as their fellow-citizens to return into our common city; nay, ſome of our ſovereigns, you ſee, are ſo gracious as to come to our very camp, to offer us a general pardon. Whence then can proceed this obſtinate ſilence, after ſuch ſingular condeſcenſions? If you doubt the ſincerity of their promiſes; if you fear that, under the veil of a few fine words, they conceal your former chains, why do not you ſpeak? declare your thoughts freely. Or, if you dare not open your mouths, at leaſt hear a Roman, who has courage enough to fear nothing but the not ſpeaking the truth. [Then turning to Valerius] You invite us to return to Rome, but you do not tell us upon what conditions: Can Plebeians, poor, though free, think of being united with Patricians, ſo rich and ſo ambitious? and even though we ſhould agree to the conditions you have to offer, what ſecurity will the Patricians give us for the performance; thoſe haughty Patricians, who make it a merit among themſelves to have deceived the people? You talk to us of nothing

but

but pardon and forgiveneſs, as if we were your ſubjects, and ſubjects in rebellion; but that is the point to be diſcuſſed. Is it the people or the Senate who are in fault? which of the two orders was it that firſt violated thoſe laws of ſociety, which ought to reign among the members of the ſame republic? this is the queſtion. In order to judge of this without prejudice, give me leave barely to relate a certain number of facts, for the truth of which I will appeal to no other but yourſelf and your colleague. Our ſtate was founded by Kings, and never were the Roman people more free and more happy than under their government. Tarquin himſelf, the laſt of thoſe Princes, Tarquin, ſo odious to the Senate and the nobility, favoured our intereſts as much as he oppoſed yours. Nevertheleſs, to revenge your wrongs, we drove that Prince from Rome; we took arms againſt a ſovereign, who defended himſelf only with the prayers he made to us to leave your intereſts, and to return to his obedience. We afterwads cut to pieces the armies of Veii and Tarquinii, which endeavoured to reſtore him to the throne. The formidable power of Porſenna, the famine we underwent during a long ſiege, the fierce aſſaults, the continual battles, were all theſe, or, in ſhort, was any thing capable of ſhaking the faith which we had given you? thirty Latine cities united to reſtore the Tarquins. What would you have done then, if we had abandoned you and joined your enemies; what rewards might we not have obtained of Tarquin, while the Senate and nobles would have been the victims of his reſentment? who was it that diſperſed this dangerous combination? to whom are you obliged for the defeat of the Latines? is it not to this people? is it not to them you owe that very power which you have ſince turned againſt them? what recompence have we had for the aſſiſtance we gave you? is the condition of the Roman people one jot the better? have you aſſociated them in your offices and dignities? have our poor citizens found ſo much as the ſmalleſt relief in their neceſſities? on the contrary, have not our braveſt ſoldiers, oppreſſed with the weight of uſury, been groaning in the chains of their

their mercileſs creditors? what has come of all thoſe vain promiſes of aboliſhing, in time of peace, the debts which the extortions of the great had forced us to contract? ſcarce was the war finiſhed, but you alike forgot our ſervices and your oaths. With what deſign then do you come hither? why do you try to reduce this people by the enchantments of your words? are there any oaths ſo ſolemn as to bind your faith? and after all, what would you get by an union brought about by artifice, kept up with mutual diſtruſt, and which muſt end at laſt in a civil war? let us on both ſides avoid ſuch heavy misfortunes, let us not loſe the happineſs of our ſeparation; ſuffer us to depart from a country where we are loaded with chains like ſo many ſlaves, and where, being reduced to be only farmers of our own inheritances, we are forced to cultivate them for the profit of our tyrants. So long as we have our ſwords in our hands, we ſhall be able to open ourſelves a way into more fortunate climates; and wherever the gods ſhall grant us to live in LIBERTY, there ſhall we find our COUNTRY. HOOK's ROM. HIST.

By this, and frequent ſtruggles of this ſort which the people had made before, they at length attained the eſtabliſhment of the Tribuneſhip, which conſiſted of two Officers annually choſen out of the order of the Plebeians, *with authority to prevent the injuſtices that might be done to the people, and to defend their intereſts both public and private.* Rome, *by this eſtabliſhment, made a great advance towards a new change in the form of her government. It had paſſed before from the monarchic ſtate to a kind of ariſtocracy; for, upon the expulſion of* Tarquin, *the whole authority did really and in fact devolve upon the Senate and the great: But now, by the creation of the* Tribunes, *a democracy began to take place, and the people, by inſenſible degrees, and under different pretences, got poſſeſſion of the much greater ſhare in the government. A famine which raged at* Rome, *ſoon after*

after the eſtabliſhment of this office, occaſions great complaints amongſt the people; and a large ſupply of corn being procured from Sicily *by the* Patricians, Coriolanus, *a young Senator, who had done great ſervices to the ſtate as a General, is for taking advantage of the people's diſtreſs, to get the Tribuneſhip aboliſhed, which he propoſes in the Senate. The* Tribunes *and the people, enraged at this, determine to proſecute* Coriolanus, *and after much altercation, deſire to be heard by the Senate in relation to their charge againſt him; where* Decius, *one of the* Tribunes, *makes the following ſpeech.*

YOU know, Conſcript Fathers, that having by our aſſiſtance expelled Tarquin, and aboliſhed the regal power, you eſtabliſhed in the republic the form of government which is now obſerved in it, and of which we do not complain. But neither can you be ignorant, that in all the differences which any poor Plebeians had afterwards with wealthy Patricians, thoſe Plebeians conſtantly loſt their cauſes, their adverſaries being their judges, and all the tribunals being filled with Patricians only. This abuſe was what made Valerius Poplicola, that wiſe Conſul and excellent citizen, eſtabliſh the law which granted an appeal to the people, from the decrees of the Senate, and the judgments of the Conſuls.

Such is the law called *valeria*, which has always been looked upon as the baſis and foundation of the public liberty. It is to this law that we now fly for redreſs, if you refuſe us the juſtice we demand upon a man, black with the greateſt crime that it is poſſible to commit in a republic. It is not a ſingle Plebeian complaining, it is the whole body of the Roman people demanding the condemnation of a tyrant, who would have deſtroyed his fellow-citizens by a famine, has violated our magiſtracy, and forcibly repulſed our officers, and the Ædiles of the commonwealth. Coriolanus is the man we accuſe of having propoſed the abolition of the Tribuneſhip, a magiſtracy made ſacred by the moſt ſolemn oaths. What need is there of a Sena-

tus

tus Conſultum to proſecute a criminal like this? does not every man know that thoſe particular decrees of the Senate, are requiſite only in unforſeen and extraordinary affairs, and for which the laws have as yet made no proviſion? but in the preſent caſe, where the law is ſo direct, where it expreſly devotes to the infernal gods, thoſe that infringe it, is it not to become an accomplice in the crime to heſitate in the leaſt? are you not apprehenſive that theſe affected delays, this obſtruction you throw in the way of our proceedings againſt this criminal, by the pretended neceſſity of a previous decree of the Senate, will make the people inclined to believe that Coriolanus only ſpoke the ſentiments of you all?

I know that ſeveral among you complain it was merely by violence that we extorted your conſent for the abolition of the debts, and the eſtabliſhment of the Tribuneſhip. I will even ſuppoſe that in the high degree of power to which you had raiſed yourſelves after the expulſion of Tarquin, it was neither convenient nor honourable for you to yield up part of it in favour of the people; but you have done it, and the whole Senate is bound by the moſt ſolemn oaths never to undo it. After the eſtabliſhment of thoſe ſacred laws, which render the perſons of your Tribunes inviolable, will you, in compliance with the firſt ambitious man that ariſes, attempt to revoke what makes the ſecurity and peace of the ſtate? certainly you never will; and I dare anſwer for you, ſo long as I behold in this aſſembly thoſe venerable magiſtrates who had ſo great a ſhare in the treaty made upon the Mons Sacer. Ought you to ſuffer a matter like this to be ſo much as brought into deliberation? Coriolanus is the firſt, who, by his ſeditious advice, has endeavoured to break thoſe ſacred bonds, which, ſtrengthened by the laws, unite the ſeveral orders of the ſtate. It is he alone who is for deſtroying the tribunitian power, the people's aſylum, the bulwark of our liberty, and the pledge of our re-union. In order to force the people's conſent, in order to perpetuate one crime, he attempts another much greater. He dares even in a holy place, and in the midſt

midſt of the Senate, propoſe to let the people die o hunger. Cruel and unthinking man at the ſame time did he not conſider that this people, whom he meant t exterminate with ſo much inhumanity, and who are more numerous and powerful than he could wiſh, being reduced to deſpair, would have broken into the houſes forced open thoſe granaries, and thoſe cellars which conceal ſo much wealth, and would rather have fallen under the power of the Patricians, or have totally rooted out that whole order? could he imagine that an enraged populace would in ſuch a caſe have hearkned t any law but what was dictated by neceſſity and reſentment?

For that you may not be unacquainted with th truth, we would not have periſhed by a famine brough upon us by our enemies: But having called to witne the gods, revengers of injuſtice, we would have fille Rome with blood and ſlaughter. Such had been the fa tal conſequences of the counſels of that perfidious citi zen, if ſome Senators, who had more love for thei country, had not hindered them from taking effect. I is to you, Conſcript Fathers, that we addreſs our ju complaints. It is to your aid, and to the wiſdom o your decrees, that we have recourſe to oblige this publi enemy to appear before the whole Roman people, an anſwer for his pernicious counſels. It is there, Coriola nus, that thou muſt defend thy former ſentiments, thou dareſt ſo to do, or excuſe them as proceeding fro want of thought. Take my advice; leave thy haugh ty and tyranical maxims; make thyſelf leſs; becom like us; nay, put on a habit of mourning, ſo ſuitabl to thy preſent fortune. Implore the pity of thy fe low-citizens, and perhaps thou may'ſt obtain their fa vour, and the forgiveneſs of thy faults.

HOOK's ROM. HIS

When Decius *left off ſpeaking, all the Senators waited ſome with impatient deſire, others with uneaſy apprehenſions, to hear how* Appius Claudius *would declar himſel*

himſelf. This Appius *was one of thoſe* Patricians, *who had always the moſt violently oppoſed the tribunitial power. At its firſt eſtabliſhment he foretold the Senate, that they were ſuffering a tribunal to be ſet up, which, by degrees, would riſe againſt their authority, and at length deſtroy it. When it came to his turn to ſpeak, he delivered himſelf thus.*

YOU know, Conſcript Fathers, that I have long oppoſed, and frequently alone, that too great eaſineſs with which you grant the people whatever they demand. Perhaps I made myſelf troubleſome, when I ſo frankly laid before you the misfortunes which I preſaged would follow, from our reunion with the deſerters from the commonwealth. The event however has but too well juſtified my apprehenſions. That ſhare of power which you yielded up to thoſe ſeditious men, is now turned againſt yourſelves. The people puniſh you by means of your own benefactions; they take advantage of your favour to ruin your authority. 'Tis in vain for you to attempt to hide from yourſelves the danger which the Senate is in; you cannot but ſee there is a deſign to change the form of our government: The tribunes make gradual advances to the tyranny. At firſt the only demand was the abolition of the debts; and this people, who are now ſo haughty, and who endeavour to make themſelves the ſupreme judges of the Senators, then thought they ſtood in need of a pardon, for the diſreſpectful manner in which they ſued for that conceſſion.

Your eaſineſs gave occaſion to new pretenſions; the people would have their particular magiſtrates. You know how earneſtly I oppoſed theſe innovations; but, in ſpite of all I could do, you aſſented in this point alſo; you allowed the people to have tribunes, that is to ſay, perpetual ring-leaders of ſedition. Nay, the people, intoxicated with fury, would have this new magiſtracy conſecrated in a particular manner, ſuch as had never been practiſed, not even in favour of the conſulſhip, the firſt dignity in the republic. The Senate conſented to every thing, not ſo much out of kindneſs for the people, as want of reſolution; the

perſons of the tribunes were declared ſacred and inviolable, and a law made to that effect. The people required that it ſhould be confirmed by the moſt ſolemn oaths; and that day, O fathers! you ſwore upon the altars the deſtruction of yourſelves and children. What has been the fruit of all theſe favours? they have only ſerved to make you contemptible in the eyes of the people, and to increaſe the pride and inſolence of their tribunes, who have made themſelves new rights and prerogatives. Theſe modern magiſtrates, who ought to live as mere private men, take upon them to convene the aſſemblies of the people, and without our privity procure laws to be enacted by the voices of a baſe rabble.

It is ſo odious a tribunal, that they now ſummon a Patrician, a Senator, a citizen of your order; in a word, Coriolanus, that great Captain, and withal that good man, yet more illuſtrious for his adherence to the intereſts of the Senate, than for his valour. They preſume to make it a crime in a Senator to ſpeak his opinion in full Senate, with that freedon ſo becoming a Roman; and if yourſelves had not been his buckler and defence, they had aſſaſſinated him even in your preſence. The Majeſty of the Senate was juſt going to be violated by this murder; the reſpect due to your dignity was forgot, and you yourſelves were loſing both your empire and your liberty.

The reſolution and courage which you ſhewed upon this laſt occaſion, in ſome meaſure awakened theſe madmen from their drunken fit. They ſeem now to be aſhamed of a crime which they could not compleat; they deſiſt from violent methods, becauſe they have found them unſucceſsful, and they ſeemingly have recourſe to juſtice and the rules of law.

But what is this juſtice, immortal gods! which theſe men of blood would introduce? they endeavour, by appearances of ſubmiſſion, to ſurprize you into a *ſenatus conſultum*, which may give them power to drag the beſt citizen of Rome to puniſhment. They alledge the *lex valeria* as the rule of your conduct; but does not every body know that this law, which allows of appeals to the aſſembly

aſſembly of the people, relates only to ſuch poor Plebeians as, being deſtitute of all other protection, might be oppreſſive by the credit of a ſtrong cabal? the text of the law is plain; it expreſly ſays, that a citizen condemned by the Conſuls ſhall have liberty to appeal to the people. Poplicola, by this law, only provided a refuge for thoſe unhappy men, who had reaſon to complain of having been condemned by prejudiſed judges. The deſign of the law was only to have their cauſes heard over again, and when you afterwards conſented to the creation of the tribunes, neither you, nor even the people themſelves, intended any thing more in the eſtabliſhment of thoſe new magiſtrates, than that this law might have protectors, and the poor be provided with advocates, who might prevent their being oppreſſed by the great. What relation is there between ſuch a law, and the cauſe of a Senator, a man of an order ſuperior to the people, and who is accountable for his conduct to none but the Senate? to ſhew that the *lex valeria* relates only to Plebeians; for about ſeventeen years that it has been made, let Decius give me one ſingle inſtance of a Patrician called in judgment before the people by that law, and our diſpute will be at an end. And indeed what juſtice would there be in delivering up a Senator to the fury of the tribunes, and to ſuffer the people to be judges in their own cauſe; as if their tumultuous aſſemblies, directed by ſuch ſeditious magiſtrates, could be without prejudice, without hatred, without paſſion? thus, O fathers, it is my advice, that before you come to any determination, you maturely conſider, that in this affair your intereſts are inſeparable from thoſe of Coriolanus. As to the reſt, I am not for your revoking the favours you have granted the people, by whatever means they obtained them; but I cannot forbear exhorting you to refuſe boldly for the future whatever they ſhall endeavour to obtain of you contrary to your own authority, and the form of our government. HOOK's ROM. HIST.

The following ſpeeches are of a different kind from any of the foregoing. They are the ſpeeches of two great Generals at the head of their armies before an engagement. It was at the beginning of the ſecond Punic *war, that* Hannibal *the* Carthaginian *General made that ſurprizing march over the* Alps *with his army, and entered* Italy. *He was met near the banks of the* Po *by* Publius Scipio, *with the* Roman *army. The two Generals are ſaid to have conceived a high opinion of each other.* Hannibal's *name had been long renowned; and that* Scipio *muſt be a Captain of eminent worth, the* Carthaginians *had well concluded, from the* Romans *having choſen him, preferably to all others, to be his opponent. But this mutual impreſſion was become much ſtronger, by the hardy enterprize of the one to march over the* Alps, *and the happy execution of it; and the expeditious courage of the other in coming from the banks of the* Rhone, *to meet him at the foot of thoſe mountains. But* Scipio, *who was but newly appointed their General, thought proper to aſſemble his ſoldiers before the* * *engagement, and endeavoured to animate their courage by the following words.*

WERE you, ſoldiers, the ſame army which I had with me in Gaul, I might well forbear ſaying any thing to you at this time. For what occaſion could there be to uſe exhortation to a cavalry, that had ſo ſignally vanquiſhed the ſquadrons of the enemy upon the Rhone, or to legions by whom that ſame enemy, flying before them to avoid a battle, did, in effect, confeſs themſelves conquered? but theſe troops, having been enrolled for Spain, are there with my brother Cneius, making war under my auſpices (as was the will of the Senate and people of Rome) I, that you might have a Conſul for your Captain againſt Hannibal

* This battle was fought on the banks of the Ticin, a ſmall river which runs into the Po, and is called the battle of the Ticin. Scipio received a dangerous wound, and had been left upon the place, if his ſon, a mere youth, (afterwards the great Africanus) had not, by a ſurprizing effort of courage, brought him off. The Romans were obliged to retire.

and

and the Carthaginians, have freely offered myſelf for this war. You then have a new General, and I a new army. In this circumſtance a few words from me to you will be neither improper nor unſeaſonable. And that you may not be unapprized of what ſort of enemies you are going to encounter, or of what is to be feared from them, they are the very ſame, whom, in a former war, you vanquiſhed both by land and ſea; the ſame from whom you took Sicily and Sardinia, and who have been theſe twenty years your tributaries. You will not, I preſume, march againſt theſe men with only that courage with which you are wont to face other enemies, but with a certain anger and indignation, ſuch as you would feel, if you ſaw your ſlaves on a ſudden riſe up in arms againſt you. Conquered and enſlaved, it is not boldneſs but neceſſity that urges them to battle: Unleſs you can believe that thoſe who avoided fighting when their army was entire, have acquired better hope by the loſs of two thirds of their horſe and foot in the paſſage of the Alps.

But you heard perhaps, that, though they are few in number, they are men of ſtout hearts and robuſt bodies. Heroes of ſuch ſtrength and vigour, as nothing is able to reſiſt.——Mere effigies! nay, ſhadows of men! wretches maciated with hunger, and benumbed with cold! bruiſed and battered to pieces among the rocks and craggy cliffs! their weapons broke, and their horſes weak and foundered! ſuch are the cavalry, and ſuch the infantry, with which you are going to contend; not enemies, but the fragments of enemies. There is nothing which I more apprehend, than that it will be thought, Hannibal was vanquiſhed by the Alps, before we had any conflict with him. But perhaps it was fitting that ſo it ſhould be; and that with a people and a leader, who had violated leagues and covenants, the gods themſelves, without man's help, ſhould begin the war, and bring it to a near concluſion; and that we, who, next to the gods, have been injured and offended, ſhould happily finiſh what they have begun. I need not be in any fear, that you ſhould ſuſpect me of ſaying theſe things merely to encourage you, while in-

wardly I have different ſentiments. What hindered me from going into Spain? That was my province; where I ſhould have had the leſs-dreaded Aſdrubal, not Hannibal to deal with. But hearing, as I paſſed along the coaſt of Gaul, of this enemy's march, I landed my troops, ſent the horſe forward, and pitched my camp upon the Rhone. A part of my cavalry encountered and defeated that of the enemy; my infantry not being able to overtake theirs, which fled before us, I returned to my fleet, and with all the expedition I could uſe in ſo long a voyage by ſea and land, am come to meet them at the foot of the Alps. Was it then my inclination to avoid a conteſt with this tremendous Hannibal? and have I lit upon him only by accident and unawares? or am I come on purpoſe to challenge him to the combat? I would gladly try whether the earth, within theſe twenty years, has brought forth a new kind of Carthaginians, or whether they be the ſame ſort of men who fought at the Ægates; and whom, at Eryx, you ſuffered to redeem themſelves at eighteen *denarii per* head: Whether this Hannibal, for labours and journeys, be, as he would be thought, the rival of Hercules; or whether he be what his father left him, a tributary, a vaſſal, a ſlave of the Roman people. Did not the conſciouſneſs of his wicked deed at Saguntum torment him and make him deſperate, he would have ſome regard, if not to his conquered country, yet ſurely to his own family, to his father's memory, to the treaty written with Amilcar's own hand. We might have ſtarved them in Eryx; we might have paſſed into Africa with our victorious fleet, and in a few days have deſtroyed Carthage. At their humble ſupplication we pardoned them; we releaſed them, when they were cloſely ſhut up without a poſſibility of eſcaping; we made peace with them when they were conquered, when they were diſtreſſed by the African war, we conſidered them, we treated them as a people under our protection. And what is the return they make us for all theſe favours? under the conduct of a hair-brained young man, they come hither to overturn our ſtate, and lay waſte our country.—I could wiſh, indeed,

indeed, that it were not ſo; and that the war we are now engaged in, concerned only our own glory, and not our preſervation. But the conteſt at preſent is not for the poſſeſſion of Sicily and Sardinia, but of Italy itſelf. Nor is there behind us another army, which, if we ſhould not prove the conquerors, may make head againſt our victorious enemies. There are no more Alps for them to paſs, which might give us leiſure to raiſe new forces. No, ſoldiers, here you muſt make your ſtand, as if you were juſt now before the walls of Rome. Let every one reflect, that he is now to defend, not his own perſon alone, but his wife, his children, his helpleſs infants. Yet let not private conſideration alone poſſeſs our minds; let us remember that the eyes of the Senate and people of Rome are upon us, and that as our force and courage ſhall now prove, ſuch will be the fortune of that city, and of the Roman empire. HOOK's ROM. HIST.

Hannibal, *on the other ſide, made uſe of a new kind of rhetoric to inſpire his ſoldiers with reſolution. He gave arms to ſeveral mountaineers whom he had taken priſoners in his paſſage over the* Alps, *and propoſed to them to fight two and two to the death of one of them, in ſight of his army; promiſing liberty and a compleat ſuit of armour, with a war-horſe, to ſuch of them as came off victorious. From the joy with which the priſoners accepted theſe conditions, and the ſentiments which* Hannibal *obſerved in his troops on beholding theſe conflicts, he took occaſion to give them a more lively image of their preſent ſituation, which laid them under the abſolute neceſſity of conquering or dying. His ſpeech was to this effect.*

IF, in the eſtimation of your own fortune, you will but bear the ſame mind which you juſt now did, in contemplating the fortune of others, the victory, ſoldiers, is ours. What you have ſeen, was not a mere ſhew for amuſement, but a repreſentation of your own real

real condition. I know not whether you or your priſoners be encompaſſed by fortune with the ſtricter bonds and neceſſities. Two ſeas incloſe you on the right and left;—not a ſhip to fly to for eſcaping. Before you is the Po, a river broader and more rapid than the Rhone; behind you are the Alps, over which, even when your numbers were undiminiſhed, you were hardly able to force a paſſage. Here then, ſoldiers, you muſt either conquer or die, the very firſt hour you meet the enemy. But the ſame fortune which has thus laid you under the neceſſity of fighting, has ſet before your eyes thoſe rewards of victory, than which no men are ever wont to wiſh for greater from the immortal gods. Should we by our valour recover only Sicily and Sardinia, which were raviſhed from our fathers, thoſe would be no inconſiderable prizes. Yet, what are thoſe? the wealth of Rome, whatever riches ſhe has heaped together in the ſpoils of nations, all theſe, with the maſters of them, will be yours. You have been long enough employed in driving the cattle upon the vaſt mountains of Louſitania and Celtiberia; you have hitherto met with no reward worthy of the labours and dangers you have undergone. The time is now come to reap the full recompence of your toilſome marches over ſo many mountains and rivers, and through ſo many nations, all of them in arms. This is the place which fortune appointed to be the limits of your labours; it is here that you will finiſh your glorious warfare, and receive an ample recompence of your compleated ſervice. For I would not have you imagine, that victory will be as difficult as the name of a Roman war is great and ſounding. It has often happened that a deſpiſed enemy has given a bloody battle, and the moſt renowned Kings and nations have by a ſmall force been overthrown. And if you but take away the glitter of the Roman name, what is there, wherein they may ſtand in competition with you? for (to ſay nothing of your ſervice in war for twenty years together with ſo much valour and ſucceſs) from the very pillars of Hercules, from the ocean, from the utmoſt bounds of the earth, through ſo many warlike nations

nations of Spain and Gaul, are you not come hither victorious? and with whom are you now to fight? with raw ſoldiers, an undiſciplined army, beaten, vanquiſhed, beſieged by the Gauls the very laſt ſummer, an army unknown to their leader, and unacquainted with him.

Or ſhall I, who was born, I might almoſt ſay, but certainly brought up in the tent of my father, that moſt excellent General, ſhall I, the conqueror of Spain and Gaul, and not only of the Alpine nations, but, which is greater yet, of the Alps themſelves, ſhall I compare myſelf with this half-year Captain? a Captain before whom ſhould one place the two armies without their Enſigns, I am perſuaded he would not know to which of them he is Conſul? I eſteem it no ſmall advantage, ſoldiers, that there is not one among you, who has not often been an eye-witneſs of my exploits in war; not one of whoſe valour I myſelf have not been a ſpectator, ſo as to be able to name the times and places of his noble atchievements; that with ſoldiers, whom I have a thouſand times praiſed and rewarded, and whoſe pupil I was, before I became their General, I ſhall march againſt an army of men, ſtrangers to one another.

On what ſide ſoever I turn my eyes, I behold all full of courage and ſtrength; a veteran infantry, a moſt gallant cavalry; you, my allies, moſt faithful and valiant; you Carthaginians, whom not only your country's cauſe, but the juſteſt anger impels to battle. The hope, the courage of aſſailants is always greater than of thoſe who act upon the defenſive. With hoſtile banners diſplayed, you are come down upon Italy; you bring the war. Grief, injuries, indignities fire your minds, and ſpur you forward to revenge.—Firſt they demanded me; that I, your General, ſhould be delivered up to them; next, all you, who had fought at the ſiege of Saguntum; and we were to be put to death by the extremeſt tortures. Proud and cruel nation! every thing muſt be yours, and at your diſpoſal! you are to preſcribe to us with whom we ſhall make war, with whom we ſhall make peace! you are to ſet

us

us bounds; to ſhut us up within hills and rivers; but you, you are not to obſerve the limits which yourſelves have fixed! paſs not the Iberus. What next? touch not the Saguntines; Saguntum is upon the Iberus, move not a ſtep towards that city. Is it a ſmall matter then, that you have deprived us of our ancient poſſeſſions, Sicily and Sardinia; you would have Spain too? Well, we ſhall yield Spain; and then—you will paſs into Africa. Will paſs, did I ſay?—this very year they ordered one of their Conſuls into Africa, the other into Spain. No, ſoldiers, there is nothing left for us but what we can vindicate with our ſwords. Come on then. Be men. The Romans may with more ſafety be cowards; they have their own country behind them, have places of refuge to fly to, and are ſecure from danger in the roads thither; but for you there is no middle fortune between death and victory. Let this be but well fixed in your minds, and once again, I ſay, you are conquerors.

HOOK's ROM. HIST.

The two following ſpeeches are thoſe preceding the battle of Zama; *which concluded the ſecond* Punic *war to the advantage of the* Romans, *after it had laſted 17 years. They are different from the two former, as they relate to a treaty of peace. The two Generals were* Hannibal *and the famous* Scipio Africanus, *ſon of the former* Scipio. *An interview was deſired by* Hannibal, *and agreed to by* Scipio. *The place pitch'd upon was a large plain between the two camps, entirely open, and where no ambuſh could be laid. The two Generals rode thither, eſcorted by an equal number of guards; from whom ſeparating, and each attended only by an interpreter, they met in the mid-way. Both remained for a while ſilent, viewing each other with mutual admiration.* Hannibal *at length ſpoke thus.*

SINCE fate has ſo ordained it, that I, who began the war, and who have been ſo often on the point of ending it by a compleat conqueſt, ſhould not come

of my own motion to aſk a peace, I am glad that it is of you, Scipio, I have the fortune to aſk it. Nor will this be among the leaſt of your glories, that Hannibal, victorious over ſo many Roman Generals, ſubmitted at laſt to you.

I could wiſh that our fathers and we had confined our ambition within the limits which nature ſeemed to have preſcribed to it, the ſhores of Africa, and the ſhores of Italy. The gods did not give us that mind. On both ſides we have been ſo eager after foreign poſſeſſions, as to put our own to the hazard of war. Rome and Carthage have had, each in their turn, the enemy at her gates. But ſince errors paſt may be more eaſily blamed than corrected, let it now be the work of you and me to put an end, if poſſible, to the obſtinate contention. For my own part, my years, and the experience I have had of the inſtability of fortune, inclines me to leave nothing to her determination which reaſon can decide. But much I fear, Scipio, that your youth, your want of the like experience, your uninterrupted ſucceſs, may render you averſe from the thoughts of peace. He whom fortune has never failed, rarely reflects upon her inconſtancy. Yet, without recurring to former examples, my own may perhaps ſuffice to teach you moderation. I am that ſame Hannibal who, after my victory at Cannæ, became maſter of the greateſt part of your country, and deliberated with myſelf what fate I ſhould decree to Italy and Rome. And now—ſee the change! Here in Africa, I am come to treat with a Roman for my own preſervation and my country's. Such are the ſports of fortune. Is ſhe then to be truſted becauſe ſhe ſmiles? An advantageous peace is preferable to the hope of victory. The one is in your own power, the other at the pleaſure of the gods. Should you prove victorious, it would add little to your own glory, or the glory of your country; if vanquiſhed, you loſe in one hour all the honour and reputation you have been ſo many years acquiring. But what is my aim in all this? that you ſhould content yourſelf with our ceſſion of Spain, Sicily, Sardinia, and all the iſlands between Italy and Africa. A peace, on

theſe

theſe conditions, will, in my opinion, not only ſecure the future tranquillity of Carthage, but be ſufficiently glorious for you, and for the Roman name. And do not tell me that ſome of our citizens dealt fraudulently with you in the late treaty: It is I, Hannibal, that now aſk a peace; I aſk it, becauſe I think it expedient for my country; and, thinking it expedient, I will inviolably maintain it. HOOK's ROM. HIST.

The anſwer of SCIPIO *was to this effect.*

I KNEW very well, Hannibal, that it was the hope of your return which emboldened the Carthaginians to break the truce with us, and to lay aſide all thoughts of a peace, when it was juſt upon the point of being concluded; and your preſent propoſal is a proof of it. You retrench from their conceſſions every thing but what we are, and have been long poſſeſſed of. But as it is your care that your fellow-citizens ſhould have the obligations to you of being eaſed from a great part of their burthen, ſo it ought to be mine that they draw no advantage from their perfidiouſneſs. No body is more ſenſible than I am of the weakneſs of man, and the power of fortune, and that whatever we enterprize is ſubject to a thouſand chances. If, before the Romans paſſed into Africa, you had of your own accord quitted Italy, and made the offers you now make, I believe they would not have been rejected. But as you have been forced out of Italy, and we are maſters here of the open country, the ſituation of things is much altered. And, what is chiefly to be conſidered, the Carthaginians, by the late treaty, which we entered into at their requeſt, were, over and above what you offer to have reſtored to us, our priſoners without ranſom, delivered up their ſhips of war, paid us five thouſand talents, and to have given hoſtages for the performance of all. The Senate accepted theſe conditions, but Carthage failed on her part; Carthage deceived us. What then is to be done? are the Carthaginians

ginians to be releaſed from the moſt important articles of the treaty, as a reward of their breach of faith? No, certainly. If, to the conditions before agreed upon, you had added ſome new articles to our advantage, there would have been matter of reference to the Roman people; but when, inſtead of adding, you retrench, there is no room for deliberation. The Carthaginians therefore muſt ſubmit to us at diſcretion, or muſt vanquiſh us in battle.

N. B. *The battle was fought, the* Romans *gained the victory, and the* Carthaginians *ſubmitted to* Rome. *This ended the ſecond* Punic *war, and acquired* Scipio *the ſurname of* Africanus.

The PICTURE of a GOOD MAN.

HE makes the intereſt of mankind, in a manner, his own; and has a tender and affectionate concern for their welfare. He cannot think himſelf happy, whatever his poſſeſſions and enjoyments are, while he ſees others miſerable. His wealth and affluence delight him chiefly as the poor and indigent are the better for it; and the greateſt charm of proſperity is the opportunity it affords of relieving his fellow-creatures, and of being more extenſively uſeful. He thinks he has diſcharged but the leaſt part of his duty, when he has done ſtrict juſtice to all; and therefore the communicating advice and comfort, aſſiſtance and ſupport, according to the various exigencies of thoſe with whom he converſes, is his conſtant endeavour, and moſt pleaſing entertainment. In the ſtrong and elegant language of Job, "He is eyes to the blind, and feet "to the lame; he delivereth the poor that cry, and "the fatherleſs, and him that hath none to help him; "the bleſſing of him that is ready to periſh cometh "upon him, and he cauſeth the widow's heart to ſing "for joy." And that he may practiſe the more large and generous charity, he retrenches uſeleſs pomp and extravagance; and, by a regular and prudent ma-

nagement, conſtantly provides for the relief of the neceſſitous; eſteeming this a much more ſublime and noble gratification, than the idle amuſements and gallantries of a vain and luxurious age.

He not only takes all occaſions that preſent themſelves of doing good, but ſeeks for opportunites to be uſeful; it is part of the ſtated employment and buſineſs of his life. He contrives and ſtudies which way he may be moſt ſerviceable to his fellow-creatures, and what that particular talent is, with which he is intruſted for the good of mankind. If it be power, he protects and encourages virtue by his authority and influence, is the patron of liberty, and vindicates the cauſe of oppreſſed innocence. If riches, he is rich in good works, ready to diſtribute, willing to communicate. If knowledge, he counts it his higheſt pleaſure to inſtruct the ignorant, and adminiſter proper direction and comfort in perplexing and difficult circumſtances; and to defend the cauſe of religion, and repreſent it in a juſt and amiable light. And to nothing of this does he want to be ſolicited, but his generous heart is always ready, and ſtrongly diſpoſed for beneficent deſigns and actions. You cannot lay a greater obligation upon him, than by propoſing ways in which he may be uſeful, or enlarge his ſphere of uſefulneſs; for this is the point in which all his views, all his ſatisfactions center.

Add to this, that he is inclined to abate of his right, when inſiſting too ſtrictly upon it may have the appearance of harſhneſs and ſeverity; and, as ſuch, a ſtrong ſenſe of benevolence, ſuch an exalted ſpirit of humanity and compaſſion, that no conſiderations of private intereſt, no difference of nation or religious profeſſion, can reſtrain; and which the greateſt injuries cannot bear down and extinguiſh. He aims that his goodneſs may be as diffuſive as poſſible, and as much like that of the univerſal parent, the eternal fountain of good, who ſupports, enlivens, and recreates the whole creation; and therefore, as he is generous in all his deſigns, he is very fearful of diſobliging any, either by word or action; and endeavours, in his whole conduct,

conduct, to be agreeable as well as useful to all: Being candid in his censures, practising to his inferiors the most endearing condescension, and carefully avoiding moroseness, and every thing that has the appearance of insolence or contempt. Finally, to conclude the sketch of this most beautiful and honourable character, the good man is unwearied in his endeavours to promote the happiness of others; the ardor of his benevolence is not cooled, though he meets with ungrateful returns; the trouble and expence of the service do not discourage him; nay, he is ready to give up all private considerations for the sake of the public welfare, and even to sacrifice life itself, when the good of the world requires it.

PATERNUS's advice to his son.

PATERNUS lived about two hundred years ago; he had but one son, whom he educated himself in his own house. As they were sitting together in the garden, when the child was ten years old, Paternus thus began to him.

The little time that you have been in the world, my child, you have spent wholly with me; and my love and tenderness to you has made you look upon me as your only friend and benefactor, and the cause of all the comfort and pleasure that you enjoy: Your heart, I know, would be ready to break with grief, if you thought this was the last day that I should live with you.

But, my child, though you now think yourself mighty happy because you have hold of my hand, you are now in the hands, and under the tender care, of a much greater father and friend than I am, whose love to you is far greater than mine, and from whom you receive such blessings as no mortal can give.

That God whom you have seen me daily worship; whom I daily call upon to bless both you and me, and all mankind; whose wondrous acts are recorded in

thoſe ſcriptures which you conſtantly read. That God who created the heavens and the earth; who brought a flood upon the old world; who ſaved Noah in the ark; who was the God of Abraham, Iſaac, and Jacob; whom Job bleſſed and praiſed in the greateſt afflictions; who delivered the Iſraelites out of the hands of the Egyptians; who was the protector of righteous Joſeph, Moſes, Joſhua, and holy Daniel; who ſent ſo many prophets into the world; who ſent his ſon Jeſus Chriſt to redeem mankind. This God, who has done all theſe great things; who has created ſo many millions of men; who lived and died before you was born, with whom the ſpirits of good men that are departed this life, now live; whom infinite numbers of angels now worſhip in Heaven. This great God, who is the creator of worlds, of angels, and men, is your loving father and friend, your good creator and nouriſher, from whom, and not from me, you received your being ten years ago, at the time that I planted that little tender elm which you there ſee.

I myſelf am not half the age of this ſhady oak, under which we ſit; many of our fathers have ſat under its boughs; we have all of us called it ours in our turn, though it ſtands and drops its maſters as it drops its leaves.

You ſee, my ſon, this wide and large firmament over our heads, where the ſun and moon, and all the ſtars appear in their turns. If you was to be carried up to any of theſe bodies at this vaſt diſtance from us, you would ſtill diſcover others as much above you, as the ſtars that you ſee here are above the earth. Were you to go up or down, eaſt or weſt, north or ſouth, you will find the ſame height without any top, and the ſame depth without any bottom.

And yet, my child, ſo great is God, that all theſe bodies added together, are but as a grain of ſand in his ſight. And yet you are as much the care of this great God and Father of all worlds, and all ſpirits, as if he had no ſon but you, or there were no creature for him to love and protect but you alone. He numbers the hairs of your head, watches over you ſleeping and wa-

king,

ling, and has preſerved you from a thouſand dangers, which neither you nor I know any thing of.

How poor my power is, and how little I am able to do for you, you have often ſeen. Your late ſickneſs has ſhewn you how little I could do for you in that ſtate; and the frequent pains of your head are plain proofs that I have no power to remove them.

I can bring you food and medicines, but have no power to turn them into your relief and nouriſhment; it is God alone that can do this for you.

Therefore, my child, fear, and worſhip, and love God. Your eyes indeed cannot yet ſee him, but every thing you ſee are ſo many marks of his power and preſence, and he is nearer to you than any thing that you can ſee.

Take him for your Lord, and father, and friend; look up unto him as the fountain and cauſe of all the good that you have received through my hands; and reverence me only as the bearer and miniſter of God's good things unto you; and he that bleſſed my father before I was born, will bleſs you when I am dead.

Your youth and little mind is only yet acquainted with my family, and therefore you think there is no happineſs out of it.

But, my child, you belong to a greater family than mine; you are a younger member of the family of this almighty Father of all nations, who has created infinite orders of angels, and numberleſs generations of men, to be fellow-members of one and the ſame ſociety in Heaven.

You do well to reverence my authority, becauſe God has given me power over you, to bring you up in his fear, and to do for you as the holy fathers recorded in Scripture did for their children, who are now in reſt and peace with God.

I ſhall in a ſhort time die, and leave you to God and yourſelf; and if God forgiveth my ſins, I ſhall go to his ſon Jeſus Chriſt, and live amongſt patriarchs and prophets, ſaints and martyrs, where I ſhall pray for you, and hope for your ſafe arrival at the ſame place.

Therefore, my child, meditate on these great things, and your soul will soon grow great and noble by so meditating upon them.

Let your thoughts often leave these gardens, these fields and farms, to contemplate upon God and Heaven, to consider angels, and the spirits of good men living in light and glory.

As you have been used to look to me in all your actions, and have been afraid to do any thing, unless you first knew my will; so let it now be a rule of your life to look up to God in all your actions, to do every thing in his fear, and to abstain from every thing that is not according to his will.

Bear him always in your mind; teach your thoughts to reverence him in every place; for there is no place where he is not.

God keepeth a book of life, wherein all the actions of all men are written; your name is there, my child, and when you die, this book will be laid open before men and angels; and according as your actions are there found, you will either be received to the happiness of those holy men who have died before you, or be turned away amongst wicked spirits, that are never to see God any more.

Never forget this book, my son; for it is written, it must be opened, you must see it, and you must be tried by it. Strive therefore to fill it with your good deeds that the hand-writing of God may not appear against you.

God, my child, is all love, and wisdom, and goodness; and every thing that he has made, and every action that he does, is the effect of them all. Therefore you cannot please God, but so far as you strive to walk in love, wisdom, and goodness. As all wisdom, love and goodness proceeds from God; so nothing but love, wisdom, and goodness can lead to God.

When you love that which God loves, you act with him, you join yourself to him; and when you love what he dislikes, then you oppose him, and separate yourself from him. This is the true and the right way; think what God loves, and do you love it with all your heart.

First of all, my child, worship and adore God, think of him magnificently, speak of him reverently, magnify his providence, adore his power, frequent his service, and pray unto him constantly.

Next to this, love your neighbour, which is all mankind, with such tenderness and affection as you love yourself. Think how God loves all mankind, how merciful he is to them, how tender he is of them, how carefully he preserves them, and then strive to love the world as God loves it.

God would have all men to be happy, therefore do you *will* and desire the same. All men are great instances of divine love, therefore let all men be instances of your love.

Let the only motive to all your good actions be to do every thing in as perfect a manner as you can; for this only reason, because it is pleasing to God, who writes all your actions in a book. When I am dead, my son, you will be master of all my estate, which will be a great deal more than the necessities of one family require. Therefore as you are to be charitable to the souls of men, and wish them the same happiness with you in heaven; so be charitable to their bodies, and endeavour to make them as happy as you upon earth.

As God has created all things for the common good of all men; so let that part of them, which is fallen to your share, be employed, as God would have all employed, for the common good of all.

Do good, my son, first of all to those that most deserve it, but remember to do good to all. The greatest sinners receive daily instances of God's goodness towards them; he nourishes and preserves them, that they may repent, and return to him; do you therefore imitate God, and think no one too bad to receive your relief and kindness, when you see that he wants it.

I am teaching you Latin and Greek, that at proper times you may look into the history of past ages, and learn the methods of God's providence over the world: That reading the writings of the ancient sages, you may see how wisdom and virtue have been the praise of great men of all ages, and fortify your mind by their wise sayings.

Let

Therefore, my child, meditate on these great things, and your soul will soon grow great and noble by so meditating upon them.

Let your thoughts often leave these gardens, these fields and farms, to contemplate upon God and Heaven, to consider angels, and the spirits of good men living in light and glory.

As you have been used to look to me in all your actions, and have been afraid to do any thing, unless you first knew my will; so let it now be a rule of your life to look up to God in all your actions, to do every thing in his fear, and to abstain from every thing that is not according to his will.

Bear him always in your mind; teach your thoughts to reverence him in every place; for there is no place where he is not.

God keepeth a book of life, wherein all the actions of all men are written; your name is there, my child, and when you die, this book will be laid open before men and angels; and according as your actions are there found, you will either be received to the happiness of those holy men who have died before you, or be turned away amongst wicked spirits, that are never to see God any more.

Never forget this book, my son; for it is written, it must be opened, you must see it, and you must be tried by it. Strive therefore to fill it with your good deeds that the hand-writing of God may not appear against you.

God, my child, is all love, and wisdom, and goodness; and every thing that he has made, and every action that he does, is the effect of them all. Therefore you cannot please God, but so far as you strive to walk in love, wisdom, and goodness. As all wisdom, love and goodness proceeds from God; so nothing but love, wisdom, and goodness can lead to God.

When you love that which God loves, you act with him, you join yourself to him; and when you love what he dislikes, then you oppose him, and separate yourself from him. This is the true and the right way; think what God loves, and do you love it with all your heart.

First of all, my child, worſhip and adore God, think of him magnificently, ſpeak of him reverently, magnify his providence, adore his power, frequent his ſervice, and pray unto him conſtantly.

Next to this, love your neighbour, which is all mankind, with ſuch tenderneſs and affection as you love yourſelf. Think how God loves all mankind, how merciful he is to them, how tender he is of them, how carefully he preſerves them, and then ſtrive to love the world as God loves it.

God would have all men to be happy, therefore do you *will* and deſire the ſame. All men are great inſtances of divine love, therefore let all men be inſtances of your love.

Let the only motive to all your good actions be to do every thing in as perfect a manner as you can; for this only reaſon, becauſe it is pleaſing to God, who writes all your actions in a book. When I am dead, my ſon, you will be maſter of all my eſtate, which will be a great deal more than the neceſſities of one family require. Therefore as you are to be charitable to the ſouls of men, and wiſh them the ſame happineſs with you in heaven; ſo be charitable to their bodies, and endeavour to make them as happy as you upon earth.

As God has created all things for the common good of all men; ſo let that part of them, which is fallen to your ſhare, be employed, as God would have all employed, for the common good of all.

Do good, my ſon, firſt of all to thoſe that moſt deſerve it, but remember to do good to all. The greateſt ſinners receive daily inſtances of God's goodneſs towards them; he nouriſhes and preſerves them, that they may repent, and return to him; do you therefore imitate God, and think no one too bad to receive your relief and kindneſs, when you ſee that he wants it.

I am teaching you Latin and Greek, that at proper times you may look into the hiſtory of paſt ages, and learn the methods of God's providence over the world: That reading the writings of the ancient ſages, you may ſee how wiſdom and virtue have been the praiſe of great men of all ages, and fortify your mind by their wiſe ſayings.

Let

Let truth and plainneſs therefore be the only ornament of your language, and ſtudy nothing but how to think of all things as they deſerve, to chuſe every thing that is beſt, to live according to reaſon and order, and to act in every part of your life in conformity to the will of God.

Study how to fill your heart full of the love of God and the love of your neighbour, and then be content to be no deeper a ſcholar, no finer a gentleman, than theſe tempers will make you. As true religion is nothing elſe but ſimple nature governed by right reaſon; ſo it loves and requires great plainneſs and ſimplicity of life. Therefore avoid all ſuperfluous ſhews, finery, and equipage, and let your houſe be plainly furniſhed with moderate conveniencies. Don't conſider what your eſtate can afford, but what right reaſon requires.

Let you dreſs be ſober, clean, and modeſt; not to ſet out the beauty of your perſon, but to declare the ſobriety of your mind, that your outward garb may reſemble the plainneſs of your heart. For it is highly reaſonable that you ſhould be one man, all of a piece, and appear outwardly ſuch as you are inwardly.

As to your meat and drink, in them obſerve the higheſt rules of Chriſtian temperance and ſobriety; conſider your body only as the ſervant of your ſoul; and only ſo nouriſh it, as it may beſt perform an humble and obedient ſervice to it.

But, my ſon, obſerve this, as a moſt principal thing which I ſhall remember you of as long as I live.

Hate and deſpiſe all human glory, for it is nothing elſe but human folly. It is the greateſt ſnare, and the greateſt betrayer that you can poſſibly admit into your heart.

Let every day therefore be a day of humility, condeſcend to all the weakneſs and infirmities of your fellow-creatures, cover their frailties, love their excellencies, encourage their virtues, relieve their wants, rejoice in their proſperities, compaſſionate their diſtreſs, receive their friendſhip, overlook their unkindneſs, forgive their malice, be a ſervant of ſervants, and condeſcend to do the loweſt offices to the loweſt of mankind.

Aſpire

Aſpire after nothing but your own purity and perfection, and have no ambition but to do every thing in ſo reaſonable and religious a manner, that you may be glad that God is every where preſent, and ſees all your actions. The greateſt trial of humility, is an humble behaviour towards your equals in age, eſtate, and condition of life. Therefore be careful of all the motions of your heart towards theſe people. Let all your behaviour towards them be governed by unfeigned love. Have no deſire to put any of your equals below you, nor any anger at thoſe that would put themſelves above you. If they are proud, they are ill of a very bad diſtemper; let them therefore have your tender pity, and perhaps your meekneſs may prove an occaſion of their cure; but if your humility ſhould do them no good, it will however be the greateſt good to yourſelf.

The time of practiſing theſe precepts, my child, will ſoon be over with you; the world will ſoon ſlip through your hands, or rather you will ſoon ſlip through it; it ſeems but the other day ſince I received theſe ſame inſtructions from my dear father, that I am now leaving with you. And the God that gave me ears to hear, and a heart to receive what my father ſaid unto me, will, I hope, give you grace to love and follow the ſame inſtructions.

A NIGHT-PIECE on DEATH.

[*By Dr* PARNELL.]

BY the blue taper's trembling light,
No more I waſte the wakeful night,
Intent with endleſs view to pore
The ſchoolmen and the ſages o'er:
Their books from wiſdom widely ſtray,
Or point at beſt the longeſt way.
I'll ſeek a readier path, and go
Where wiſdom's ſurely taught below.
How deep yon azure dyes the ſky!
Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lie,
While thro' their ranks in ſilver pride
The nether creſcent ſeems to glide.
The ſlumb'ring breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is ſmooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the ſpangled ſhow
Deſcends to meet our eyes below.
The grounds which on the right aſpire,
In dimneſs from the view retire:
The left preſents a place of graves,
Whoſe wall the ſilent water laves.
That ſteeple guides thy doubtful ſight
Among the livid gleams of night.
There paſs with melancholy ſtate,
By all the ſolemn heaps of fate,
And think as ſoftly-ſad you tread
Above the venerable dead,
Time was, like thee, they life poſſeſt,
And time ſhall be, that thou ſhalt reſt.
Thoſe graves, with bending oſier bound,
That namely heave the crumbled ground,
Quick to the glancing thought diſcloſe,
Where toil and poverty repoſe.
The flat ſmooth ſtones that bear a name,
The chiſſel's ſlender help to fame,

(Whi

(Which ere our ſet of friends decay
Their frequent ſteps may wear away;)
A middle race of mortals own,
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.
The marble tombs that riſe on high,
Whoſe dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whoſe pillars ſwell with ſculptur'd ſtones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones;
Theſe, all the poor remains of ſtate,
Adorn the rich, or praiſe the great;
Who while on earth in fame they live,
Are ſenſeleſs of the fame they give.
Ha! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,
The burſting earth unveils the ſhades!
All ſlow, and wan, and wrap'd with ſhrouds,
They riſe in viſionary crouds,
And all with ſober accent cry,
Think, mortal, what it is to die.
Now from yon black and fun'ral yew,
That bathes the charnel-houſe with dew,
Methinks, I hear a voice begin;
(Ye ravens, ceaſe your croaking din,
Ye tolling clocks, no time reſound
O'er the long lake and midnight ground)
It ſends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus ſpeaking from among the bones.
When men with ſcythe and darts ſupply,
How great a King of fears am I!
They view me like the laſt of things;
They make, and then they dread my ſtings.
Fools! if you leſs provok'd your fears,
No more my ſpectre-form appears.
Death's but a path that muſt be trod,
If man wou'd ever paſs to God:
A port of calms, a ſtate of eaſe
From the rough rage of ſwelling ſeas.
Why then thy flowing ſable ſtoles,
Deep pendent cypreſs, mourning poles,
Looſe ſcarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
Long palls, drawn herſes, cover'd ſteeds,

And

And plumes of black, that as they tread,
Nod o'er the 'ſcutcheons of the dead?
Nor can the parted body know,
Nor wants the ſoul theſe forms of woe:
As men who long in priſon dwell,
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
Whene'er their ſuff'ring years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glitt'ring ſun:
Such joy, tho' far tranſcending ſenſe,
Have pious ſouls at parting hence.
On earth, and in the body plac'd,
A few, and evil years, they waſte:
But when their chains are caſt aſide,
See the glad ſcene unfolding wide,
Clap the glad wing, and tow'r away,
And mingle with the blaze of day.

A HYMN to CONTENTMENT.

[*By Dr* PARNELL.]

LOVELY, laſting peace of Mind!
Sweet delight of human Kind!
Heav'nly born, and bred on high,
To crown the fav'rites of the ſky
With more of happineſs below,
Than Victors in a triumph know!
Whither, O whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek contented head?
What happy region doſt thou pleaſe
To make the ſeat of calms and eaſe?
Ambition ſearches all its ſphere
Of pomp and ſtate, to meet thee there.
Encreaſing avarice would find
Thy preſence in its Gold inſhrin'd.
The bold advent'rer ploughs his way,
Thro' rocks amidſt the foaming ſea,
To gain thy love; and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.

The ſilent heart which grief aſſails,
Treads ſoft and loneſome o'er the vales,
Sees daiſies open, rivers run,
And ſeeks (as I have vainly done)
Amuſing thought; but learns to know
That ſolitude's the nurſe of woe.
No real happineſs is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground:
Or in a ſoul exalted high,
To range the circuit of the ſky,
Converſe with ſtars above, and know
All nature in its forms below;
The reſt it ſeeks, in ſeeking dies,
And doubts at laſt for knowledge riſe.
Lovely, laſting peace appear!
This world itſelf, if thou art here,
Is once again, with Eden bleſt,
And man contains it in his breaſt.
'Twas thus as under ſhade I ſtood,
I ſung my wiſhes to the wood,
And loſt in thought no more perceiv'd
The branches whiſper as they wav'd:
It ſeem'd, as all the quiet place
Confeſs'd the preſence of the grace.
When thus ſhe ſpoke——Go rule thy will,
Bid thy wild paſſions all be ſtill,
Know God——and bring thy heart to know,
The joys which from religion flow:
Then every grace ſhall prove its gueſt,
And I'll be there to crown the reſt.
Oh! by yonder moſſy ſeat,
In my hours of ſweet retreat;
Might I thus my ſoul employ,
With ſenſe of gratitude and joy:
Rais'd as ancient prophets were,
In heav'nly viſion, praiſe, and pray'r;
Pleaſing all men, hurting none,
Pleas'd and bleſs'd with God alone:
Then while the gardens take my ſight,
With all the colours of delight;

While ſilver waters glide along,
To pleaſe my ear and court my ſong:
I'll lift my voice, and tune my ſtring,
And thee, great ſource of nature, ſing.
The ſun that walks his airy way,
To light the World, and give the day;
The moon that ſhines with borrowed light;
The ſtars that gild the gloomy night;
The ſeas that roll unnumber'd waves;
The wood that ſpreads its ſhady leaves;
The field whoſe ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treaſure of the plain;
All of theſe, and all I ſee,
Shou'd be ſung, and ſung by me:
They ſpeak their Maker as they can,
But want and aſk the tongue of man.
Go ſearch among your idle dreams,
Your buſy, or your vain extremes;
And find a life of equal bliſs,
Or own the next begun in this.

THE HERMIT.

[*By Dr* PARNELL.]

—I may aſſert eternal Providence,
And juſtify the ways of God to man. MILTON.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a rev'rend Hermit grew;
The moſs his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the cryſtal well:
Remote from man, with God he paſs'd the days,
Pray'r all his buſ'neſs, all his pleaſure praiſe.
A life ſo ſacred, ſuch ſerene repoſe,
Seem'd Heav'n itſelf, 'till one ſuggeſtion roſe;
That vice ſhould triumph, virtue vice obey,
This ſprung ſome doubt of Providence's ſway:

His

His hopes no more a certain proſpect boaſt,
And all the tenour of his ſoul is loſt:
So when a ſmooth expanſe receives impreſt
Calm nature's image on its wat'ry breaſt,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And ſkies beneath with anſw'ring colours glow:
But if a ſtone the gentle ſea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on ev'ry ſide,
And glimmering fragments of a broken ſun,
Banks, trees, and ſkies, in thick diſorder run.
To clear this doubt, to know the world by ſight,
To find if books, or ſwains, report it right;
(For yet by ſwains alone the world he knew,
Whoſe feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)
He quits his cell; the pilgrim-ſtaff he bore,
And fix'd the ſcallop in his hat before;
Then with the ſun a riſing journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.
The morn was waſted in the pathleſs graſs,
And long and loneſome was the wild to paſs;
But when the ſouthern ſun had warm'd the day,
A youth came poſting o'er a croſſing way;
His rayment decent, his complexion fair,
And ſoft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
Then near approaching, father, hail! he cry'd,
And hail, my ſon, the rev'rend ſire reply'd;
Words follow'd words, from queſtion anſwer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;
Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their rage they differ, join in heart:
Thus ſtands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy claſps an elm around.
Now ſunk the ſun; the cloſing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with ſober grey;
Nature in ſilence bid the world repoſe:
When near the road a ſtately palace roſe:
There by the moon thro' ranks of trees they paſs,
Whoſe verdure crown'd their ſloping ſides of graſs.
It chanc'd the noble maſter of the dome,
Still made his houſe the wand'ring ſtranger's home:

Yet ſtill the kindneſs, from a thirſt of praiſe,
Prov'd the vain flouriſh of expenſive eaſe.
The pair arrive: The livry'd ſervants wait;
Their Lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with coſtly piles of food,
And all is more than hoſpitably good.
Then led to reſt, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep ſunk in ſleep, and ſilk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play;
Freſh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And ſhake the neighb'ring wood to baniſh ſleep.
Up riſe the gueſts, obedient to the call:
An early banquet deck'd the ſplendid hall;
Rich luſcious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind maſter forc'd the gueſts to taſte.
Then pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go
And, but the landlord, none had cauſe of woe;
His cup was vaniſh'd; for in ſecret guiſe
The younger gueſt purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.

As one who ſpies a ſerpent in the way,
Gliſt'ning and baſking in the ſummer ray,
Diſorder'd ſtops to ſhun the danger near,
Then walks with faintneſs on, and looks with fear:
So ſeem'd the ſire; when far upon the road,
The ſhining ſpoil his wiley partner ſhow'd.
He ſtopp'd with ſilence, walk'd with trembling heart
And much he wiſh'd, but durſt not aſk to part:
Murm'ring he liſts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That gen'rous actions meet a baſe reward.

While thus they paſs, the ſun his glory ſhrouds,
The changing ſkies hang out their ſable clouds;
A ſound in air preſag'd approaching rain,
And beaſts to covert ſcud a-croſs the plain.
Warn'd by the ſigns, the wand'ring pair retreat,
To ſeek for ſhelter at a neighb'ring ſeat.
'Twas built with turrets, on a riſing ground,
And ſtrong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
Its owner's temper, tim'rous and ſevere,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a deſart there.

As near the miſer's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce riſing guſts with ſudden fury blew,
The nimble light'ning mix'd with ſhow'rs began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length ſome pity warm'd the maſter's breaſt,
('Twas then, his threſhold firſt receiv'd a gueſt)
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcoms in the ſhiv'ring pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervor thro' their limbs recalls:
Bread of the coarſeſt ſort, with eager wine,
(Each hardly granted) ſerv'd them both to dine;
And when the tempeſt firſt appear'd to ceaſe,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.
With ſtill remark the pond'ring Hermit view'd,
In one ſo rich, a life ſo poor and rude;
And why ſhou'd ſuch, within himſelf he cry'd,
Lock the loſt wealth a thouſand want beſide?
But what new marks of wonder ſoon took place,
In ev'ry ſettling feature of his face;
When from his veſt the young companion bore
That cup, the gen'rous landlord own'd before,
And paid profuſely with the precious bowl
The ſtinted kindneſs of this churliſh ſoul.
But now the clouds in airy tumult fly,
The ſun emerging opes an azure ſky;
A freſher green the ſmelling leaves diſplay,
And glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad maſter bolts the wary gate.
While hence they walk, the pilgrim's boſom wrought,
With all the travel of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cauſe appear,
'Twas there a vice, and ſeem'd a madneſs here:
Deteſting that, and pitying this he goes,
Loſt and confounded with the various ſhows.
Now Night's dim ſhades again involve the ſky,
Again the wand'rers want a place to lie,
Again they ſearch, and find a lodging nigh.

The ſoil improv'd around the manſion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
It ſeem'd to ſpeak its maſter's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praiſe, but virtue kind.
Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bleſs the manſion, and the maſter greet:
Their greeting fair, beſtow'd with modeſt guiſe,
The courteous maſter hears, and thus replies:
Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and ſober, more than coſtly cheer.
He ſpoke, and bid the welcome table ſpread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave houſehold round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and cloſe the hours with pray'r.
At length the world, renew'd by calm repoſe,
Was ſtrong for toil, the dappled morn aroſe;
Before the pilgrim's part, the younger crept,
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant ſlept,
And writh'd his neck: The landlord's little pride,
O ſtrange return! grew black, and gaſp'd and dy'd.
Horror of horrors! what! his only ſon!
How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done?
Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in ſunder part,
And breathe blue fire, cou'd more aſſault his heart.
Confus'd, and ſtruck with ſilence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with ſpeed.
His ſteps the youth purſues; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a ſervant ſhow'd the way:
A river croſs'd the path; the paſſage o'er
Was nice to find; the ſervant went before;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge ſupply'd,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The youth, who ſeem'd to watch a time to ſin,
Approach'd the careleſs guide, and thruſt him in;
Plunging he falls, and riſing liſts his head,
Then ſhrieking turns, and ſinks among the dead.
Wild, ſparkling rage inflames the Hermit's eyes,
He burſts the bands of fear, and madly cries,

Deteſted

Deteſted wretch,——but ſcarce his ſpeech began,
When the ſtrange partner ſeem'd no longer man:
His youthful face grew more ſerenely ſweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points inveſt his hair;
Celeſtial odours breathe thro' purpled air;
And wings, whoſe colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes diſplay.
The form ethereal burſts upon his ſight,
And moves in all the majeſty of light.

Tho' loud at firſt the pilgrim's paſſion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wiſt not what to do;
Surprize in ſecret chains his words ſuſpends,
And in a calm his ſettling temper ends.
But ſilence here the beauteous angel broke,
(The voice of muſic raviſh'd as he ſpoke.)

Thy pray'r, thy praiſe, thy life to vice unknown,
In ſweet memorial riſe before the throne:
Theſe charms, ſucceſs in our bright region find,
And force an angel down to calm thy mind;
For this commiſſion'd, I forſook the ſky,
Nay, ceaſe to kneel——Thy fellow-ſervant I.

Then know the truth of government divine,
And let theſe ſcruples be no longer thine.
The Maker juſtly claims that world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its ſacred Majeſty thro' all depends
On uſing ſecond means to work his ends:
'Tis thus, withdrawn in ſtate from human eye,
The pow'r exerts his attributes on high,
Your actions uſes, nor controuls your will,
And bids the doubting ſons of men be ſtill.

What ſtrange events can ſtrike with more ſurprize,
Than thoſe which lately ſtruck thy wond'ring eyes?
Yet taught by theſe, confeſs th' Almighty juſt,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to truſt!

The great, vain man, who far'd on coſtly food,
Whoſe life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his iv'ry ſtands with goblets ſhine,
And forc'd his gueſts to morning draughts of wine,

Has,

Has, with the cup, the graceleſs cuſtom loſt,
And ſtill he welcomes, but with leſs of coſt.
The mean, ſuſpicious wretch, whoſe bolted door
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wand'ring poor;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That Heav'n can bleſs, if mortals will be kind.
Conſcious of wanting worth he views the bowl,
And feels compaſſion touch his grateful ſoul.
Thus artiſts melt the ſullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And looſe from droſs, the ſilver runs below.
Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And meaſur'd back his ſteps to earth again.
To what exceſſes had his dotage run?
But God, to ſave the father, took the ſon.
To all but thee, in fits he ſeem'd to go,
(And 'twas my miniſtry to deal the blow)
The poor fond parent, humbled in the duſt,
Now owns in tears the puniſhment was juſt.
But now had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that falſe ſervant ſped in ſafety back;
This night his treaſur'd heaps he meant to ſteal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus Heav'n inſtructs thy mind: This trial o'er,
Depart in peace, reſign, and ſin no more.
On ſounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The ſage ſtood wond'ring as the ſeraph flew.
Thus look'd Eliſha, when, to mount on high,
His maſter took the chariot of the ſky;
The fiery pomp aſcending, left the view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wiſh'd to follow too.
The bending Hermit here a pray'r begun,
Lord! as in Heav'n, on earth, thy will be done.
Then gladly turning, ſought his ancient place,
And paſs'd a life of piety and peace.

COLIN AND LUCY.

[*By Mr* TICKELL.]

I.

OF Leinſter fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid ſtream
Reflect a fairer face.

II.

'Till luckleſs love and pining care
Impair'd her roſy hue,
Her dainty lip, her damaſk cheek,
And eyes of gloſſy blue.

III.

Ah! have you ſeen a lily pale
When beating rains deſcend?
So droop'd this ſlow-conſuming maid,
Her life now near its end.

IV.

By Lucy warn'd of flattering ſwains
Take heed, ye eaſy fair!
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye flatt'ring ſwains, beware!

V.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring;
And at her window ſhrieking thrice,
The raven flap'd his wing.

VI.

Full well the love-lorn maiden knew
The ſolemn-boding ſound,
And thus in dying words beſpoke
The virgins weeping round.

VII.

" I hear a voice you cannot hear,
" That cries I muſt not ſtay;

" I ſee

" I ſee a hand you cannot ſee,
" That beckons me away.

VIII.

" Of a falſe ſwain, and broken heart,
" In early youth I die:
" Am I to blame becauſe the bride
" Is twice as rich as I?

IX.

" Ah Colin, give not her thy vows,
" Vows due to me alone!
" Nor thou, raſh girl, receive his kiſs,
" Nor think him all thy own!

X.

" To-morrow in the church, to wed,
" Impatient both prepare:
" But know, falſe man, and know, fond maid,
" Poor Lucy will be there.

XI.

" Then bear my Corſe, ye comrades dear,
" The bridegroom blithe to meet;
" He in his wedding-trim ſo gay,
" I in my winding-ſheet!"

XII.

She ſpoke, ſhe dy'd, her corſe was borne,
The bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his wedding-trim ſo gay,
She in her winding-ſheet.

XIII.

What then were Colin's dreadful thoughts?
How were theſe nuptials kept?
The bride's-men flock'd round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept.

XIV.

Compaſſion, ſhame, remorſe, deſpair,
At once his boſom ſwell:
The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
He groan'd, he ſhook, he fell.

XV.

From the vain bride, a bride no more,
The varying crimſon fled;

When,

When, ſtretch'd beſide her rival's corſe,
She ſaw her lover dead.

XVI.

He to his Lucy's new-made grave,
Convey'd by trembling ſwains,
In the ſame mould, beneath one ſod,
For ever now remains.

XVII.

Oft at this place the conſtant hind
And plighted maid are ſeen;
With garlands gay, and true-love knots,
They deck the ſacred green.

XVIII.

But ſwain forſworn, whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd ground forbear!
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

THE SEEKER.

[*By Mr* MATTHEW GREEN *of the* Cuſtom-houſe.]

WHEN I firſt came to London, I rambled about
From ſermon to ſermon, took a ſlice and went out,
hen on me, in divinity batchelor, try'd
any prieſts to obtrude a levitical bride;
d urging their various opinions, intended
o make me wed ſyſtems which they recommended.
Said a letch'rous old fry'r, ſkulking near Lincoln's-Inn,
hoſe trade's to abſolve, but whoſe paſtime's to ſin;
ho, ſpider-like, ſeizes weak Proteſtant flies,
hich hung in his ſophiſtry cobweb he ſpies;
! pity your ſoul, for without our church pale,
you happen to die, to be damn'd you can't fail;
e Bible, you boaſt, is a wild revelation,
ar a church that can't err, if you hope for ſalvation.

Said

Said a formal non-con, whoſe rich ſtock of grace
Lies forward expos'd in ſhop-window of face,
Ah! pity your ſoul, come be of our ſect,
For then you are ſafe, and may plead you're elect;
As it ſtands in the Acts we can prove ourſelves Saints,
Being Chriſt's little flock ev'ry where ſpoke againſt.
Said a jolly church parſon, devoted to eaſe,
While penal law dragons guard his golden fleece,
If you pity your ſoul, I pray liſten to neither;
The firſt is in error, the laſt a deceiver:
That ours is the true church, the ſenſe of our tribe is,
And ſurely in *medio tutiſſimus ibis*.
Said a yea-and-nay friend, with a ſtiff hat and band,
Who while he talk'd gravely would hold forth his hand,
Dominion and wealth are the aim of all three,
Tho' about ways and means they may all diſagree;
Then prithee be wiſe, go the Quakers bye-way,
'Tis plain without turnpikes, ſo nothing to pay.

ODE TO EVENING.

[*By Mr* W. COLLINS.]

IF ought of oaten ſtop, or paſtoral ſong,
May hope, chaſte Eve, to ſooth thy modeſt ear,
Like thy own ſolemn ſprings,
Thy ſprings and dying gales,
O nymph reſerv'd, while now the bright-hair'd ſun
Sits in yon weſtern tent, whoſe cloudy ſkirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:
Now air is hush'd, ſave where the weak-ey'd bat,
With ſhort ſhrill ſhrieks flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His ſmall but ſullen horn,
As oft he riſes 'midſt the twilight path,
Againſt the pilgrim born in heedleſs hum:
Now teach me, maid compos'd,
To breathe ſome ſoften'd ſtrain,

Whoſe

Whoſe numbers ſtealing thro' thy darkning vale,
May not unſeemly with its ſtillneſs ſuit,
As muſing ſlow, I hail
Thy genial lov'd return!
For when thy folding ſtar ariſing ſhews
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours, and elves
Who ſlept in flow'rs the day,
And many a nymph who wreaths her brows with ſedge,
And ſheds the freſh'ning dew, and lovlier ſtill,
The penſive pleaſures ſweet
Prepare thy ſhadowy car.
Then lead, calm vot'reſs, where ſome ſheety lake
Cheers the lone heath, or ſome time-hallow'd pile,
Or up-land fallows grey
Reflect its laſt cool gleam.
But when chill bluſt'ring winds, or driving rain,
Forbid my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's ſide
Views wilds, and ſwelling floods,
And hamlet's brown, and dim-diſcover'd ſpires,
And hears their ſimple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual duſky veil.
While ſpring ſhall pour his ſhow'rs, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing treſſes, meekeſt Eve!
While ſummer loves to ſport
Beneath thy ling'ring light;
While ſallow autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
Or winter yelling thro' the troublous air,
Affrights thy ſhrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;
So long, ſure-found beneath the ſylvan ſhed,
Shall fancy, friendſhip, ſcience, roſe-lip'd health,
Thy gentleſt influence own,
And hymn thy fav'rites name!

To Miss LUCY F——.

[*By Lord* Lyttelton.]

TO him who in an hour muſt die,
Not ſwifter ſeems that hour to fly,
Than flow the minutes ſeem to me,
Which keep me from the ſight of thee.

Not more that trembling wretch would give
Another day or year to live;
Than I to ſhorten what remains
Of that long hour which thee detains.

Oh! come to my impatient arms,
Oh! come with all thy heav'nly charms,
At once to juſtify and pay
The pain I feel from this delay.

A Prayer to VENUS in her Temple at STOWE, on her pleading Want of Time.

[*By Lord* Lyttelton.]

I.

ON Thames's bank, a gentle youth
For Lucy ſigh'd with matchleſs truth,
Ev'n when he ſigh'd in rhyme;
The lovely maid his flame return'd,
And would with equal warmth have burn'd,
But that ſhe had not time.

II.

Oft he repair'd with eager feet
In ſecret ſhades his fair to meet
Beneath th' accuſtom'd lyme;

She

She would have fondly met him there,
And heal'd with love each tender care,
But that ſhe had not time.

III.

" It was not thus, inconſtant maid,
" You acted once (the ſhepherd ſaid)
" When love was in its prime:"
She griev'd to hear him thus complain,
And would have writ to eaſe his pain,
But that ſhe had not time.

IV.

How can you act ſo cold a part?
No crime of mine has chang'd your heart,
If love be not a crime.——
We ſoon muſt part for months, for years——
She would have anſwer'd with her tears,
But that ſhe had not time.

AN ODE,

On a diſtant Proſpect of EATON COLLEGE.

[*By Mr* GRAY.]

YE diſtant ſpires, ye antique towers
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful ſcience ſtill adores
Her Henry's holy ſhade;
And ye that from the ſtately brow
Of Windſor's heights th' expance below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead ſurvey,
Whoſe turf, whoſe ſhade, whoſe flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His ſilver-winding way.
Ah! happy hills, ah! pleaſing ſhade,
Ah! fields belov'd in vain,
Where once my careleſs childhood ſtray'd,
A ſtranger yet to pain!

I feel the gales that from ye blow,
A momentary bliſs beſtow
As waving freſh their gladſome wing,
My weary ſoul they ſeem to ſooth,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a ſecond ſpring.
Say, father Thames, for thou haſt ſeen
Full many a ſprighly race
Diſporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleaſure trace,
Who foremoſt now delight to cleave
With pliant arms thy glaſſy wave?
The captive linnet which enthral?
What idle progeny ſucceed
To chaſe the rolling circle's ſpeed,
Or urge the flying ball?
While ſome on earneſt bus'neſs bent
Their murm'ring labours ply,
'Gainſt graver hours that bring conſtraint
To ſweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers diſdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare deſcry:
Still as they run, they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And ſnatch a fearful joy.
Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
Leſs pleaſing when poſſeſs'd;
The tear forgot as ſoon as ſhed,
The ſunſhine of the breaſt.
Theirs buxom health of roſy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively chear of vigour born;
The thoughtleſs day, the eaſy night,
The ſpirits pure, the ſlumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.
Alas, regardleſs of their doom,
The little victims play!
No ſenſe have they of ills to come,
No care beyond to-day:

Yet

Yet ſee how all around 'em wait
The miniſters of human fate,
And black misfortune's baleful train!
Ah! ſhew them where in ambuſh ſtand,
To ſeize their prey, the murth'rous band,
Ah! ſhew them they are men!
  Theſe ſhall the fury paſſions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Diſdainful anger, pallid fear,
And ſhame that ſculks behind;
Or pining love ſhall waſte their youth,
Or jealouſy with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the ſecret heart,
And envy wan, and faded care,
Grim-viſag'd comfortleſs deſpair,
And ſorrow's piercing dart.
  Ambition this ſhall tempt to riſe,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter ſcorn a ſacrifice,
And grinning infamy;
The ſtings of falſehood thoſe ſhall try,
And hard unkindneſs' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen remorſe with blood defil'd,
And moody madneſs laughing wild
Amidſt ſevereſt woe.
  Lo, in the vale of years beneath,
A grieſly troop are ſeen,
The painful family of death,
More hideous than their queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every lab'ring ſinew ſtrains,
Thoſe in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo, poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the ſoul with icy hand,
And ſlow-conſuming age.
  To each his ſuff'rings: All are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan,
The tender for another's pain;
Th' unfeeling for his own.

Yet ah! why ſhould they know their fate,
Since ſorrow never comes too late,
And happineſs too ſwiftly flies.
Thought would deſtroy their paradiſe.
No more; where ignorance is bliſs,
'Tis folly to be wiſe.

ODE.

[*By Mr* GRAY.]

I.

LO! where the roſy-boſom'd hours,
Fair Venus' train appear,
Diſcloſe the long-expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year!
The attic warbler pours her throat
Reſponſive to the cuckow's note,
The untaught harmony of ſpring:
While, whiſp'ring pleaſure as they fly,
Cool zephyrs through the clear blue ſky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

II.

Where'er the oak's thick branches ſtretch
A broader browner ſhade;
Where'er the rude and moſs-green beech
O'er-canopies the glade;
Beſide ſome water's ruſhy brink
With me the muſe ſhall ſit and think
(At eaſe reclin'd in ruſtic ſtate)
How vain the ardour of the crowd,
How low, how indigent the proud,
How little are the great!

III.

Still is the toiling hand of care:
The panting herds repoſe:
Yet hark, how through the peopled air
The buſy murmur glows!

The

The inſect youth are on the wing
Eager to taſte the honied ſpring,
And float amid the liquid noon:
Some lightly o'er the current ſkim,
Some ſhew their gayly-gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the ſun.

IV.

To contemplation's ſober eye
Such is the race of man:
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the buſy and the gay
But flutter through life's little day,
In fortune's varying colours dreſs'd:
Bruſh'd by the hand of rough miſchance,
Or chill'd by age, their airy dance
They leave, in duſt to reſt.

V.

Methinks I hear, in accents low,
The ſportive kind reply:
Poor moraliſt! and what art thou?
A ſolitary fly!
Thy joys no glittering female meets,
No hive haſt thou of hoarded ſweets,
No painted plumage to diſplay:
On haſty wings thy youth is flown;
Thy ſun is ſet, thy ſpring is gone—
We frolic, while 'tis May.

ODE,

On the Death of a favourite CAT, drowned in a Tub of Gold Fiſhes.

[*By Mr* GRAY.]

I.

'TWAS on a lofty vaſe's ſide,
Where China's gayeſt art had dy'd
The azure flowers that blow;
Demureſt of the tabby kind,
The penſive Selima reclin'd,
Gaz'd on the lake below.

Her

II.

Her conſcious tail her joy declar'd ;
The fair round face, the ſnowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
The coat that with the tortoiſe vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She ſaw ; and purr'd applauſe.

III.

Still had ſhe gaz'd: But 'midſt the tide
Two beauteous forms were ſeen to glide
The genii of the ſtream ;
Their ſcaly armour's Tyrian hue
Through richeſt purple to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

IV.

The hapleſs nymph with wonder ſaw:
A whiſker firſt, and then a claw,
With many an ardent wiſh,
She ſtretch'd in vain to reach the prize.
What female heart can gold deſpiſe ?
What cat's averſe to fiſh ?

V.

Preſumptuous maid! with looks intent
Again ſhe ſtretch'd, again ſhe bent,
Nor knew the gulph between ;
(Malignant fate ſat by and ſmil'd)
The ſlipp'ry verge her feet beguil'd,
She tumbled headlong in.

VI.

Eight times emerging from the flood
She mew'd to every wat'ry god,
Some ſpeedy aid to ſend.
No dolphin came, no nereid ſtirr'd ;
Nor cruel Tom, nor Suſan heard.
A fav'rite has no friend !

VII.

From hence, ye beauties undeceiv'd,
Know one falſe ſtep is ne'er retriev'd,
And be with caution bold.
Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes
And heedleſs hearts, is lawful prize ;
Nor all, that gliſters, gold.

An ELEGY, written in a COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

[*By Mr* GRAY.]

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds ſlowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homewards plods his weary way,
nd leaves the world to darkneſs and to me.
Now fades the glimmering landſcape on the ſight,
And all the air a ſolemn ſtillneſs holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowſy tinklings lull the diſtant folds;
Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of ſuch, as wand'ring near her ſecret bow'r,
Moleſt her ancient, ſolitary reign.
Beneath thoſe rugged elms, that yew-tree's ſhade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet ſleep.
The breezy call of incenſe-breathing morn,
The ſwallow twittering from the ſtraw-built ſhed,
The cock's ſhrill clarion, or the echoing horn
No more ſhall rouſe them from their lowly bed.
For them no more the blazing hearth ſhall burn,
Or buſy houſewife ply her evening care:
No children run to liſp their ſire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiſs to ſhare.
Oft did the harveſt to their ſickle yield,
Their furrow oft the ſtubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their ſturdy ſtroke!
Let not ambition mock their uſeful toil,
Their homely joys and deſtiny obſcure;
Nor grandeur hear, with a diſdainful ſmile,
The ſhort and ſimple annals of the poor.

The

The boaſt of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
Nor you, ye proud, impute to theſe the fault,
If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raiſe,
Where through the long-drawn iſle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem ſwells the note of praiſe.
Can ſtoried urn or animated buſt
Back to its manſion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the ſilent duſt,
Or flatt'ry ſooth the dull cold ear of death?
Perhaps in this neglected ſpot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celeſtial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have ſway'd,
Or wak'd to extacy the living lyre.
But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the ſpoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repreſs'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the ſoul.
Full many a gem of pureſt ray ſerene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to bluſh unſeen,
And waſte its ſweetneſs on the deſart air.
Some village-Hampden, that with dauntleſs breaſt
The little tyrant of his fields withſtood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may reſt,
Some Cromwell guiltleſs of his country's blood.
Th' applauſe of liſt'ning Senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to deſpiſe,
To ſcatter plenty o'er a ſmiling land,
And read their hiſt'ry in a nation's eyes.
Their lot forbad: Nor circumſcrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbad to wade through ſlaughter to a throne,
And ſhut the gates of mercy on mankind.
The ſtruggling pangs of conſcious truth to hide,
To quench the bluſhes of ingenious ſhame,
Or heap the ſhrine of luxury and pride
With incenſe kindled at the muſe's flame.

Far

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble ſtrife,
Their ſober wiſhes never learn'd to ſtray;
Along the cool ſequeſter'd vale of life
They kept the noiſeleſs tenor of their way.
Yet ev'n theſe bones from inſult to protect
Some frail memorial ſtill erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and ſhapeleſs ſculpture deck'd,
Implores the paſſing tribute of a ſigh.
Their name, their years, ſpelt by th' unletter'd muſe,
The place of fame and elegy ſupply:
And many a holy text around ſhe ſtrews,
That teach the ruſtic moraliſt to die.
For who to dumb forgetfulneſs a prey,
This pleaſing anxious being e'er reſign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor caſt one longing ling'ring look behind?
On ſome fond breaſt the parting ſoul relies,
Some pious drops the cloſing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Ev'n in our aſhes live their wonted fires.
For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd dead
Doſt in theſe lines their artful tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred ſpirit ſhall enquire thy fate,
Haply ſome hoary-headed ſwain may ſay,
Oft have we ſeen him at the peep of dawn
Bruſhing with haſty ſteps the dews away
To meet the ſun upon the upland lawn.
'There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantaſtic roots ſo high,
His liſtleſs length at noon-tide would he ſtretch,
And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.
'Hard by yon wood, now ſmiling as in ſcorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or croſs'd in hopeleſs love.
'One morn I miſs'd him on the cuſtom'd hill,
Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree:
Another came; nor yet beſide the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

'The

'The next with dirges due in ſad array,
'Slow through the church-way path we ſaw him borne,
'Approach and read (for thou can'ſt read) the lay,
'Grav'd on the ſtone beneath yon aged thorn.

The EPITAPH.

HERE reſts his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown,
Fair ſcience frown'd not on his humble birth,
And melancholy mark'd him for her own.
Large was his bounty, and his ſoul ſincere,
Heav'n did a recompence as largely ſend:
He gave to mis'ry all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wiſh'd) a friend.
No farther ſeek his merits to diſcloſe,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repoſe)
The boſom of his father and his God.

HYMN to ADVERSITY.

[*By Mr* GRAY.]

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentleſs pow'r,
Thou tamer of the human breaſt,
Whoſe iron ſcourge and tort'ring hour
The bad affright, afflict the beſt!
Bound in thy adamantine chain
The proud are taught to taſte of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.
When firſt thy fire to ſend on earth
Virtue, his darling child deſign'd,
To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurſe! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year ſhe bore:
What ſorrow was, thou bad'ſt her know,
And from her own ſhe learn'd to melt at others' woe.

Scare

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleaſing folly's idle brood,
Wild laughter, noiſe, and thoughtleſs joy,
And leave us leiſure to be good.
Light they diſperſe, and with them go
The ſummer friend, the flattering foe;
By vain proſperity received,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.
Wiſdom in ſable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
And melancholy, ſilent maid
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy ſolemn ſteps attend:
Warm charity, the gen'ral friend,
With juſtice to herſelf ſevere,
And pity, dropping ſoft the ſadly-pleaſing tear.
Oh! gently on thy ſuppliant's head,
Dread goddeſs, lay thy chaſt'ning hand!
Not in thy gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art ſeen)
With thund'ring voice and threat'ning mien,
With ſcreaming horror's funeral cry,
Deſpair, and fell diſeaſe, and ghaſtly poverty.
Thy form benign, oh! goddeſs, wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philoſophic train be there
To ſoften, not to wound my heart,
The gen'rous ſpark extinct revive,
Teach me to love, and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to ſcan,
What others are to feel, and know myſelf a man.

ODE ON MELANCHOLY.

TO A FRIEND.

[*By Mr* MASON.]

I.

AH! ceaſe this kind perſuaſive ſtrain,
Which, when it flows from friendſhip's tongue,
However weak, however vain,
O'erpowers beyond the ſiren's ſong:
Leave me, my friend, indulgent go,
And let me muſe upon my woe.
Why lure me from theſe pale retreats?
Why rob me of theſe penſive ſweets?
Can muſic's voice, can beauty's eye,
Can painting's glowing hand, ſupply
A charm ſo ſuited to my mind,
As blows this hollow guſt of wind,
As drops this little weeping rill
Soft-tinkling down the moſs-grown hill,
Whilſt through the weſt, where ſinks the crimſon day,
Meek twilight ſlowly ſails, and waves her banners grey?

II.

Say, from affliction's various ſource
Do none but turbid waters flow?
And cannot fancy clear their courſe?
For fancy is the friend of woe.
Say, 'mid that grove, in love-lorn ſtate,
When yon poor ringdove mourns her mate,
Is all, that meets the ſhepherd's ear,
Inſpir'd by anguiſh and deſpair?
Ah no, fair fancy rules the ſong:
She ſwells her throat; ſhe guides her tongue;
She bids the waving aſpin-ſpray
Quiver in cadence to her lay;
She bids the fringed oſiers bow,
And ruſtle round the lake below.

To

To ſuit the tenor of her gurgling ſighs,
And ſooth her throbbing breaſt with ſolemn ſympathies.

III.

To thee, whoſe young and poliſh'd brow
The wrinkling hand of ſorrow ſpares;
Whoſe cheeks, beſtrew'd with roſes, know
No channel for the tide of tears;
To thee yon abbey dank and lone,
Where ivy chains each mould'ring ſtone
That nods o'er many a martyrs tomb,
May caſt a formidable gloom.
Yet ſome there are, who, free from fear,
Could wander through the cloyſters drear,
Could rove each deſolated iſle,
Though midnight thunders ſhook the pile;
And dauntleſs view, or ſeem to view,
(As faintly flaſh the lightnings blue)
Thin ſhiv'ring ghoſts from yawning charnels throng,
And glance with ſilent ſweep the ſhaggy vaults along.

IV.

But ſuch terrific charms as theſe,
I aſk not yet: My ſober mind
The fainter forms of ſadneſs pleaſe;
My ſorrows are of ſoſter kind.
Through this ſtill valley let me ſtray,
Wrapt in ſome ſtrain of penſive Gray:
Whoſe loſty genius bears along
The conſcious dignity of ſong;
And, ſcorning from the ſacred ſtore
To waſte a note on pride, or power,
Roves, when the glimmering twilight glooms,
And warbles 'mid the ruſtic tombs:
He too perchance (for well I know,
His heart would melt with friendly woe)
He too perchance, when theſe poor limbs are laid,
Will heave one tuneful ſigh, and ſooth my hov'ring ſhade.

A DIALOGUE.

[*By Mrs* CARTER.]

SAYS body to mind, 'tis amazing to ſee,
We're ſo nearly related yet never agree,
But lead a moſt wrangling ſtrange ſort of a life,
As great plagues to each other as huſband and wife.
The fault's all your own, who with flagrant oppreſſion,
Encroach ev'ry day on my lawful poſſeſſion.
The beſt room in my houſe you have ſeiz'd for your own,
And turn'd the whole tenement quite upſide down,
While you hourly call in a diſorderly crew
Of vagabond rogues, who have nothing to do
But to run in and out, hurry, ſcurry, and keep
Such a horrible uproar, I can't get to ſleep.
There's my kitchen ſometimes is as empty as ſound,
I call for my ſervants, not one's to be found:
They are all ſent out on your Ladyſhip's errand,
To fetch ſome more riotous gueſts in, I warrant!
And ſince things are growing, I ſee, worſe and worſe,
I'm determin'd to force you to alter your courſe.

Poor mind, who heard all with extreme moderation,
Thought it now time to ſpeak, and make her allegation.

'Tis I, that, methinks, have moſt cauſe to complain,
Who am cramp'd and confin'd like a ſlave in a chain.
I did but ſtep out, on ſome weighty affairs,
To viſit, laſt night, my good friends in the ſtars,
When, before I was got half as high as the moon,
You diſpatch'd pain and langour to hurry me down;
Vi & Armis they ſeiz'd me, in midſt of my flight,
And ſhut me in caverns as dark as the night.

'Twas no more, reply'd body, than what you deſerv'd,
While you rambled abroad, I at home was half ſtarv'd:
And, unleſs I had cloſely confin'd you in hold,
You had left me to periſh with hunger and cold.

I've

I've a friend, anſwers mind, who, tho' ſlow, is yet ſure,
And will rid me at laſt of your inſolent pow'r:
Will knock down your mud walls, the whole fabric demoliſh,
And at once your ſtrong holds and my ſlav'ry abo ſh:
And while in the duſt your dull ruins decay,
I ſhall ſnap off my chains and fly freely away.

The Story of PALEMON and LAVINIA.

[*By Mr* THOMSON.]

THE lovely young Lavinia once had friends,
And fortune ſmil'd, deceitful, on her birth;
For in her helpleſs years depriv'd of all,
Of ev'ry ſtay, ſave innocence and heaven,
She with her widow'd mother, feeble, old
And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
Among the windings of a woody vale;
By ſolitude and deep ſurrounding ſhades,
But more by baſhful modeſty, conceal'd.
Together thus they ſhunn'd the cruel ſcorn
Which virtue, ſunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy faſhion and low-minded pride:
Almoſt on nature's common bounty fed,
Like the gay birds that ſung them to repoſe,
Content, and careleſs of to-morrow's fare.
Her form was freſher than the morning roſe
When the dew wets its leaves; unſtain'd and pure
As is the lily, or the mountain ſnow,
The modeſt virtues mingled in her eyes;
Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers:
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithleſs fortune promis'd once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy ſtar
Of evening, ſhone in tears. A native grace

Sat fair-proportion'd on her poliſh'd limbs,
Veil'd in a ſimple robe their beſt attire,
Beyond the pomp of dreſs; for lovelineſs
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the moſt:
Thoughtleſs of beauty, ſhe was beauty's ſelf,
Recluſe amid the cloſe-embowering woods:
As in the hollow breaſt of Appenine,
Beneath the ſhelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle riſes far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
So flouriſh'd blooming, and unſeen by all,
The ſweet Lavinia; till at length, compell'd
By ſtrong neceſſity's ſupreme command,
With ſmiling patience in her looks, ſhe went
To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of ſwains
Palemon was, the gen'rous, and the rich,
Who led the rural life in all its joy
And elegance, ſuch as Arcadian ſong
Tranſmits from ancient uncorrupted times,
When tyrant cuſtom had not ſhackled man,
But free to follow nature was the mode.
He then, his fancy with autumnal ſcenes
Amuſing, chanc'd beſide his reaper-train
To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye
Unconſcious of her pow'r, and turning quick
With unaffected bluſhes from his gaze,
He ſaw her charming, but he ſaw not half
The charms her down-caſt modeſty conceal'd.
That very moment, love and chaſte deſire
Sprung in his boſom, to himſelf unknown;
For ſtill the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
Which ſcarce the firm philoſopher can ſcorn,
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field:
And thus in ſecret to his ſoul he ſigh'd.

"What pity! that ſo delicate a form,
"By beauty kindled, where enliv'ning ſenſe,
"And more than vulgar goodneſs ſeem to dwell,
"Should be devoted to the rude embrace
"Of ſome indecent clown? She looks, methinks,

"Of

" Of old Acaſto's line ; and to my mind
" Recalls that patron of my happy life,
" From whom my liberal fortune took its riſe :
" Now to the duſt gone down ; his houſes, lands,
" And once fair ſpreading family diſſolv'd.
" 'Tis ſaid that in ſome lone obſcure retreat,
" Urg'd by remembrance ſad, and decent pride,
" Far from thoſe ſcenes which knew their better days,
" His aged widow and his daughter live,
" Whom yet my fruitleſs ſearch could never find :
" Romantic wiſh, would this the daughter were !"
When, ſtrict enquiring from herſelf, he found
She was the ſame, the daughter of his friend,
Of bountiful Acaſto; who can ſpeak
The mingled paſſions that ſurpriz'd his heart,
And thro' his nerves in ſhivering tranſport ran ?
Then blaz'd his ſmother'd flame, avow'd and bold ;
And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once.
Confus'd and frighten'd at his ſudden tears,
Her riſing beauties fluſh'd a higher bloom,
As thus Palemon, paſſionate, and juſt,
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his ſoul.
" And art thou then Acaſto's dear remains ?
" She, whom my reſtleſs gratitude has ſought
" So long in vain ? Oh yes ! the very ſame,
" The ſoften'd image of my noble friend ;
" Alive, his every feature, every look,
" More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than ſpring !
" Thou ſole ſurviving bloſſom from the root
" That nouriſh'd up my fortune, ſay, ah ! where,
" In what ſequeſter'd deſart, haſt thou drawn
" The kindeſt aſpect of delighted Heaven,
" Into ſuch beauty ſpread, and blown ſo fair,
" Tho' poverty's cold wind, and cruſhing rain,
" Beat keen, and heavy on thy tender years ?
" O let me now, into a richer ſoil
" Tranſplant thee ſafe ! where vernal ſuns, and
ſhowers,
" Diffuſe their warmeſt, largeſt influence ;

" And

" And of my garden be the pride, and joy!
" It ill befits thee, oh! it ill befits
" Acaſto's daughter, his, whoſe open ſtores,
" Tho' vaſt, were little to his ample heart,
" The father of a country, thus to pick
" The very refuſe of thoſe harveſt-fields,
" Which from his bounteous friendſhip I enjoy.
" Then throw that ſhameful pittance from thy hand,
" But ill apply'd to ſuch a rugged taſk;
" Theſe fields, the maſter, all, my fair, are thine;
" If to the various bleſſings which thy houſe
" Has on me laviſh'd, thou wilt add that bliſs,
" That deareſt bliſs, the power of bleſſing thee!"
Hear ceas'd the youth; yet ſtill the ſpeaking eye
Expreſs'd the ſacred triumph of his ſoul,
With conſcious virtue, gratitude, and love,
Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd;
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodneſs irreſiſtable, and all
In ſweet diſorder loſt, ſhe bluſh'd conſent.
The news immediate to her mother brought,
While, pierc'd with anxious thought, ſhe pin'd away
The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate;
Amaz'd, and ſcarce believing what ſhe heard,
Joy ſeiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
Of ſetting life ſhone on her evening hours,
Not leſs enraptur'd than the happy pair;
Who flouriſh'd long in tender bliſs, and rear'd
A numerous offspring, lovely like themſelves
And good, the grace of all the country round.

EPISTLE to FLEETWOOD SHEPHARD, Eſq;

[*By Mr* PRIOR.]

SIR, Burleigh, May 14. 1689.

AS once a twelvemonth to the prieſt,
Holy at Rome, here antichriſt,
The Spaniſh King preſents a jennet,
To ſhew his love;——that's all that's in it:

For

For if his holineſs would thump
His rev'rend bum 'gainſt horſe's rump,
He might be quipt from his own ſtable
With one more white, and eke more able.
Or as with Gondola's and men, his
Good excellence the Duke of Venice
(I wiſh for rhime, t'had been the King)
Sails out, and gives the gulph a ring;
Which trick of ſtate, he wiſely maintains,
Keeps kindneſs up 'twixt old acquaintance:
For elſe, in honeſt truth, the ſea
Has much leſs need of gold than he.
Or, not to rove and pump one's fancy
For Popiſh ſimilies beyond ſea
As folks from mud-wall'd tenement
Bring landlords pepper-corn for rent;
Preſent a turkey, or a hen,
To thoſe might better ſpare them ten:
Ev'n ſo with all ſubmiſſion, I
(For firſt men inſtance, then apply)
Send you each year a homely letter,
Who may return me much a better.
Then take it, Sir, as it was writ,
To pay reſpect, and not ſhow wit:
Nor look aſkew at what it ſaith;
There's no petition in it,——'faith.
Here ſome would ſcratch their heads and try
What they ſhould write, and how, and why;
But I conceive ſuch folks are quite in
Miſtakes, in theory of writing.
If once for principle 'tis laid,
That thought is trouble to the head,
I argue thus: The world agrees,
That he writes well, who writes with eaſe:
Then he, by ſequel logical,
Writes beſt, who never thinks at all.
Verſe comes from Heav'n, like inward light;
Mere human pains can ne'er come by't;
The God, not we, the poem makes;
We only tell folks what he ſpeaks.

Hence,

Hence, when anatomiſts diſcourſe,
How like brutes organs are to ours;
They grant, if higher powers think fit,
A bear might ſoon be made a wit;
And that, for any thing in nature,
Pigs might ſqueak love odes, dogs bark ſatire.
Memnon, tho' ſtone, was counted vocal;
But 'twas the God, mean while, that ſpoke all.
Rome oft has heard a croſs haranguing:
With prompting prieſt behind the hanging:
The wooden head reſolv'd the queſtion;
While you and Pettis help'd the jeſt on.
Your crabbed rogues that read Lucretius,
Are againſt gods, you know; and teach us,
The God makes not the poet; but
The theſis, *vice verſa* put,
Should Hebrew-wiſe be underſtood;
And means, the poet makes the God.
Ægyptian gard'ners thus are ſaid to
Have ſet the leeks they after pray'd to;
And Romiſh bakers praiſe the Deity
They chipp'd, while yet in its paniety.
hat when you poets ſwear and cry,
The God inſpires; I rave, I die;
If inward wind does truly ſwell ye,
'T muſt be the cholic in your belly;
That writing is but juſt like dice,
And lucky mains make people wiſe:
That jumbled words, if fortune throw 'em,
Shall, well as Dryden, form a poem;
Or make a ſpeech, correct and witty,
As you know who—at the committee.
So Atoms dancing round the center,
They urge made all things at a venture.
But granting matters ſhould be ſpoke
By method rather than by luck;
This may confine their younger ſtiles,
Whom Dryden pedagogues at Will's:
But never could be meant to tye
Authentic wits, like you and I;

For

For as young children who are try'd in
Go-carts, to keep their ſteps from ſliding;
Whem members knit, and legs grow ſtronger,
Make uſe of ſuch machine no longer;
But leap *pro libitu*, and ſcout
On horſe call'd hobby, or without:
So when at ſchool we firſt declaim,
Old Buſhey walks us in a theme,
Whoſe props ſupport our infant vein,
And help the rickets in the brain:
But when our ſouls their force dilate,
And thoughts grow up to wit's eſtate;
In verſe or proſe we write or chat,
Not ſixpence matter upon what.
'Tis not how well an author ſays;
But 'tis how much, that gathers praiſe.
Tonſon, who is himſelf a wit,
Counts writer's merits by the ſheet.
Thus each ſhould down with all he thinks,
As boys eat bread, to fill up chinks.
Kind Sir, I ſhould be glad to ſee you;
I hope y'are well; ſo God be wi' you;
Was all I thought at firſt to write:
But things ſince then are alter'd quite;
Fancies flow in, and muſe flies high:
So God knows when my clack will lie:
I muſt, Sir, prattle on, as afore,
And beg your pardon yet this half hour.
So at pure barn of loud *Non-con*,
Where with my granam I have gone,
When Lobb had ſifted all his text,
And I well hop'd the pudding next;
Now to apply, has plagu'd me more,
Than all his villain cant before.
For your religion, firſt, of her
Your friends do ſav'ry things aver:
They ſay ſhe's honeſt as your claret,
Nor ſour'd with cant, nor ſtumm'd with merit;
Your chamber is the ſole retreat
Of chaplains ev'ry Sunday night:

Of

Of grace, no doubt, a certain ſign,
When lay-man herds with man divine:
For if their fame be juſtly great,
Who would no Popiſh nuncio treat;
That his is greater, we muſt grant,
Who will treat nuncios proteſtant.
One ſingle poſitive weighs more,
You know, than negatives a ſcore.
In politics, I hear you're ſtaunch,
Directly bent againſt the French;
Deny to have your free-born toe
Dragoon'd into a wooden ſhoe:
Are in no plots; but fairly drive at
The public welfare in your private:
And will, for England's glory, try
Turk's, Jews, and Jeſuits to defy,
And keep your places till you die:
For me, whom wand'ring fortune threw
From what I lov'd, the town and you;
Let me juſt tell you how my time is
Paſt in a country life.——*Imprimis*,
As ſoon as Phœbus rays inſpect us,
Firſt, Sir, I read, and then I breakfaſt;
So on, till foreſaid God does ſet,
I ſometimes ſtudy, ſometimes eat.
Thus, of your heroes, and brave boys,
With whom old Homer makes ſuch noiſe,
The greateſt actions I can find,
Are, that they did their work and din'd.
The books of which I'm chiefly fond,
Are ſuch as you have whilom conn'd;
That treat of China's civil law,
And ſubjects right in Golconda;
Of highway elephants at Ceylan,
That rob in clans, like men o' th' Highland;
Of apes that ſtorm, or keep a town,
As well almoſt as Count Lauzun;
Of unicorns and aligators,
Elks, mermaids, mummies, witches, ſatyrs,
And twenty other ſtranger matters;

Which

Which, tho' they're things I've no concern in,
Make all our grooms admire my learning.
Critics I read on other men,
And hypers upon them again;
From whoſe remarks I give opinion
On twenty books, yet ne'er look in one.
Then all your wits that ſtear and ſham,
Down from Don Quixot to Tom Tram;
From whom I jeſts and puns purloin,
And ſlily put 'em off for mine:
Fond to be thought a country wit!
The reſt when fate and you think fit.
Sometimes I climb my mare and kick her,
To bottled ale, and neighb'ring vicar;
Sometimes at Stamford take a quart,
Squire Shephard's health,——with all my heart.
Thus, without much delight, or grief,
I fool away an idle life;
'Till Shadwell from the town retires,
(Choak'd up with fame and ſea-coal fires)
To bleſs the wood with peaceful lyric;
Then hey for praiſe and panegyric;
Juſtice reſtor'd, and nations freed,
And wreaths round William's glorious head.

ODE on St. CECILIA's DAY.

[*By Mr* POPE.]

I.

DESCEND, ye nine! deſcend and ſing;
The breathing inſtruments inſpire:
Wake into voice each ſilent ſtring,
And ſweep the ſounding lyre!
In a ſadly-pleaſing ſtrain
Let the warbling lute complain:
Let the loud trumpet ſound,
Till the roofs all around
The ſhrill echos rebound:

While, in more lengthen'd notes and ſlow,
The deep, majeſtic, ſolemn organs blow.
Hark! the number ſoft and clear,
Gently ſteal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder riſe,
And fill with ſpreading ſounds the ſkies;
Exulting in triumph, now ſwell the bold notes,
In broken air trembling, the wild muſic floats;
Till, by degrees, remote and ſmall,
The ſtrains decay,
And melt away
In a dying, dying fall.

II.

By muſic, minds an equal temper know
Nor ſwell too high, nor ſink too low.
If in the breaſt tumultuous joys ariſe,
Muſic her ſoft, aſſuaſive voice applies;
Or, when the ſoul is preſt with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs.
Warriors ſhe fires with animated ſound;
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds:
Melancholy lifts her head;
Morpheus rouzes from his bed;
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
Liſt'ning envy drops her ſnakes;
Inteſtine war no more our paſſions wage,
Ev'n giddy factions hear away their rage.

III.

But when our country's cauſe provokes to arms,
How martial muſic ev'ry boſom warms!
So when the firſt bold veſſel dar'd the ſeas,
High on the ſtern the Thracian rais'd his ſtrain,
While Argo ſaw her kindred trees
Deſcend from Pelion to the main;
Tranſported demi-gods ſtood round,
And men grew heroes at the ſound,
Enflam'd with glory's charms:
Each chief his ſevenfold ſhield diſplay'd,
And half-unſheath'd the ſhining blade;
And ſeas, and rocks, and ſkies rebound
To arms, to arms, to arms!

But

IV.

But when thro' all the infernal bounds
Which flaming Phlegeton ſurrounds,
Sad Orpheus ſought his conſort loſt;
Th' inexorable gates were barr'd,
And nought was ſeen, and nought was heard
Around the dreary coaſt,
But dreadful gleams,
Diſmal ſcreams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortur'd ghoſts.
But hark! he ſtrikes the golden lyre;
And ſee! the tortur'd ghoſts reſpire.
See ſhady forms advance!
Thy ſtone, O Siſiphus ſtands ſtill;
Ixion reſts upon his wheel,
And the pale ſpectres dance,
The furies ſink upon their iron beds,
And ſnakes uncurl'd hang liſt'ning round their heads.

V.

By the ſtreams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er th' Elyſian flowers,
By thoſe happy ſouls who dwell
In yellow meads of Aſphodel,
Or Amaranthine bowers:
By the hero's armed ſhades
Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy glades,
By the youths that dy'd for love,
Wandring in the myrtle grove,
Reſtore, reſtore Eurydice to life,
Oh! take the huſband, or return the wife
He ſung, and hell conſented
To hear the poet's pray'r;
Stern Proſerpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.
Thus ſong could prevail
O'er death and o'er hell,

A conqueſt how hard and how glorious!
Tho' fate had faſt bound her,
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet muſic and love were victorious.

VI.

But ſoon, too ſoon, the lover turns his eyes:
Again ſhe falls, again ſhe dies, ſhe dies!
How wilt thou now the fatal ſiſters move?
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
Now under hanging mountains,
Beſide the falls of fountains;
Or where Hebrus wanders,
Rolling in meanders,
All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan;
And calls her ghoſt,
For ever, ever loſt!
Now with furies ſurrounded,
Deſpairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidſt Rhodope's ſnows:
See, wild as the winds, o'er the deſart he flies;
Hark! Hæmus reſounds with the Bacchanals cries—
—Ah ſee, he dies!
Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he ſung,
Eurydice ſtill trembled on his tongue;
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains rung.

VII.

Muſic the fierceſt griefs can charm,
And fate's ſevereſt rage diſarm:
Muſic can ſoften pain to eaſe,
And make deſpair and madneſs pleaſe;
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliſs above.
This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praiſe confin'd the ſound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear;

Borne

Borne on the ſwelling notes our ſouls aſpire,
While ſolemn airs improve the ſacred fire;
And angels lean from Heav'n to hear!
Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell,
To bright Cecilia greater power is given;
His numbers rais'd a ſhade from hell,
Her's lift the ſoul to Heav'n.

EVE's Speech to ADAM.

[*From* MILTON's Paradiſe Loſt, Book IV.]

MY Author and diſpoſer, what thou bidſt
Unargued I obey; ſo God ordains;
God is thy law, thou mine, to know no more
Is woman's happieſt knowledge and her praiſe.
With thee converſing I forget all time;
All ſeaſons and their change, all pleaſe alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her riſing ſweet,
With charm of earlieſt birds; pleaſant the ſun,
When firſt on this delightful land he ſpreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Gliſt'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After ſoft ſhow'rs; and ſweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; the ſilent night
With this her ſolemn bird, and this fair moon,
And theſe the gems of Heav'n, her ſtarry train:
But neither breath of morn, when ſhe aſcends
With charm of earlieſt birds; nor riſing ſun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Gliſt'ring with dew; nor fragrance after ſhowers;
Nor grateful evening mild; nor ſilent night
With this her ſolemn bird, nor walk by moon
Or glitt'ring ſtar-light without thee is ſweet.

Extract from Dr YOUNG's NIGHT-THOUGHTS.

NIGHT I.

PROCRASTINATION is the thief of time,
Year after year it ſteals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vaſt concerns of an eternal ſcene.
If not ſo frequent, would not this be ſtrange?
That 'tis ſo frequent, this is ſtranger ſtill.
Of man's miraculous miſtakes, this bears
The palm, "That all men are about to live:"
For ever on the brink of being born.
All pay themſelves the compliment to think
They, one day, ſhall not drivel; and their pride
On this reverſion takes up ready praiſe;
At leaſt their own; their future ſelves applauds;
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead?
Time lodg'd in their own hands is folly's vails:
That lodg'd in fate's, to wiſdom they conſign;
The thing they can't but purpoſe, they poſtpone;
'Tis not in folly, not to ſcorn a fool;
And ſcarce in human wiſdom to do more.
All promiſe is poor dilatory man,
And that thro' every ſtage; when young, indeed,
In full content, we ſometimes nobly reſt,
Unanxious for ourſelves; and only wiſh,
As duteous ſons, our fathers were more wiſe.
At thirty man ſuſpects himſelf a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Puſhes his prudent purpoſe to reſolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Reſolves; and re-reſolves: Then dies the ſame.

From

From the Same.

NIGHT IV.

WHY ſtart at death? Where is he? Death arriv'd
Is paſt; not come, or gone, he's never here.
Ere hope, ſenſation fails; black-boding man
Receives, not ſuffers death's tremendous blow.
The knell, the ſhroud, the mattock, and the grave;
The deep damp vault, the darkneſs, and the worm;
Theſe are the bugbears of a winter's eve,
The terrors of the living, not the dead.
Imagination's fool, and error's wretch,
Man makes a death, which nature never made;
Then on the point of his own fancy falls;
And feels a thouſand deaths in fearing one.

From the Same.

NIGHT VII.

DIE for thy country?——thou romantic fool!
Seize, ſeize the plank thyſelf, and let her ſink:
Thy country? What to thee?—The godhead; what?
(I ſpeak with awe!) tho' he ſhould bid thee bleed?
If, with thy blood, thy final hope is ſpilt,
Nor can omnipotence reward the blow,
Be deaf; preſerve thy being; diſobey.
Nor is it diſobedience: Know, Lorenzo!
Whate'er th' Almighty's ſubſequent command,
His firſt command is this:—"Man, love thyſelf."
In this, alone, free agents are not free,
Exiſtence is the baſis, bliſs the prize;
If virtue coſts exiſtence, 'tis a crime;
Bold violation of our law ſupreme,
Black ſuicide; tho' nations which conſult
Their gain, at thy expence, reſound applauſe.

EXTRACT

Extract *from* Thomson's Winter.

As thus the ſnows ariſe; and foul and fierce,
All winter drives along the darkened air;
In his own looſe-revolving fields the ſwain
Diſaſter'd ſtands; ſees other hills aſcend,
Of unknown joyleſs brow; and other ſcenes,
Of horrid proſpect, ſhag the trackleſs plain:
Nor finds the river, nor the foreſt, hid
Beneath the formleſs wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale, ſtill more and more aſtray;
Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home
Ruſh on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How ſinks his ſoul!
What black deſpair, what horror fills his heart!
When for the duſky ſpot, which fancy feign'd
His tufted cottage riſing thro' the ſnow,
He meets the roughneſs of the middle waſte,
Far from the tract and bleſs'd abode of man;
While round him night reſiſtleſs cloſes faſt,
And every tempeſt, howling o'er his head,
Renders the ſavage wilderneſs more wild,
Then throng the buſy ſhapes into his mind,
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep
A dire deſcent! beyond the power of froſt,
Of faithleſs bogs; of precipices huge,
Smooth'd up with ſnow; and, what is land unknown,
What water, of the ſtill unfrozen ſpring,
In the looſe marſh or ſolitary lake
Where the freſh fountain from the bottom boils.
Theſe check his fearful ſteps; and down he ſinks
Beneath the ſhelter of the ſhapeleſs drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterneſs of death,
Mix'd with the tender anguiſh nature ſhoots
Thro' the wrung boſom of the dying man,
His wife, his children, and his friends unſeen.
In vain for him th' officious wife prepares

The

The fire fair blazing, and the veſtment warm;
In vain, his little children peeping out
Into the mingling ſtorm, demand their ſire,
With tears of artleſs innocence. Alas!
Nor wife, nor children, more ſhall he behold,
Nor friends, nor ſacred home. On every nerve
The deadly winter ſeizes; ſhuts up ſenſe;
And, o'er his inmoſt vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the ſnows, a ſtiffened corſe,
Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blaſt.
Ah! little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleaſure, power, and affluence ſurround;
They, who their thoughtleſs hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, riot waſte;
Ah! little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel, this very moment, death
And all the ſad variety of pain.
How many ſink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame. How many bleed,
By ſhameful variance betwixt man and man.
How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms;
Shut from the common air, and common uſe
Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of miſery. Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
How many ſhrink into the ſordid hut
Of cheerleſs poverty. How many ſhake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded paſſion, madneſs, guilt, remorſe;
Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
They furniſh matter for the tragic muſe.
Ev'n in the vale, where wiſdom loves to dwell,
With friendſhip, peace, and contemplation join'd,
How many, rack'd with honeſt paſſions, droop
In deep retir'd diſtreſs. How many ſtand
Around the death-bed of their deareſt friends,
And point the parting anguiſh. Thought fond man
Of theſe, and all the thouſand nameleſs ills,
That one inceſſant ſtruggle render life
One ſcene of toil, of ſuffering, and of fate,

Vice

Vice in his high career would ſtand appall'd,
And heedleſs rambling impulſe learn to think;
The conſcious heart of charity would warm,
And her wide wiſh benevolence dilate;
The ſocial tear would riſe, the ſocial ſigh;
And into clear perfection, gradual bliſs,
Refining ſtill, the ſocial paſſions work.

The AMUSEMENT.

[*By Mr* TATE.]

Strephon. WHY weeps my Sylvia? Pri'thee why?
Sylvia. To think my Strephon once muſt die,
And that withal poor Sylvia may,
When he's remov'd, be doom'd to ſtay.
Streph. Nymph, you're too laviſh of your tears
To waſte them on fantaſtic fears.
Sylv. No: For when I this life reſign
If fate prolong the date of thine,
The tears you'll give my funeral
Will pay me intereſt, ſtock, and all.
Streph. Not ſo, for ſhould this ſetting light
Ne'er riſe again on Sylvia's ſight,
Without a tear in mine I'd view
Her dying eyes.
Sylv. ——————'Tis falſe.
Streph. ——————'Tis true.
Sylv. Not weep? Falſe ſhepherd, ſwear.
Streph. —————— I ſwear
I wou'd not give thy hearſe a tear.
Sylv. Break, ſwelling heart. Perfidious man,
Can you be ſerious, ſwear again,
Yes: Swear by Ceres and by Pan.
Streph. Let then great Pan and Ceres hear,
And puniſh if I falſely ſwear.
Sylv. Gods, can ye hear this and forgive?
You may, for I have heard, and live.

Streph.

Streph. Rage not, raſh nymph, for I've decreed
When Sylvia dies ——
Sylv. —————— Speak, what?
Streph. —————— To bleed:
I'll drain the life's blood from my heart,
But no cheap tear ſhall dare to ſtart.
Sylv. Kind ſhepherd, could you life deſpiſe,
And bleed at Sylvia's obſequies?
Streph. To Ceres I appeal, for ſhe
Knows this has long been my decree.
Sylv. Since then, you cou'd, your vow fulfill,
Swear, ſwear once more you never will.

The HERN.

A Pamper'd hern, of lofty mein, in ſtate
Strutting along upon a river's brink,
Pleas'd with her own majeſtic air and gait,
Wou'd ſcarce vouchſafe to bow her head to drink.
The glorious planet that revives the earth,
Shone with full luſtre on the cryſtal ſtreams,
Which made the wanton fiſhes in their mirth
Roll to the ſhore to baſk in his bright beams.
Our hern might now have taken pike or carp,
They ſeem'd to court her by their near acceſs;
But ſhe, forſooth, her ſtomach not being ſharp,
Now paſt them by, and ſlighted their addreſs:
It is not yet, ſaid ſhe, my hour to eat,
My ſtomach is too nice, I muſt have better meat,
So they went off, and tench themſelves preſent;
This ſorry fiſh t' affront me ſure was ſent,
Cry'd ſhe, and toſt her noſe up with diſdain,
I ne'er can eat a tench, cry'd ſhe, and toſt her noſe again.
So theſe paſt off as pike and carp had done,
As they retir'd gudgeons in ſhoals came on:
A hern eat gudgeons! no, 't ſhall ne'er be ſaid
That I to ſuch low diet have been bred.

One

One of my birth eat gudgeons! no, thank fate,
My ſtomach is not ſo ſharp ſet.
Then from them ſtrait ſhe turn'd away in rage,
But quickly after found her ſtomach's edge;
Then to the ſhore ſhe went in hopes of one,
But when ſhe came the gudgeons too were gone:
With hunger preſt, ſhe look'd around for food,
But cou'd not find one tenant of the flood.
At length a ſnail upon the bank ſhe ſpy'd,
Welcome, delicious bait, rejoicing cry'd,
And gorg'd the nauſeous thing for all her pride.

HOPE.

[*By* WILLIAM SHENSTONE, *Eſq*;]

I.

MY banks they are furniſh'd with bees,
Whoſe murmur invites one to ſleep;
My grottos are ſhaded with trees,
And my hills are white-over with ſheep.
I ſeldom have met with a loſs,
Such health do my fountains beſtow;
My fountains all border'd with moſs,
Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

II.

Not a pine in my grove is there ſeen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound:
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a ſweet-briar twines it around.
Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold:
Nor a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fiſhes of gold.

III.

One would think ſhe might like to retire
To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear;
Not a ſhrub that I heard her admire,
But I haſted and planted it there.

O how

O how ſudden the jeſſamin ſtrove
With the lilac to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love,
To prune the wild branches away.

IV.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
What ſtrains of wild melody flow?
How the nightingales warble their loves
From thickets of roſes that blow!
And when her bright form ſhall appear,
Each bird ſhall harmoniouſly join
In a concert ſo ſoft and ſo clear,
As—ſhe may not be fond to reſign.

V.

I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will ſay 'twas a barbarous deed.
For he ne'er could be true, ſhe averr'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young:
And I lov'd her the more, when I heard
Such tenderneſs fall from her tongue.

VI.

I have heard her with ſweetneſs unfold
How that pity was due to—a dove:
That it ever attended the bold,
And ſhe call'd it the ſiſter of love.
But her words ſuch a pleaſure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her ſpeak, and whatever ſhe ſay,
Methinks I ſhould love her the more.

VII.

Can a boſom ſo gentle remain
Unmov'd, when her Corydon ſighs?
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
Theſe plains and this valley deſpiſe?
Dear regions of ſilence and ſhade!
Soft ſcenes of contentment and eaſe!
Where I could have pleaſingly ſtray'd,
If aught, in her abſence, could pleaſe.

VIII.

But where does my Phyllida ſtray?
And where are her grots and her bow'rs?
Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
And the ſhepherds as gentle as ours?
The groves may perhaps be as fair,
And the face of the valleys as fine;
The ſwains may in manners compare,
But their love is not equal to mine.

The DYING CHRISTIAN to his SOUL.

[*An* ODE, *by Mr* POPE.]

I.

VITAL ſpark of heav'nly flame!
Quit, oh! quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh! the pain, the bliſs of dying!
Ceaſe, fond nature, ceaſe thy ſtrife,
And let me languiſh into life.

II.

Hark! they whiſper; angels ſay,
Siſter ſpirit, come away.
What is this abſorbs me quite?
Steals my ſenſes, ſhuts my ſight,
Drowns my ſpirits, draws my breath,
Tell me, my ſoul, can this be death?

III.

The world recedes; it diſappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With ſounds ſeraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy ſting?

From

From POPE's ESSAY on MAN, *Epiſt.* I.

HEAV'N from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page preſcrib'd, their preſent ſtate:
From brutes what men, from men what ſpirits know:
Or who could ſuffer, being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reaſon, would he ſkip and play?
Pleas'd to the laſt, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand juſt rais'd to ſhed his blood.
Oh! blindneſs to the future! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n:
Who ſees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero periſh, or a ſparrow fall,
Atoms or ſyſtems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burſt, and now a world.
Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions ſoar:
Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.
What future bliſs, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy bleſſing now.
Hope ſprings eternal in the human breaſt:
Man never is, but always to be bleſt;
The ſoul uneaſy, and confin'd, from home,
Reſts and expatiates in a life to come.
Lo, the poor Indian! whoſe untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His ſoul, proud ſcience never taught to ſtray
Far as the ſolar walk, or milky way;
Yet ſimple nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler Heav'n;
Some ſafer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier iſland in the wat'ry waſte,
Where ſlaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Chriſtians thirſt for gold.
To be, contents his natural deſire,
He aſks no angel's wing, no ſeraph's fire;

But thinks, admitted to that equal ſky,
His faithful dog ſhall bear him company.
Go, wiſer thou! and, in thy ſcale of ſenſe,
Weigh thy opinion againſt Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fancy'ſt ſuch,
Say, here he gives too little, there too much:
Deſtroy all creatures for thy ſport or guſt,
Yet cry, if man's unhappy, God's unjuſt;
If man alone ingroſs not Heav'n's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there:
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Rejudge his juſtice, be the God of God.
In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies;
All quit their ſphere, and ruſh into the ſkies.
Pride ſtill is aiming at the bleſs'd abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aſpiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aſpiring to be angels, men rebell:
And who but wiſhes to invert the laws
Of ORDER, ſins againſt th' eternal cauſe.

From POPE's ESSAY on MAN, *Epiſt.* 4.

COME then, my friend! my genius! come along;
Oh! maſter of the poet and the ſong!
And while the muſe now ſtoops, or now aſcends,
To man's low paſſions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various nature wiſe,
To fall with dignity, with temper riſe;
Form'd by thy converſe, happily to ſteer
From grave to gay, from lively to ſevere;
Correct with ſpirit, eloquent with eaſe,
Intent to reaſon, or polite to pleaſe.
Oh! while along the ſtream of time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame;
Say, ſhall my little bark attendant ſail,
Purſue the triumph, and partake the gale?

When

When ſtateſmen, heroes, Kings, in duſt repoſe,
Whoſe ſons ſhall bluſh their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verſe to future age pretend,
Thou wert my guide, philoſopher, and friend?
That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art,
From ſounds to things, from fancy to the heart?
For wit's falſe mirrour held up nature's light?
Shew'd erring pride, *Whatever is, is right?*
That *reaſon*, *paſſion*, anſwer one great aim?
That true *ſelf-love* and *ſocial* are the ſame?
That *virtue* only makes our bliſs below?
And all our knowledge is, *ourſelves to know?*

From POPE's MORAL ESSAYS, *Epiſt.* 3.

BUT all our praiſes why ſhould Lords ingroſs!
Riſe, honeſt muſe! and ſing the *Man of Roſs:*
Pleas'd *Vaga* echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid *Severn* hoarſe applauſe reſounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's ſultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow;
Not to the ſkies in uſeleſs columns toſt,
Or in proud falls magnificently loſt;
But clear and artleſs, pouring through the plain
Health to the ſick, and ſolace to the ſwain?
Whoſe cauſeway parts the vale with ſhady rows?
Whoſe ſeats the weary traveller repoſe?
Who taught that heav'n-directed ſpire to riſe?
"The *Man of Roſs*," each liſping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erſpread!
The *Man of Roſs* divides the weekly bread:
He feeds yon alms-houſe, neat, but void of ſtate,
Where age and want ſit ſmiling at the gate:
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans bleſt;
The young who labour, and the old who reſt,
Is any ſick? the *Man of Roſs* relieves,
Preſcribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives.
Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Balk'd are the courts, and conteſt is no more.

Deſpairing quacks with curſes fled the place,
And vile attornies, now an uſeleſs race.
  Thrice happy man! enabled to purſue
What all ſo wiſh, but want the pow'r to do!
Oh! ſay, what ſums that gen'rous hand ſupply?
What mines, to ſwell that boundleſs charity?
- Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man poſſeſs'd—five hundred pounds a-year.
Bluſh, grandeur, bluſh! proud courts, withdraw your blaze!
Ye little ſtars, hide your diminiſh'd rays.
  And what? no monument, inſcription, ſtone?
His race, his form, his name almoſt unknown?
  Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name.
Go, ſearch it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the hiſtory;
Enough, that virtue fill'd the ſpace between;
Prov'd, by the ends of being, to have been.

Extract from the laſt Scene of BUSIRIS, *wherein he is introduced wounded, and in Chains.*

[*By Mr* YOUNG.]

CONQUER'D! 'tis falſe! I am your maſter ſtill;
Your maſter, though in bonds; you ſtand aghaſt
At your good fate, and trembling can't enjoy.
Now, from my ſoul, I hug theſe welcome chains,
Which ſhew you all Buſiris, and declare
Crowns and ſucceſs ſuperfluous to my fame.——
You think this ſtreaming blood will low'r my thought;
No, ye miſtaken men, I ſmile at death;
For living here, is living all alone,
To me a real ſolitude amid
A throng of little beings grovelling round me;
Which yet uſurp one common ſhape and name.
I thank theſe wounds, theſe raging pains, which promiſe
An interview with equals ſoon elſewhere.
[*He ſees Memnon.*]
Ha!

Ha! dead? 'tis well; he roſe not to my ſword,
I only wiſh'd his fate, and there he lies.
Some, when they die, die all; their mould'ring clay
Is but an emblem of their memories:
The ſpace quite cloſes up through which they paſs'd.
That I have liv'd, I leave a mark behind,
Shall pluck the ſhining age from vulgar time,
And give it whole to late poſterity.
My name is writ in mighty characters,
Triumphant columns, and eternal domes,
Whoſe ſplendor heightens our Egyptian day,
Whoſe ſtrength ſhall laugh at time, till their great baſis,
Old earth itſelf, ſhall fail. In after ages,
Who war or build, ſhall build or war for me,
Grow great in each, as my example fires:
'Tis I of art the future wonders raiſe;
I fight the future battles of the world.——
Great Jove, I come! Egypt, thou art forſaken: [*Sinks.*]
Aſia's impoveriſh'd by my ſinking glories,
And the world leſſens, when Buſiris falls. [*Dies.*]

WILLIAM and MARGARET.

WHEN all was wrapt in dark midnight,
And all were faſt aſleep,
In glided Marg'ret's grimly ghoſt,
And ſtood at William's feet.

Her face was like the April-morn,
Clad in a wint'ry cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily-hand,
That held the ſable ſhrowd,

So ſhall the faireſt face appear,
When youth and years are flown;
Such is the robe that Kings muſt wear,
When death has reft their crown.

Her

Her bloom was like the ſpringing flow'r
That ſips the ſilver dew;
The roſe was budded in her cheek,
And opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Conſum'd her early prime:
The roſe grew pale, and left her cheek;
She dy'd before her time.

Awake, ſhe cry'd, thy true-love calls,
Come from her midnight grave,
Now let thy pity hear the maid,
Thy love refus'd to ſave.

This is the dark and fearful hour,
When injur'd ghoſts complain;
Now dreary graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithleſs ſwain.

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge, and broken oath;
And give me back my maiden-vow,
And give me back my troth.

How could you ſay my face was fair,
And yet that face forſake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

How could you promiſe love to me,
And not that promiſe keep?
Why did you ſwear mine eyes were bright,
Yet leave thoſe eyes to weep?

How could you ſay my lip was ſweet,
And made the ſcarlet pale?
And why did I, young witleſs maid,
Believe the flatt'ring tale.

That face, alas! no more is fair,
That lip no longer red;
Dark are mine eyes, now clos'd in death,
And ev'ry charm is fled.

The

The hungry worm my ſiſter is;
This winding-ſheet I wear;
And cold and weary laſts our night,
'Till that laſt morn appear.

But hark! the cock has warn'd me hence:
A long and laſt adieu!
Come ſee, falſe man, how low ſhe lies,
That dy'd for love of you.

Now birds did ſing, and morning ſmile,
And ſhew her glittering head;
Pale William ſhook in every limb,
Then raving left his bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal place
Where Marg'ret's body lay,
And ſtretch'd him on the green graſs turf,
That wrapt her breathleſs clay.

And thrice he call'd on Marg'ret's name,
And thrice he wept full ſore;
Then laid his cheek to the cold earth,
And word ſpake never more.

A HYMN of GRATITUDE.

[*By Mr* ADDISON.]

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My riſing ſoul ſurvey;
Tranſported with the view I'm loſt
In wonder, love, and praiſe:

O how ſhall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my raviſh'd heart!
But thou can'ſt read it there.

Thy Providence my life ſuſtain'd,
And all my wants redreſt,
When in the ſilent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breaſt.

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themſelves in pray'r.

Unnumber'd comforts to my ſoul
Thy tender care beſtow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd,
From whom thoſe comforts flow'd.

When in the ſlipp'ry paths of youth
With heedleſs ſteps I ran,
Thine arm unſeen convey'd me ſafe
And led me up to man;

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way:
And through the pleaſing ſnares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

When worn with ſickneſs oft haſt thou
With health renew'd my face,
And when in ſins and ſorrow ſunk,
Reviv'd my ſoul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with wordly bliſs
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend,
Has doubled all my ſtore.

Ten thouſand thouſand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ,
Nor is the leaſt a cheerful heart
That taſte thoſe gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodneſs I'll purſue;
And after death in diſtant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy ſhall adore.

Through

Trough all eternity to thee
A joyful ſong I'll raiſe,
For oh! eternity's too ſhort
To utter all thy praiſe.

The UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

[*By Mr* POPE.]

FATHER of all! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd,
By ſaint, by ſavage, and by ſage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great firſt cauſe, leaſt underſtood,
Who all my ſenſe confin'd
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myſelf am blind.

Yet gave me, in this dark eſtate,
To ſee the good from ill;
And binding nature faſt in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conſcience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to ſhun,
That, more than Heav'n purſue.

What bleſſings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not caſt away;
For God is paid when man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted ſpan
Thy goodneſs let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thouſand worlds are round.

Let

Let not this weak unknowing hand
  Preſume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
  On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, Oh! teach my heart
  Still in the right to ſtay;
If I am wrong, thy grace impart
  To find the better way.

Save me alike from fooliſh pride,
  Or impious diſcontent;
At ought thy wiſdom has deny'd,
  Or ought thy goodneſs lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
  To hide the fault I ſee;
That mercy I to others ſhow,
  That mercy ſhow to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly ſo,
  Since quicken'd by thy breath:
O lead me whereſoe'er I go,
  Thro' this day's life or death.

This day be bread and peace my lot;
  All elſe beneath the ſun
Thou know'ſt if beſt beſtow'd or not,
  And let thy will be done.

To thee, whoſe temple is all ſpace,
  Whoſe altar, earth, ſea, ſkies,
One chorus, let all being raiſe!
  All nature's incenſe riſe!

FINIS.

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